THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Girls Will Be Thrilled About Dream Costumes for the Polo Ball

NOT FOR a long while has any big Sydney function given promise of such brilliant costuming as will be seen at the Polo Ball at the Palais on Monday next. These charming Dayne studies show Mrs. Warwick Fairfax (above) as Mary Pickford in "Secrets," and Mrs. Tony Hordern as the Duchess of Devonshire.

The VERY *Latest Slimming* IDEAS

Cunning, Pleasant Menus That Really Reduce You

From NELL MURRAY, Representative in Europe of The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON.

THE problem of "slimming without tears" is once more to the fore in London—since Lord Carnock made the staid House of Lords laugh last week by remarking that he had tried the famous orange juice diet for a month, and had never been so miserable in his life!

In order to gain the very latest ideas on this topic, which is so very important to women, I have just made a tour of the Mayfair beauty salons and gymnasiums, where smart women go to help keep their figures in trim. America supplied the well-known "18-day" diet on which many women continue to pin their faith—and from America, too, comes the new "one, two, three" diet, which others are adopting instead.

For prizes, and full details of all competitions, turn to pages 2, 7, 8, 12, 38 and 41.

Briefly, the idea is to eat three meals a day. At the first, any quantity of one thing only may be taken. If it is orange juice, it may be unlimited in quantity; if dry toast, a dozen or more pieces, according to taste—so that the "patient" need never be hungry.

At lunch, any quantity of two foods may be eaten. If, say, lamb chops and spinach are chosen, they may be enjoyed in abundance. At dinner, the third meal, you may eat any amount you please of three different things.

Needless to say, any "trimmings" to these meals, such as butter, bread, or drinks, in addition, are taboo. Some women have been able to reduce their weight by as much as a stone in six weeks by means of this quite pleasant, painless method. It should not be continued indefinitely, only until the desired weight is attained.

o o o

ONE London society woman who is noted for her trim figure, has worked out a diet system and mode of living that slims her and, at the same time, does not inconvenience her and her friends.

Her philosophy is based on the maxim that you can feast for a whole day on forbidden foods, provided you do penance for it the next day!

In her own house she has decreed that only slimming wafers and biscuits shall be served to her, and never any bread. Flour is never used in cooking when something else may be substituted (especially in sauces); and saccharine is used in cooking instead of sugar. Puddings are never made for her at home, and potatoes are not allowed—but if she encounters them when at a friend's house she eats both with relish.

Here's The Diet

Condensed, her ideas on food are as follows:—

Breakfast: Orange juice, two or three pieces of slimming bread, no butter, and several cups of tea with milk. Once or twice a week she has an egg, and for a great treat, two pieces of toast with butter. Half-way thro[illegible] she drinks a cup of coff[illegible] sugar.

Continued on Page [illegible]

A Chance for YOU To Conquer Hollywood!

Here is the promise of a dream come true for every young man and woman who has ever hoped for a screen career.

Hollywood wants the most perfect young man and woman in Australia: and The Australian Women's Weekly and Paramount have undertaken to find them. It's a brilliant chance for Australians!

Paramount is making A Search for Beauty in all the English-speaking countries of the world—in the United States, England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

It wants the most perfect man and woman from each—beauty, talent, and personality combined in a young man and a young woman.

It is searching, not simply for cold facial beauty, but for the beauty of living that shows out in a healthy, lovely body, and a radiant face.

Full particulars of this fascinating competition are given on page 7 of this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. The competition closes on July 8.

It holds a really fascinating prospect for the winners—prizes in Australia, a luxurious trip to Hollywood, a guaranteed salary of fifty dollars a week for a minimum period of five weeks, hotel accommodation in Hollywood during the period of the engagement, contracts to appear in the Paramount picture, "A Search For Beauty," after that (if real ability is shown) a screen career, and (should the careers continue) guaranteed transportation home.

The search for beauty is on. Who are the winners to be? Read the details on page 7.

GOSSIP from Mrs. Jack Crawford

MRS. JACK CRAWFORD has written some interesting impressions of her tour with her husband to Mrs. Roland Conway, member of the Lawn Tennis Council.

"Won various sporting events on the trip over . . . have purchased a camera . . . spent a week shopping at Bournemouth . . . camel-hair costumes are delightful . . . will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waller at Wimbledon before leaving for Paris . . . greatly admired the English player, Dorothy Round, who played faultless tennis at Bournemouth."

WORLD'S BEST STORIES

It is the aim of The Australian Women's Weekly to give the cream of the world's short stories.

We have in hand a number of brilliant stories and serials by Australian writers, which will be published from time to time.

Stories from leading English and American writers are, of course, also given, thus providing the most diversified entertainment every week.

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MRS. JOHN BRUNTON, photographed in her home at Edgecliff Road. Her father-in-law, Mr. Spencer Brunton, called his winner of the Metropolitan at Randwick Jocelyn, after his daughter-in-law. The redingote Mrs. Brunton is wearing is a chic black and white check, lined with oyster-toned satin; it is just the garment to wear for the forthcoming polo matches.

You *Must Have* LIKED US!

Our First Issue Was Amazing Success; Suggestions From Our Readers

A Royal baby could not have caused much more excitement than the Australian Women's Weekly with its first issue last Thursday. Its reception was unique in Australian newspaper history.

MOST agents had sold out by nine the morning of issue. Extra supplies were rushed to all suburbs, but these were snapped up by enthusiastic girls and women (and men, too), before the afternoon was out.

The Australian Women's Weekly presses had to be kept running three days to meet the demand for more and more papers.

Circulation figures reached those of well-established "dailies" before the week-end.

When the mail, from thousands of appreciative readers, started to pour in, the office staff proved inadequate to deal with it, and had to be increased at once.

Readers were asked to tell us what they thought of the paper, to let us know which features appealed most, and to help us make the paper what Australian women want. Hundreds of letters of praise and congratulation arrived, and are still arriving. These are all read carefully, and with deep appreciation.

To readers who cared, however, to make a study of The Australian Women's Weekly, and give us their constructive criticism, a first prize of £5, and consolation prizes of 5/- were offered. The offer is repeated this week.

This week's first prize of £5 goes to **Miss L. Mackenzie,** "Varni," Blair Street, North Bondi. Her letter is printed in full, but only excerpts are taken from the other 18 who win consolation prizes of 5/- each.

THE PRIZE LETTER

Miss Mackenzie writes:

"Having read The Women's Weekly from cover to cover, I find it hard to say which article I like best, as they are all so helpful and interesting. The article, 'Careers for Women,' I feel will be greatly appreciated. I look forward to next week's issue to read this helpful page!"

Mrs. V. Lyons, 8 Boronia Avenue, Wollstonecraft, writes: "The competitions appeal most to me. I intend to enter every one every week!"

Mrs. M. Richardson, 22 Chilcott Street, Lambton: "The fashions are indeed unusual. Right out of the box. The best women's paper published!"

Miss Jean Irving, 74 Nelson Bay Road, Bronte: "A business girl, I am definitely for the fashion pages. I find the natty hints, illustrated styles, and pattern service invaluable."

Miss Janet Mackay, Box 2849N, G.P.O., City: "I was particularly impressed with your page, 'Careers for Women.' It expresses such a practical desire to be helpful!"

Mrs. R. Carlill, 206 Addison Road, Marrickville: "It is so full of interesting items it is hard to pick one special topic, but the competitions appeal to me most."

Mrs. M. Wilson, 208 Albany Road, Petersham: "Your paper is a real live one. Plenty of reading to suit all. I like your feature, 'Interesting People,' most!"

Miss Edna Keating, Rookwood Cemetery, Lidcombe: "I choose, 'New Books at a Glance' for my best feature. Being a book-lover I regard this page as a veritable treasure trove!"

Mrs. D. Minchin, 15 Sutherland Road, Chatswood: "Society pages and photography please me. The article on 'Careers for Women' interests me. Mr. Lower's humorous matter amuses me. The poetry delights me!"

Mrs. D. Hotson, 225 Addison Road, Marrickville: "The best feature in your fine weekly is the series, 'Careers for Women.' If you can put some of our unemployed girls on the track of useful occupations, then the paper will not live in vain."

Bought the First?

Other women who wrote praising the feature, "Careers for Women," and who win the 5/- consolation prizes, were:—Mrs. Lansdale, 98 Flood Street, Leichhardt; Mrs. E. B. Lawson, 22 King's Cross Road, Darlinghurst; Mrs. D. Lougher, 4 Lucy Street, Ashfield; Mrs. A. Bailey, 82 Napier Street, Newtown; Mrs. K. Page, Water Reserve Road, Canley Vale; and Mrs. G. Hickman, 88 Prince Street, Grafton.

Mrs. Shipway, 50 Ocean Street, Bondi, writes: "The feature I like best is the arrangement of the advertisements. They do not obtrude, but blend with the other matter, yet they cannot be missed."

Mrs. E. M. Dignam, 27 Kingstangley Road, Greenwich: "I like best your invitation to readers to consider the paper as a medium of exchange for their opinions."

Miss T. A. Halstead, Box 1364, G.P.O.: "The news, the prices, and the fashions . . . and last, but not least, the price. I have purchased several copies to-day, and sent them to my country relatives."

Mrs. Enid Jenkins, 578 Darling Street, Roseville: "Have studied in detail your fine paper. One factor impressed me strongly . . . its supreme service and sympathy to women."

MRS. E. J. DONNELLY, 84 Mitchell Street, Enfield (A Special Prize of 5/-). She writes: "I consider the honor of purchasing the first Australian Women's Weekly is mine. My husband secured mine from the agent's at 4.30 this morning."

RENEE McCREADY, in a very natty beach suit in black and white, which she wears in the British International Picture, "For the Love of Mike."

LATEST IN SLIMMING

(From Page 1)

Lunch: This meal varies according to what she had for breakfast and what she is going to have for dinner. If it is an egg day, and a good-dinner-at-night day, she may only have cheese, slimming wafers, and fruit for lunch. Other times she has meat or fish, with lots of vegetables, and afterwards, either stewed or tinned fruit.

Tea: She never eats anything at tea-time, unless she is at a party, or it is a special occasion at home. But if she has had only cheese and fruit for lunch, she allows herself a few biscuits or a cake, so as not to be too hungry by dinner time.

Dinner: Never more than two courses for dinner. She tries to avoid fat, never has thick gravy, and always starts with a vegetable, because this takes the first edge off the appetite, and does no harm.

She has potatoes twice a week as a treat, and during the evening, a cup of coffee or tea.

New Punishment For Smith Minor

"WHAT on earth are you up to in that garden?" asked a Cranbrook mother recently to her small son.

"Oh, just pinching a few dahlias," was the reply.

For General Mackay, new headmaster of Cranbrook, has made an innovation whereby there is not only a gardening society among the boys, but the younger ones are set to work gardening in place of the usual indoor detentions.

When the Rawsons were there Cranbrook employed six gardeners. Nowadays it economises with two handymen. The new system is advantageous to the grounds, and it is a healthy penalty and an interesting one. As a rule the volunteers do the pretty, and those who are "kept-in" the dirty, work. Each of the boys at Harvey House has a garden bed of his own, and competition is very keen. Both vegetables and flowers are grown.

Not even the masters are exempt, and one day during the recent holidays a passer-by found a member of the teaching staff hard at work, "so that there would be less to do next term."

This *Backless* VOGUE!

By FRANK LE BAUERED

"O wad some power th' giftie gie' em
To see their backs as others see 'em!"

TAKE an average man. Strip him of coat, vest, shirt, and singlet, having first rummaged out a "dickey" from Heaven-knows-where. Substitute said dickey for aforementioned garment deprivations. Turn him loose in any ballroom, any night, and what happens?

No, sister, this is not a recipe for creating a ballroom riot, but a perfectly serious query. Well, what happens? Provided he eludes capture by the morality squad, he'll infallibly be nabbed by pneumonia, and we can expect the crisis any day now, Mrs. Burns-Brownie. Male flesh and blood simply can't stand such exposure to the rigors of these winter nights. "I told him not to take off his woollens, doctor!" wept the near-widow.

NOT SO THE WOMAN

But a woman? Ah! A woman's different. Frailer, more delicately attuned, greater complexity of the nervous system and all the other what-have-yous of chivalry. Oh, yes, give a woman a chance to enter a ballroom in a frock which leaves her naked from the nape the penultimate lumbar vertebra or thereabouts, and will she so much as sneeze?

She will not. Hugged by the knowledge that she's in the fashion, she will be pervaded by a warm glow of self-satisfaction which won't give a wog a chance to make a cot case of her.

Yes, woman's constitution will stand any amount of exposure to the biting winds of winter; but, now that our eyes are no longer blurred by the novelty of the display, how does her back fare under the blasts of criticism now being released on it?

Frankly, it doesn't. Look around any ballroom, and how many really beautiful backs will you see? Aren't they as scarce as sovereigns? But oh, the dreary array of bony, podgy, scraggy, bumpy, and patchy backs!

How sad it is that women will not use clothes to protect, and not expose, them? This bare-back parade is both comic and pathetic, and also, and above all, stupid.

But you'll never cure woman of her childish passion for "showing-off." Down the centuries she's been successively baring different areas of what she fondly believes to be her body beautiful—an ankle, a shin (in the directoire skirt), a calf, a knee (ah, those nobbly knees of the kilted skirt era!), arms, shoulders, bust—and now she turns her bare back on us.

This, alas, is the unkindest cut of all!

Being notable sayings by and about women. For the best contribution, 10/- will be paid. The source of the quotations must be indicated.

"THERE is nothing by which I have through life more profited than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women."—Sir Samuel Romilly.

(Prize of 10/ to E. Esme Williams, 6 Lihon Street, Lane Cove.)

"I AM sure that there is not one of us who does not feel it is a very great privilege to help those men who gave their youth and health for us in the war days. There is nothing we would not do to help, remembering that the courage needed in the war was probably nothing to what they need to face their trials to-day."—Lady Game.

THE chief interest of the World's Y.W.C.A. in recent times has been the promotion of international relationships and the education of public opinion for disarmament, said Miss van Asch van Wyck, World President of the Y.W.C.A.

"IT seems such an infinite pity that so many marriages should be allowed to go on being smashed, as they are being smashed to-day, upon the rocks of sex, when just a little knowledge and just a little goodwill are needed to convert a source of danger into a spiritual pathway and resource."—Bishop Crotty.

MEN can be, and are sometimes, cruel. But never has man, at his worst, approached the cruelty of a woman, when that woman is cruel by nature. A bad woman is the most awful created thing, and the most hateful. A man has been known to have mercy on a victim—a woman never.—From "The House of Blight," by Coulson Kernahan.

Why Intellectuals Marry Late! Can't Afford It

INTELLECTUAL young people, destined for the Professions and other higher forms of work, are dependent for economic support on their parents considerably longer than the workman, who usually begins to earn money immediately after he leaves school, which he does at a comparatively early age.

This point was made by Professor Harvey Sutton in his address at the beginning of the week to Sydney Undergraduates.

The danger to the development of the best racial types arising from this is that the more socially valuable one is the later one marries, and consequently the fewer children one has.

The Professor pointed out that recent investigations in America conducted among women who graduated forty years ago showed that out of one hundred there were as yet only eighty children produced. Moreover, in a certain Australian University, similar investigations were undertaken, and the percentage was no higher.

Professor Sutton concluded with a few remarks upon the unfortunate way in which children receive their instruction upon sexual matters, and warmly praised the Racial Hygiene Society, which is endeavoring to disseminate literature on the subject, so that such education may be given in a sane and satisfactory manner.

MRS. JACK CRAWFORD, to whose wifely solicitude much of her husband's success is rightly attributed.

VALUE SUPREME in Diamond Rings

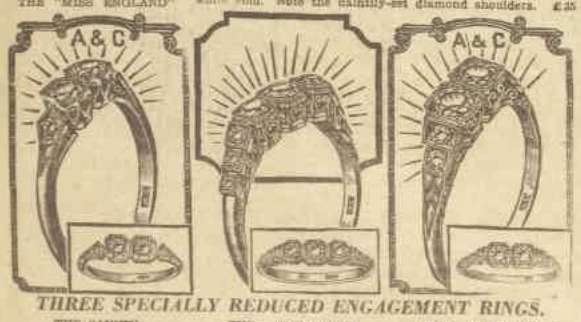
THE "MISS ENGLAND"

DESIGNED AND MADE ON THE PREMISES, each ring fulfils, not only its purpose as the indispensable engagement token, but it appeals to all beholders as

A PRETTY PIECE OF JEWELLERY

A signed Guarantee of Quality is given by Angus and Coote with every ring.

The "Miss England" reveals a glorious solitaire diamond of great flashing beauty, set in pure platinum and 18ct. white gold. Note the daintily-set diamond shoulders. £35



THREE SPECIALLY REDUCED ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

THE "ANNE" £19/10/- to £8/18/-. Dainty two-stone diamond ring, with diamond shoulders. Solid 18ct. gold and platinum. 40 shillings saved!

THE "ELIZABETH" £11/18/- to £8/18/-. Rich platinum setting, mounted on 18ct. gold, displaying nine brilliant diamonds. 20 shillings saved!

THE "CLAUDETTE" £15/-/- to £12/18/-. Charming two-stone diamond ring, with diamond shoulders, and handsome setting. 50 shillings saved!

THESE ARE THREE POPULAR, WELL-KNOWN A. & C. RINGS, OF HIGH STANDARD . . . TO SECURE PRICE REDUCTION MENTION THIS PAPER.

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Let's Talk Of

INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .

MRS. JOHN MAUND

MRS. JOHN MAUND, who has just been appointed district superintendent of the New South Wales district of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, came to Australia in her youth, as Georgie O'Meara, to support Lionel Atwill in "The Whip." She married "in her first season," like Mary Chatteris (Mrs. Bell Allen), Blanche Browne (Mrs. MacIntyre), and other young English visitors.

Since marrying the well-known solicitor, Mrs. Maund has retired into private life, devoting herself to her artistic home in Ocean Avenue, Woollahra, and her three growing sons. She has recently appeared in amateur theatrical productions, notably as the costumiere in "Nine Till Six," and as Mrs. Sanger in "The Constant Nymph," and a short time ago produced a play at Cranbrook in aid of the Playing Fields Fund. Another hobby is politics.

MISS JOLLIE SMITH

ONE of the vague traditions in the world of women is that the law is beyond them. Miss Christian Jollie Smith, LL.B., is only one of many clever young Australian women who have shown that even the law will yield to feminine initiative. She is a Melbourne graduate (barrister and solicitor), who has been practising as a solicitor in Sydney since 1924. She has figured prominently in many cases upon which public interest has focussed, but on none has the spotlight played so fiercely as upon the recent trial on a charge of murder of Eric Roland Craig, and on which he was convicted and sentenced to death. Miss Jollie Smith is a member of the firm which instructed Mr. Curtis, K.C., and Mr. P. M. Woodward to appear for Craig.

MRS. ROOSEVELT AND AMELIA EARHART

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT is pictured here with Amelia Earhart, just before the airwoman piloted the lady of the White House and 11 others over Washington and Baltimore. Mrs. Roosevelt believes that a woman can keep down a regular job and carry on successfully a home, provided she is systematic.

As the first lady in America, Mrs. Roosevelt takes the keenest interest in the country's affairs, manages her own home, and, in spite of her belief in system, and the necessity of adhering to a routine, nevertheless owns up to running away occasionally to the garden to spend an hour or so with the poets.

The MEMOIRS *of a* MAYORESS

Looking Back on Forty Years of Changing Sydney

Time makes dust or monuments of everything. This week Sydney girls are wearing the pork-pie hats which were the mode in 1890. There's your monument.

Last week, down came the curtain of Her Majesty's Theatre—for the long, last time, a curtain which was rising gaily, gaily on the magnificents of 1890. There's your dust.

What impressions of these rich, vivid, eventful forty years would a woman gather in their passing? Sydney's Lady Mayoress (Mrs. R. C. Hagon) tells of hers in this interesting article.

By MRS. R. C. HAGON
Lady Mayoress of Sydney

MRS. R. C. HAGON
—Dorothy Wilding

WHAT are one's impressions since the year 1890?

At that period we in Sydney were involved in an economic crisis unparalleled in history, but paled into insignificance by the depression period of the last few years.

A few words of impressions of this period from a woman, perhaps, would be more acceptable, dealing with social impressions—leaving the more serious subjects to those who, at least, feel more competent to handle them.

In forty years the life of the people has undergone a great change. The progress in methods of entertainment has been most marked, assuming one agrees that progression has been made, yet it seems that the wholesome home entertainments of nearly 50 years ago are destined to return, and to oust from popular fancy and approval the cabaret night-life form of entertainment.

The stiffness and artificiality of not only social etiquette, but also of dress, may not return, and perhaps should not return; but the cultivation of home entertainments should prove a welcome addition to existing social conditions.

In the matter of woman's dress, it is to be sincerely hoped that common sense will prevail and permit a continuance of the existing styles of comfort as opposed to the almost barbaric practices of 1890.

The period under review was nearly divided in twain by the occurrence of the Great War, and one's impressions may be really colored by that disastrous world event.

The years of struggle, heartbreaking to women who could but sit and wait, had undoubtedly a definite influence on the community.

How much our conditions of life were affected by that event, it is difficult to say, but undoubtedly the social conditions were freer, and associated with the financial boom period, passed to limits not even in the bounds of conjecture a few years before.

There is little need to comment on the advance made in means of transport, means of entertainment—the talkies, wireless, with all its wonders—these are matters of world progression.

The sum of human happiness never was, and never will be, measured by the marvels of human invention and ingenuity, but by the comradeship of individuals of the community, and that comradeship is as strong, if not stronger, in 1933 than it is my recollection of 1890.

CIRCLE: Coogee Beach as it looked in the '90's. Above: The dress circle of Her Majesty's as Fred Leist immortalised it in 1903.
(Reproduced from Claude Kingston's Souvenir of the Theatre.

About Mrs. Hagon

THE LADY MAYORESS (Mrs. R. C. Hagon) has responded in a truly public-spirited way to the many claims on her time and her sympathy. Appeals from every section of the community have found in her a willing helper.

For the past eleven years she has been the president of the Returned Soldiers' T.B. Relief Fund. Quietly and unobtrusively, her interest in this cause has been demonstrated in a practical way, with widespread benefit as the result.

The Lady Mayoress is also patron of many charitable societies, and president of the Australian Council of Mothercraft.

The Last CURTAIN FALLS on HER MAJESTY'S

SATURDAY'S last performance at Her Majesty's Theatre was an unforgettable night—a night of memories. After "The Maid of the Mountains," the stage was darkened and then lit up again to show a pageant of the great artistes that had passed before the public. When old favorites appeared, the applause became deafening. The majority of them have become only names to this generation. A few were able to take their old parts and appear in person once more before the curtain.

Pride of place must be given to Dame Nellie Melba. Nellie Stewart, a sweet singer in her day, appeared in the part which she had made her own "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," and she was given an ovation. Carrie Moore and Vinia de Lotte were able to enact their favorite parts. Both looked as appealsome as of yore. Carrie Moore's years had touched her lightly, and she was once more the sprightly "Merry Widow."

Many more popular favorites appeared again. Julius Knight and George Rignold were presented. The great Shakespearian actor was Irving's rival on the English stage when he left London to make Australia his adopted country.

So they passed.

Longstaff's painting of the late J. C. Williamson was shown. Then came a touching living picture as Mr. Tait led forth the dresser who had been doing her part behind the scenes during the life of the theatre.

One of the floral trophies presented to Gladys Moncrieff dominated the scene. It was a ladder composed of beautiful blooms, and each rung of the ladder had inscribed upon it the name of the musical comedies in which she had taken the principal part.

The whole house thrilled as Gladys Moncrieff, who had been the prima donna of the last performance, stood before the footlights to sing "Farewell." She had never been in better voice. After the applause had died down and her short speech was made, "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King" were sung. Her Majesty's Theatre was no more.

ATKINSONS
LONDON PARIS SYDNEY

A *special-formula* Face Powder that all London clamoured for

Beautiful women, leaders of London Society, have come to Atkinson's exclusive Perfumery Shop in Old Bond Street in their search for a face powder that brings a smooth flower-like beauty to the skin and yet looks natural. Hundreds of formulas were perfected but there was one—known simply as "No. 24"—favoured above all the rest for the exquisite skin-beauty it always gave, and for its delicate fragrance. For each distinguished patron the priceless formula "No. 24" was prepared specially, and this made it so costly that only a few could afford it.

The same "No. 24" formula exactly, has now been produced for the hundreds of thousands of discriminating women all over the world—so that it can be sold within the reach of all.

The charm of real skin-tones

Shades vibrant with warm beauty. A tone to match your colouring is among them—Rachel, Rachel No. 2, Natural, Suntan, Ochre, Rose, White and Brunette.

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HOW SHALL WE TILT OUR HATS

From NELL MURRAY, Our Special Representative in Europe

AT what angle shall we tilt our hats? That is a question which has been of paramount importance to women in discussing wearing the millinery fashions of the last few seasons.

The beret-on-the-back-of-the-head gave way to the sailor-perched-on-the-right-ear, and for present wear nose-dive tilts and hats set square on the head are rivals.

By next September, however, it is prophesied that every woman will show her eyes and forehead once more beneath hats set well back on her head. Jeff, the brilliant young English designer whose prestige is now equal with the creative hatters of Paris, demonstrates this tendency very cleverly in the collection he has just released for the present season.

The distinguishing mark of chic just at present is height, conveyed in all kinds of subtle ways. In addition to the endless variations of the fez, there are hats with crowns that are twisted and knotted to form upstanding ears; hats with winged feather ornaments poised at the back of the crown; hats with tassell trimmings set in a manner to give the height note.

One model that had more than a dash of "Hussar" about its design (with a high, square crown and made of fine linen straw in palest grey) was trimmed across the front by two crossed bands of summer ermine fur.

All colors are used for the new hats, but black and white, brown, and grey millinery is most prominent—especially black and black and white.

Some of the most amusing and fascinating are made from old-fashioned materials, the most striking of these being hatter's plush. Jeff uses it for one of his models, which is a modified version of the traditional high, pot-crowned hat of Welsh peasant women; and again, for a flat cloche on the lines of the Chinese coolie's headgear, with height added by Petersham ribbon trimming arranged diadem fashion across the top of the crown.

For present wear, in Sydney, hats made from soft Angora cloth are both practical and smart, and in this collection I saw several designed for dull days that occur during European summers.

IN THE PICTURE, Una Merkel, Metro-Goldwyn - Mayer actress (left) combines knitted string sports-gloves of gauntlet fashion. Black hat of stitched silk, the white flowers placed on the centre crown are a most unusual feature (circle). An embroidered eye veil of the new longer length is worn (Paris-Vienna copyright). All crown or all brim is this hat, designed by Adrian for Diana Wynyard, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player (lower right). In a soft grey straw, it is worn with a circular veil. Topping the crown in back is a little bouquet of mauve violets.

Should We PRAY *for* PEACE *or* ARM *for* WAR

No longer is prayer regarded as a purely personal matter to be conducted in privacy, or on those special occasions when people attend religious service, but everywhere men and women are asking others to unite with them in an invocation to the Supreme Being for continued peace, happiness, health, and a betterment of living conditions. Opinions obtained by The Australian Women's Weekly confirm the efficacy of prayer.

THE question of the practical value of prayer was raised last week, when the Bexley Council received a letter from the hon. secretary of the Bexley Congregational Church, asking for the council's prayers and co-operation in the general fund appeal.

Although they expressed surprise, the Mayor and aldermen promised to comply with the request.

The question of the efficacy of prayer was also raised at the annual convention held at Campsie of representatives of 25 Protestant churches.

Canon Hilliard urged the practice of a Christian spirit in the home, and emphasised the need for brotherhood and Christian understanding. He contended that a Christian spirit could avert war, and, in appealing for a true Christian spirit among the people, he followed the lead of the Founder of Christianity, who gave the people "The Lord's Prayer."

WORLD PEACE

While the Disarmament Conference in Europe is still in danger of breaking down, civilised people all over the world are casting about in their minds for a rational solution to the problem of whether world peace will be brought about by the insistent demand of the people for peace, by earnest entreaty in the form of prayer to the Deity they worship, or by being so strongly fortified that insurrection at home and invasion from abroad will meet with adequate reverse.

The churches, many of whom hold intercessional sessions, are emphatic in their assertion that through prayer and the inculcation of Christian principles, people themselves can help to avert the grim spectre of war, as generally understood by the terms fighting, bloodshed, and killing, and **the even more deadly warfare being waged in our midst today, the fight for the necessities of life, which we call depressed economic conditions.**

EFFICACY OF PRAYER

The Australian Women's Weekly has asked many people their opinion on the efficacy of prayer.

Following are some of the replies received:

Rev. T. E. Roth:

"Prayer cannot avert war unless we help God to answer our prayer by, first of all, sectarian disarmament, driving out the spirit of competition, and delivering the people from the vice of economic nationalism.

"Prayer is alliance with the will of God. No man can add to the wisdom or love of God. The whole meaning of prayer is getting into line with the eternal purpose. All the laws of God, and all the laws of Nature are for human development. Man must get into communication with the Eternal, and receive communication from God. There wholeness lies."

MIRACLE OF PRAYER

Mrs. John Earles (life president of the Catholic Women's Association), has a Papal decoration of Dame of the Holy Sepulchre, and is a firm believer in the power of prayer.

She says:

"It is not because it is an article of my faith that I believe, but I have actually seen a miracle performed. A blind girl in Cork, Ireland, some years ago had her eyesight restored after a Novena of Prayer, after her case had been given up by leading oculists of Europe."

NEED FOR HIGHER PLANE

Mrs. A. Outlaw (hon. secretary of the United Associations), who was one of the secretaries to Lloyd George during the time he was Prime Minister of England, says:

"Personally, I believe in prayer. Not enough people pray for the abolition of war. If all prayed in the same way, there would be no necessity to avert it. We need to reach a much higher plane of prayer to avert war. It is human nature to go out and fight."

SALVATION ARMY OFFICER

Major H. Graham (Salvation Army):

"A very real answer to prayer is constantly with me—my wife—who many years ago recovered from a very critical and serious illness, and to use the doctor's words, 'It was a greater than human power that brought her through.' It was. I firmly believe, the efficacy of prayer on her behalf."

The PRAYER

The subject of a luncheon hour address given by the Rev. W. J. Baxter at Scots' Church recently was "Is Prayer Any Use?"

Oh, sister mine, if we could know
By any night or day,
That just one prayer was surely heard
And straight the boon would be conferred
I think, with fervent eyes, tear wet,
That most of us would pray.

"God, keep us all from loving where
The loving brings but pain,
From pouring out the first and best
On worthless idols, self confessed,
And make secure the masks we wear,
So that they be not vain.

God, grant we grow too strong to feel
The sting of vain regret,
Or memory's pain that stabs by night,
And does not pass with morning light
And give us freedom, so that we
May utterly forget.

God, make us all too proud for tears,
For idle things are these,
That make or mar no destiny
But spend their sad futility
As breakers beat through all the years
On cliffs that guard the seas."

—Nellie A. Evans.

Radio Licenses For The Blind

A MOVEMENT is being inaugurated to provide wireless licenses free of cost to the blind.

This is a step that should win the interest and support of every man and woman who has given a thought to the "eternal gloom" in which the sightless are plunged.

The estimated cost to the Government of such a concession would mean something like £000 per annum, but the point is stressed that this consideration does not come into the question at all as the majority of the blind are not able to pay for licenses.

Radio enthusiasts are invited to write to their Federal and local members asking them to use the power entrusted to them to have free licenses for the blind made certain by an amendment of the existing Act of Parliament, unalterable except in this way.

PARTY TO PHILIP HARGRAVE

Philip Hargrave, the 10-year-old piano genius, is looking forward to the afternoon of June 27, for on that day there is to be a combined children's and grown-ups' party at the Cavalier, in King Street. On the upper floor the children will be amused by model aeroplanes, jig-saw puzzles, and the music of the golly-wog band, and, if it can be arranged, Philip will play for the kiddies.

The restaurant and the tea will be the gift of Mr. Vaughan, manager of the Cavalier, so that all the proceeds will help defray the expenses of the "Melody Cruise" ball for "Dalwood," to take place in August.

Do You Want A Trip To Hollywood?

Motion Picture Industry Ball, Blaxland Galleries, June 20.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604498

Two's Company

Dinah shivered and looked through the bushes to where the others were standing and saw him take the girl's hand and look earnestly down into her face. Then she turned and ran unseeingly along the path.

"Sheila's going away for nearly a week tomorrow, and this was our only chance of rehearsing our lines together. . ."

Illustrated by Boothroyd

By JESSIE URQUHART

THE minute Dinah saw Nigel coming along the platform with Sheila Vane she knew the day was going to be a failure. It was a shame really, because all through the summer she had been looking forward to the beginning of the hiking season.

She and Nigel had got to know each other last winter on a hike, when her heel had blistered and she was obliged to drop back a little. He had dropped back, too, though his heel was not blistered, and so great was his sympathy for her that he almost began to limp in unison.

"You go on with the others," she had told him, "or you'll miss the train back to town."

"I prefer to miss it," he assured her gallantly, "so long as I have this slow-motion walk with you."

"Would you really?"

"Honest. I would," he answered firmly, and offered his arm for her to lean on.

After that they saw a lot of each other, and when the weather got too hot for hiking there were long, lovely days on the beach, in a secluded part away from the other surfers, of course, and intimate little lunches with savory sandwiches because he liked them, and Turkish cigarettes because she liked them.

"But aren't they dreadfully dear?" she asked, smoking one.

"Not nearly as dear as you," he answered, and watched the black fringe of her lashes against her cheek as she bent forward to his match.

Dinah thought of all this as she watched the others approach, and wished she hadn't put those pork sausages into her knapsack. Nigel liked them, but she didn't. Too fatty, she thought.

With one swift, feminine glance she took in Sheila's immaculate cream slacks, snugly tight at the waist, neatly cuffed at the ankle, the apple-green shirt with its zip fastener, the jaunty green cap, kept in place apparently by suction, at the side of the platinum blonde head. And she snorted a little at the crispness of those fair curls at the nape of Miss Vane's neck.

She hated Sheila at that moment with an intensity that had unconsciously been brewing for three months, ever since, in fact, Nigel had joined that amateur dramatic society.

"Hullo, Di," Nigel exclaimed, coming up with the breeziness of the care-free male. "We're going to have a great day, I think."

Dinah thought just the contrary, but no woman worthy of the name ever shows her feelings, and she smiled with feline duplicity at the other girl.

"Sheila thought she'd like to come, too," he proceeded unnecessarily.

"Have you ever hiked before?" Dinah asked, hoping to rise superior to the sophisticated young person in cream slacks.

"Oh yes," Sheila assured her. "I was in England when the first one was organised and took part in it. It was awfully jolly."

As she spoke she opened a green enamelled case and offered Dinah a cigarette, but Dinah looked at it as though it had been an asp.

"I don't smoke, thanks," she lied coolly.

It was on the tip of Nigel's tongue to contradict her, but the special Providence that looks after drunkards and fools prevented him just in time.

"Oh, well," he remarked with a sort of forced geniality, "we'd better be getting along. The train starts in a minute."

* * *

DIPLOMATICALLY he inserted himself between the two girls as they walked down the platform, and was disappointed to notice that Dinah showed a tendency to lag behind.

It was not one of those gigantic hikes in which battalions of walkers are let loose at a given point to pour like water out of a bottle along the country roads, but a compact affair composed mostly of girls and boys from the offices in which Dinah and Nigel worked, with a few from her tennis club and one or two of his fellow surfers. With the dazzling Sheila deleted they might reasonably have expected a flawless day.

Their seats had been reserved. A corner one, facing the engine, for Dinah, the next one for Nigel, and then came the difficulty of placing Miss Vane.

"You sit here, Sheila," he said politely, indicating his own seat.

"Really, I'm not a scrap fussy, thanks," she declared easily. "I can travel any old way. Backwards or forwards or sideways on. You get like that when you've been knocking about Europe for a couple of years."

Dinah took this as a deliberate reflection on her own limited experience as a traveller, and bridled accordingly.

"It must be awful to be bilious," she observed, ignoring the main issue. "I know I was terribly sorry for the woman in the plane we went up in last year. Do you remember her, Nigel?"

"Rather," he agreed enthusiastically. "Poor devil."

"Mmmmm," mumbled Sheila, settling herself in the seat opposite the others. "I must confess I was a bit queasy myself the first time I flew from London to Paris, but after about five flights I got absolutely air-sick proof."

Dinah, looking at her, felt she could not have been more loathsome had she been afflicted with a skin disease, but since there was nothing to be gained by pursuing the subject, she remained silent.

The train journey was not an unqualified success, even though Nigel took the opportunity of temporary darkness in a short tunnel to squeeze her hand, but this pleasure was tempered by the reflection that he was probably pressing Sheila's foot. She wondered miserably why Nigel had brought the girl on the hike, wondered why she herself had come, wondered indeed, why she had ever been born since life was to be so unhappy a business. With a reckless eye she surveyed the other members of the party, pondering the possibility of attaching herself to someone else, but each boy and girl dovetailed so accurately that there seemed no chance of escape that way.

Under the pretence of reading her paper, she examined Sheila carefully, comparing the smooth, cream slacks with her own bare brown knees below their cotton shorts, the small black brogues with her shabby tan shoes, the apple-green shirt, with the zip fastener, with her fawn fuji blouse whose sleeves were rolled at the elbow and whose collar was open to reveal a slender brown throat . . . Careless, uninteresting, drab, that's what she was, and she made a mental note to draw some money from the bank next week and buy a modish hiking outfit. Not, of course, that she ever intended hiking again as long as she lived.

* * *

AT last the train pulled up at their destination, and they all got out. Instructions as to the route were given, the time allowed for the walk arranged, and the hour and point of departure for home announced, and then the party set off.

Down the long country road they went, scattering into twos and threes, though mostly twos, with the leaves of the trees shining in the thin morning light and the warm ochre-colored earth beneath their feet. The sun was hot by now, and Dinah had the satisfaction of knowing she burnt a nice even brown. Fair people, thank Heaven, went red.

"Sheila and I are cast for the same play next Saturday," Nigel began conversationally as they settled into their stride. "I think it'll be pretty good, don't you?"

"Naturally," Sheila laughed, "with you as leading man and me as leading lady. Are you interested in the drama, Miss Braden?"

"Not a bit," returned Miss Braden with unnecessary emphasis; "when I go to the theatre I like to see properly trained performers in a musical comedy. The vulgarer, the better."

"That," said Sheila imperturbably, "is where the amateur dramatic societies are going to do such good work. Educating people up to an appreciation of the best plays. When I was a student in London at the R.A.D.A. . . ."

(Continued on Page 6).

By a Girl of 16

A CLOCK

One movement of the clock's black hands
Puts round the time apace,
And what a world of powers can reign,
While they traverse its face.

A wealth is gained, a wealth is gone,
A love is lost or born,
Or from its pedestal of gold
A treasured idol's torn.

A life has passed, a soul has come;
You tick on through the night!
Oh! little clock upon the shelf,
You awe me with your might.

—Yvonne Webb.

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HEENZO

should be used in every home

(Continued from Page 5)

TWO'S COMPANY

HERE Dinah leaped gracefully across a gutter and plunged into the scrub, unaware of the sharp branches scratching her bare legs. The R.A.D.A. indeed! She neither knew nor cared what it was, but she did know that if she spent another moment in Sheila's company she would say something that would result in either a libel action or lifelong remorse—probably both.

From the bush she looked down on the road and saw Nigel turn once and wave back. She waved back and licked a salty drop from her cheek. The sun, of course, was hot, and made her eyes run. She should have worn a hat with a brim instead of this ridiculous beret.

"Dinah," Nigel's voice called after a time. "Din-a-ah."

She pretended not to hear.

"Dinah!"

More peremptory this time, and presently she heard him scrambling up the bank behind her.

"Dinah!"

"Yes," she turned with a negligence that would have done credit to any student of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

"We're going to have lunch now," he said.

"Well go ahead," she encouraged him; "I've got mine here."

She swung her knapsack off her back as she spoke, but before she could open it he had caught her hand.

"What's the matter with you today?" he asked. "I've never seen you like this before."

"That's because," she answered, trying to keep control of her voice, "you have never seen me side by side with Sheila Vane. 'I've taken part in the first hike organised in England. . . . I've flown round the world so often I don't need a strong paper bag to be sick into . . . I was the star pupil of the L.S.D. . . .'"

The boy looked at her aghast and steeled his heart against her long, brown eyes, the smooth olive of her face, the grace of her slender legs.

"Of course," he said coldly, "I can't help it if you choose to be disagreeable. Sheila is a friend of mine. . . . I mean, we've got to know each other pretty well at the Dramatic Society, and when she suggested joining the hike I thought it would be nice."

"Splendid," she agreed with misplaced venom. "It gives her such an opportunity of showing off her nice flannel pants, her platinum hair, and at the same time gives you a chance of seeing just how obsolete are shorts and fuji blouses and berets." She turned away lest he should see her quivering lip. "I don't blame you, of course," she added, "because gentlemen, I've heard, prefer blondes."

* * *

NIGEL was tempted to remind her that they married brunettes, only he was too annoyed, so picking up her knapsack began scrambling down to the road again. She was obliged to follow him, for he had her lunch and she could not very well play into the other girl's hands by remaining in the bush alone.

The majority of the hikers had wandered further on, and some were eating their meal in the bush itself, while others sat by the roadside in little groups with their sandwiches and thermos flasks. Nigel, however, selected a little clearing away from the highway, and Dinah's hopes rose as she reflected that Sheila would not probably show to advantage at a bush picnic. Her artificial charms required a more sophisticated setting.

"I hope you like sausages, Miss Vane," she remarked amiably as she opened her bag.

"Pork?" Nigel inquired with unashamed eagerness.

She nodded, busy with her packages.

"That hollow log will do for a fireplace," she said, "and there are plenty of dry sticks about, so gather them up, Nigel."

It was almost as nice as she expected it to be, with the sun shining through the trees and a little watercourse a few yards away and the feeling of crispness in the bright air. She unwrapped her sausages and the potatoes, which they always cooked whole in the fire on these occasions, and was just about to pass a friendly remark when Sheila, that blight on humanity, intervened.

"Don't bother about the hollow log, Nigel," she said in her cool, light voice. "I've brought my little fireplace along and, though I'm afraid it isn't capable of accommodating sausages it saves the trouble of lighting another fire."

As she spoke, she produced some pieces of thin flat tin which on opening resolved themselves into a three-sided fireplace fitted with pencil-like rods for supporting her collapsible saucepan. In stunned silence Dinah watched these revelations, feeling that life for her could never hold anything of value again.

"I'm not frightfully keen on sausages myself," went on Sheila, taking stoppered bottles, plates and cutlery from various sections of her lunch basket, "and if you're not, we might as well just have sandwiches and cake and fruit. I've brought plenty."

Dinah glanced at the soft, offensive parcel of meat shining greasily in the sun.

"I'm not hungry at all," she declared, "and only want a roll and butter. What about you, Nigel?"

Nigel, feeling that whatever he said was sure to be the wrong thing, shrugged his shoulders and set about collecting sticks to place under Sheila's collapsible saucepan. A more unsatisfactory meal in ideal surroundings could hardly be imagined, and the boy, keeping his eyes steadily averted from either girl, wondered why men were such fools as to get mixed up with feminine society. Next time he came hiking it would be on condition that the members were of the one sex only—his own.

He and Sheila kept up a desultory conversation, during which they did their best to include Dinah who, however, maintained a frigidly polite manner which effectually nipped any overtures in the bud, and finally they confined themselves to matters connected with the dramatic society.

"Well," Dinah said, standing up when the meal was over and the fire stamped out, "We'd better hurry. The others are a good way ahead, and we have not too much time!"

* * *

SHE thought she detected a significant glance pass between the others and, refusing the cigarette offered by Nigel, turned to the little watercourse.

THERE WOULD be no trouble in Mrs. Henry Berger's home on washing days. She is the champion women's buck saw contestant of America. Mrs. Berger sawed through an eight-inch log in 23.5 sec., breaking all women's records for this event at the Third Annual Wood-Chopping and Sawing Contest, held in that country quite recently.

"I'm going down to wash my hands!" she announced, and, before they could answer, she had sauntered down the track.

Nigel and Sheila watched her kneeling beside the stream, and, as she seemed inclined to dally, they collected the bags and basket and began to walk on. Dinah in this unaccountable mood, Nigel decided was best left alone.

But she soon followed them, and secretly ashamed of her churlishness, made up her mind to offer an olive branch to Miss Vane for the boy's sake. Then as she was almost on a level with them she heard Sheila say: "We must get alone some time this afternoon. I'm going away to-morrow, and we shan't have another chance together . . ."

"Wait till we stop for tea!" Nigel answered. "It will probably have it with the others, and we can slip away by ourselves!"

The girl, padding noiselessly along on the soft track, halted as though turned to stone. This then was the end of the lovely idyll between herself and the boy. Shattered, ruined, broken by Sheila, whose glittering charms had blinded the boy to the girl he professed to love. Gone were the summer days on the beach, the nights in the pictures, the dances they had enjoyed together. Gone the splendid hikes on bright winter days, the good companionship of tea boiled in a billy and food flavored by the indescribable tang of the hot bush, the long walks down the tree-shaded roads . . .

Sitting down on a fallen log, she took out her vanity case and stared at herself. Black hair, where Sheila's was shining gold, straight dark brows where Sheila's were a thread of down, a small brown face where Sheila's was a smooth powdered mask, a slender young throat rising from the collar of an old Fuji blouse where Sheila's rose white and round from an apple - green shirt.

In an agony of jealous rage she flung the case on the ground and stamped on it.

"I hate him!" she muttered, passionately. "I hate him and never want to see him again. Not," she added, forlornly, "that he would notice whether I did or not!"

Then, raising her voice, she called: "I'm going along through the bush."

"But you can't go alone!" Nigel exclaimed, halting and turning to look at her.

"Oh, I shan't be alone. The others are scattered about all over the place, and I know where we are to stop for tea. I'll see you then," and, before he could make any further protest, she had run lightly up the bank and disappeared into the scrub.

From time to time she linked up with other stragglers, boys and girls who treated her with the vague effusiveness of those who definitely wished to be to themselves and presently she drifted off by herself, keeping her eyes always on the road along which dawdled the khaki-clad figure of the boy and the girl in her cream slacks, and apple-green shirt. Finally, they faded out of her sight also.

By 4 o'clock the level rays of the sun lay across the tree tops, and the bush track on the dappled shade that comes with the waning of a winter day. Somewhere a little further on were the fireplaces where they were to halt for tea before making the final spurt for the train. It was about here last year that Nigel said to her . . . probably just what he was saying to Sheila now.

She paused to ponder on the fickleness of men and the hollowness of their love when the sound of voices came to her.

"You are the only woman I shall ever love!" a man was saying, and Dinah's heart stopped beating as she recognised Nigel's.

"My dear," Sheila answered, and there was unmistakable tenderness in her light voice. "You should not speak like that to me. Your love is not your own to give now!"

"A man has to follow the dictates of his own heart!" Nigel told her in hoarse, unsteady tones.

(Continued on Page 31)

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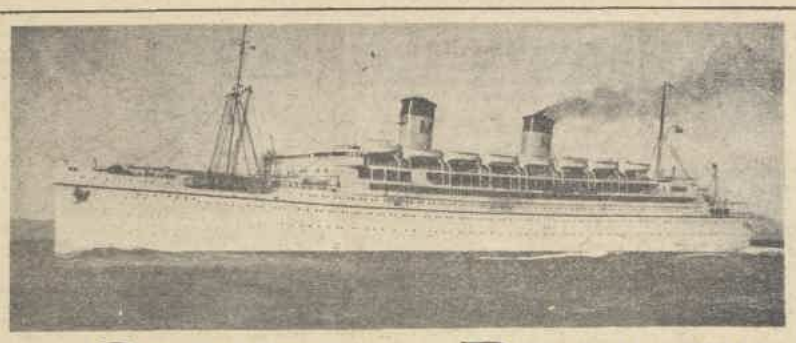

ABOVE: Through the gates into the Paramount studios at Hollywood the winners will pass on their way to show their beauty and talents. CENTRE: The luxury liner Mariposa will take them to America.

A QUEST *for* BEAUTY

Screen Fame and Fortune Offered to Australia's Most Perfect Man and Woman

A national search for the most perfect specimens of young Australian manhood and womanhood, to represent Australia in Hollywood against contestants drawn from the United States and six other English-speaking countries—with handsome, valuable prizes to be won, and the final possibility of screen careers! This is the essence of a "search for beauty" contest in which the Australian Women's Weekly is co-operating with Paramount Pictures, and full details of which are given in the following article.

ABOVE: This ravishingly beautiful girl is Kathleen Burke, who won the recent American contest for a "Panther Woman" to play a leading role in "The Island of Lost Souls." She and three other girls who were chosen in this contest are now under contract to Paramount. It is just such possibilities as these that "The Search for Beauty" contest offers. IN CIRCLE: A corner of the luxurious dressing room reserved for the woman winner of the contest.

THE two young Australians who are finally selected from virtually a wide-open field will be guaranteed transportation to and from Hollywood, a contract to appear in the Paramount production, "The Search For Beauty," with a minimum salary of 50 dollars per week for five weeks, hotel accommodations for the duration of their stay in the film city, and a bonus of 1000 dollars each to the young man and woman (from among 14 other couples in the picture), who give the finest performances during the filming of the picture.

If their talents warrant, the two Australian national winners will have the opportunity of continuing motion picture careers in Hollywood.

The search is being conducted with the assistance of leading theatres. Screen tests of the two winners in each state will be forwarded to the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, where a committee of world-famous directors and producers, including Ernst Lubitsch, Cecil B. De Mille, Stephen Roberts, Stuart Walker, Marion Gering, Lloyd Sheldon, and Fred Datig, will select the district winners.

A similar procedure will be followed in the English-speaking countries of Canada, Scotland, England, Ireland, New Zealand, British South Africa, and the United States.

Any single man or woman, Australian born, between 17 and 30 years old, is eligible to enter the contest simply by sending at least two black and white photos (face and full length) in evening frock, bathing costume, or shorts to the particular local theatre in charge of the contest before midnight of July 8, together with an official entry form obtainable at that theatre.

What he means by a perfect man and a perfect woman was explained recently by Fred Datig, a Paramount casting director.

"This contest is just what it is called!" Datig declared, "a search for beauty, not beauty of face, but beauty of body. It is a search for talent, also. The latter is much more important. Beautiful bodies are demanded for this motion picture. The judges have told me they will virtually disregard the face, except as it is the window of a beautiful, glowing, radiant, healthy body.

"Hard, cold, facial beauty which is often a gift of Fate will not receive consideration. The perfect body is something for which the individual is responsible for right living, intelligent exercise, and eating. The perfect body will be rewarded in this contest. We want well-developed bodies, not over-developed, or under-developed physiques. There are no sets of perfect measurements to which contestants must conform."

They MIX *Their* SCIENCE *with* ROMANCE

Science is NOT the enemy of Romance. You don't believe it? Then Mel Ward, the distinguished Sydney naturalist, and his pretty young wife, will convince you.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Ward are accomplished musicians, and when the demands of science are over for the day, music comes into its own.

MEL WARD was searching for crabs when he first saw the girl student he was to marry. She was interested in shells, searching on the Great Barrier Reef. It was love at first sight. They were married, and went to live at Passadena Flats, Double Bay.

To see Mel Ward's absorption in the study of crabs is stimulating. His laboratory is filled with jars of preserving spirit, containing specimens from the giant man eater, to a miniature species no bigger than a pin's head. He has searched for crabs far and wide. His last journey was to Papua and the Mandated Territory of New Guinea. He went up the coast in a schooner and to New Britain, staying at Rabaul and Kokopo. Thence to Samarai, all the time searching for yet another crab.

Enter Hal Ward. She is an enthusiastic student, and diligently takes her husband's notes while he is inspecting a new specimen.

To the average woman the study of crabs does not sound very alluring, but Mrs. Ward manages to keep house and aid her husband in his laboratory work. So did Madame Curie, the famous discoverer of radium, who partnered her husband throughout his laborious experiments in searching for a new element.

Mel Ward will tell you all there is known about crabs, supposing you want to know. When he was in America the President of The United States sent his car to convey the youthful scientist to an interview with him at The White House. He also delivered an address at The British Museum, and now is to talk over the air in the science series for schools.

Crabs are not just crabs to Mel and Hal Ward. To devote one's life to study has its own reward.

Part of a naturalist's work is the exact description of specimens—particularly new specimens—and this is where a wife can help. Mrs. Ward is helping.

It was through dissecting the convolutions of a crab's ear that the baffling disease known as Menier's was successfully diagnosed, and so could be dealt with.

Both these youthful scientists are music-lovers. It is to Mrs. Hugh Ward, the well-known singer and interpreter of negro spirituelles, that her son owes his love of music. Manipulation of all musical instruments comes easily to him. When in South America he found peons playing on reed pipes, so he too made music on them. Mrs. Ward is an accomplished stringed instrumentalist. When the day's task is ended in the laboratory, the two sit down for a duet, and while away their leisure with melody.

ROMANCE AND ROYALTY

By ETTA COWAN

PRINCE WILLIAM, of Prussia, has just married (against his family's wishes) the beautiful Dorothea von Salviati. His bride is not really a commoner, for she is a descendant of the Princess Salviati, and to this day the Palazzo dei Salviati still stands in the Via dei Serragli, in Florence. So she really is of a family as old as his.

The palace is no longer the abode of princes. It has been turned into apartments. Two little Australian girls, whose father had just taken an apartment in the old palace, were told its ghost story by the Italian servants, who, in fear and trembling, with frequent crossing of themselves, poured out this story to the enthralled little listeners.

Prince Salviati saw and fell immediately in love with Caterina Canacci, a beautiful red-golden haired daughter of the people. But it was necessary for him to marry one of his own class—and the daughter of a noble family became his bride.

But word came to the Princess that the Prince and Caterina remained lovers, and the Princess determined to be revenged. She had Caterina slain one midnight in the palace garden, and her head placed in a linen chest containing the Princess' first gifts to the bridegroom.

The Prince, with a merry jest, and a few words of thanks, opened the lid of the chest and saw there the head of his beloved. He turned and plunged his dagger in the heart of his wife. Then he went mad and died in a frenzy.

* * *

ON New Year's Eve, by the fountain in the old garden this scene is again enacted, and the ghosts of the Princess and Caterina with her bleeding head and red-gold hair, walk at midnight.

The two little Australian girls were thrilled, and decided, if there were real ghosts to be seen, they would be in the garden at midnight.

It was snowing when the two girls, nothing daunted by the cold, ventured into the garden before the clocks struck. Their teeth were soon chattering, not from fear, but from the cold, as the fountain was frozen hard. In vain they waited. Nothing happened, so two disappointed children ascended the palace stairs, and crept into their beds, where they stayed until their colds were better.

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THINGS THAT HAPPEN

Strange incidents of life that come under your notice, or in which you may be personally involved, may be of interest to others.

The Australian Women's Weekly will pay 10/ for the best contribution to this column, and consolation prizes will be awarded for other published items.

FOR THE BEST EFFECT

AN Oriental visitor to my drawing-room was recently quite disturbed on noticing that I had placed a Persian rug so that its pile lay away from the light instead of towards it. This, of course, interfered woefully with the due play of light upon its surface, so that much of its velvety bloom was lost and its depth of coloring diminished. The rug is now posed the other way round, and the effect is most marked. Its pile looking richer and its tone fuller. One should try one's carpet from different points of view before finally laying it.—Mrs. Kay, Lakemba.

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THE WAY OF IT

A VERY dear friend of mine has lost the prospect of a happy marriage through her own annoying habit of saying "I told you so."

Her fiance confided to me that whatever he did or said, the lass would parcel out the annoying sentence. At first he was only vaguely vexed, then downright irritated, and finally "fed-up," as he inelegantly said. He had foresight enough to look down the years when he and the lass might be man and wife, and saw the upheavals in the domestic peace that could ensue, and frankly funked the prospect. The result of the annoying habit was a maiden all forlorn, and a fugitive fiance, enjoying a happy escape.—"Matron."

OUR BATHROOM

MY husband and I were considerably startled at breakfast when my mother, who has been staying with us, raced down the hall, clad only in a large bath towel. In her hand she feverishly clutched what appeared to be a tangled mass of lingerie. I hastened to the bathroom in her wake. She explained, with some indignation, that she refused to dress in a room with a plumber working just outside.

I endeavored to soothe her ruffled feelings, then returned to the breakfast table, where my husband and I indulged in a quiet laugh. Our hilarity, however, was short lived. A sudden noise of splintering glass, followed by a heavy crash, took us both hotfoot to the room my mother had just vacated, to find her friend, the plumber, spread-eagled on the carpet, surrounded by the broken window.—G.S. (Berala).

✣ ✣ ✣

AT THE WHEEL

I POUND myself wedged in between several men and women in George Street last week. More by force of circumstances than anything else, I surged with a curious crowd to the pavement's edge, where an empty limousine was parked. Its horn was blowing continuously and monotonously.

"What is it? An accident?" I asked. Then I saw. Inside the car a fluffy pomeranian dog was standing upright at the driving wheel, its paw on the hooter, quite unaware of the interest it was creating.—"Blases," Campsie.

TRAM STOPS

IN a William Street tram last week, I noticed two business girls get carried over their stop. They both shrieked with laughter as though it was the greatest joke in the world, and got off to walk back.

A little further on, the same thing happened to a man. I could not catch what he said to the conductor, but I am sure I would have blushed if I had.

I wonder if other women have noticed this difference between the sexes. A girl laughs at things which send a man into a rage.—"Straphanger," Double Bay.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE WANDERING BUOY

MANY interesting stories, humorous and otherwise, have been told of the aftermath of floods and storms, but the experiences of residents of Mackay, Qld., during the big cyclone in 1929, must surely have been unique. A huge buoy, that was customarily moored some distance out at sea, was washed up by the force of the tidal wave right into the centre of the township. It still stands stranded in the middle of one of the principal streets, labelled "Some buoy!" —Mrs. Kenny, Inverell.

AS A *Woman Sees* DIVORCE

By MRS. L. P. LITTLEJOHN

"Seventy-five per cent. of the divorces are due to bad housekeeping." This statement was made at a recent conference, and was the opinion of a magistrate in another State. It brought forth a voice of protest from all concerned. Since then a mayor, to make it more "thrilling" in quoting it, raised the percentage to 90, but I suppose an inaccuracy of 15 per cent. must not be cavilled at! But is there any truth in either statement?

LET us look at the question sanely and fairly. For every effect there must be a cause. Therefore, for every divorce there must be a cause.

Since marriage must take place to make a divorce possible, we must begin at marriage, see why people get married, and then see if they get divorced because they did not get what they expected.

I recently conducted a competition on "What is the Main Reason Why Women Marry." An overwhelming majority of those who competed said: "Because women wanted a home of their own (to be an individual with a definite personality, presumably, not one of a family), and also because they did not want to remain single, or, as one male competitor crudely put it, for fear of being an old maid."

Now these are not the reasons for which marriage was ordained. I am old-fashioned enough to believe marriage should be a harmony—not a unity—of two persons who desire to live together for mental, physical, and spiritual companionship.

Those who demand unity will be disappointed or bored, for no two human beings can ever be one. Their differences should be as great a joy to them as their likenesses.

o o o

NOW, if as we know is the case, and it is no use shutting our eyes to facts, many marry for money, position, change of occupation, for a living, or from fear of being a spinster (as my competitor avers) is it to be wondered at that divorces ensue?

Our present legislation is also tending to encourage divorce, for in some cases we deny to married women the right to earn, and, in so doing, we definitely class marriage as a profession.

Marriage was never intended as a profession, and to penalise women because they conform to the conventions of society in their love-life is surely a strange reward for virtue.

I read a true story the other day, written by a man who, because of his wife's illness in hospital, had to spend his holiday minding the home, and a child of four, for three weeks. He knows a reason for divorce.

After detailing the monotonous, never-ending daily round between hawkers, tradesmen, minding the child, only seeing the neighbors over the fence, he continues: "After a day of hopeless, monotonous grind, a woman looks forward eagerly at night to her husband's home-coming, bringing with him news of the outside world. Instead, she hears the steady champing of strong, silent jaws upon a punctually served dinner, and then her hero of the stern world disappears behind his newspaper. . ."

And he concludes: **"If in future I don't speak one thousand words a day of hot, palpitating front-page news, I hope my wife will spend her evening at the pictures, and leave me to get my own dinner."**

No single reason is the main reason for divorce. They are innumerable, each one an article in itself. A few comprise the too early marriage of the girl, who, undeveloped before marriage, probably develops into someone quite different from the girl of 18. The desperate weariness of no economic independence (though many men are very just in this respect, but then these are not divorce cases). The absolute lack of training and understanding by both parties of sexual life and its harmonies and disharmonies. The monotony of the daily toil, so often taken all for granted. The strain on the tempers of many caused by economic stress, etc.

o o o

BUT I decline to add bad housekeeping as a reason. The Australian girl is the most adaptable, clever, economical, dainty and smart of all girls. I would back her against all-comers, remembering that housekeeping comprises much more than cooking—it comprises all that goes to home-making.

Times of difficulty, such as all countries are experiencing, have their repercussions in the matrimonial world, too, but marriage is an art. It is the very art of living itself. Like all artistic things, it demands deep sympathy, understanding, and to all who achieve it successfully, humanity owes the deepest of debts.

—LINDA P. LITTLEJOHN.

Pat White Says—

YOU MAY ADORE HIM. BUT—

don't rest your head coyly on your partner's shoulder. Powder on coat lapels has broken up many a happy home, and it's frightful stuff to get off. Also, very few men like to dance with a girl's hair tickling their nose.

GLIMPSING A GARDEN

Glorious shrubs of the vividly colored poinsettia made a delightful color contrast to the smooth green lawns at "Boanbong," Palm Beach, during the week-end, when Mr. R. T. McKay threw open the grounds of his home to visitors.

The proceeds of the visit are in aid of the Kindergarten Union.

A pleasant interlude to the walks through the gardens was the serving of afternoon tea on a lawn commanding a magnificent view of the ocean.

The garden will again be open to visitors during this week-end, and the proceeds will be in aid of the Lance Free Kindergarten, Miller's Point.

Princesses, duchesses, marchionesses, patrician leaders of society . . . share one birthright of race and breeding . . . beautiful skin, flawless as gem-cut diamonds . . . To these women, to all women, as Lady Violet Astor says, "Pond's have done a wonderful service for they have put in our hands the means of looking younger and younger each year." . . . Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, "Pond's carries off

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Careers for Women . .

A girl student in the laboratory

What the UNIVERSITY OFFERS

By Our Special Commissioner

Every year that passes sees more and more University-trained women taking their place in the professional, commercial, and industrial world.

Even though the opportunities for women have been reduced by the general slump in employment, each year proportionately more women graduates are absorbed, and proportionately more jobs offer themselves.

What training does the University offer women?

FIRST, women may enter any department within the University and take any course of study given there. Women are no longer debarred by their sex from becoming doctors or engineers, as they were in many countries a few years ago.

By University study women may train to become:—

A doctor or surgeon.
A dentist.
A barrister or solicitor.
An engineer (in any branch).
An architect.
A pharmacist or dispenser.
An industrial chemist.
A teacher in secondary schools (in a great variety of subjects—languages, mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, zoology, geology, and many others).

For all normal courses at the University the student must have first passed the Leaving Certificate or the Matriculation. There are provisions by which this can be waived in special cases, but not in many.

For most people, matriculation (with special requirements in subjects for each faculty) is an essential. Unmatriculated persons may study any subject wished if the ordinary fees are paid, but they are not entitled to a degree.

Where to Find It

All the information about the special matriculation requirements for the various faculties (too detailed to give in full here) is in the University Calendar, or can be obtained in pamphlet form from the University office.

The calendar similarly gives full details of every subject in which the University gives instruction. Fees for lectures, the number of lectures, what the course entails, the times of lectures, what text books must be read, the names of the professors, and so on, are all given in detail in readily accessible form.

By a course in one of the three main Faculties of Arts, Science, and Economics a woman may fit herself for a great many positions—in libraries, museums, technical institutes, or in general business.

The general business openings are by far the most important of these.

For every woman who might win a post as an entomologist, for example, after a four years' course in the Faculty of Science, probably twenty would be placed in general business appointments after a four years' course in the Faculty of Economics.

If You're Brilliant

Occasional opportunities for very competent women scientists will always occur, of course, but the woman graduate of average ability has a far greater opportunity in such vocations as teaching, banking, and commercial work of all kinds, where there is a wider field for employment, and where, also, jobs are vacant much more frequently.

It would be wise, therefore, for women who at any time contemplate a University course of training to be quite clear in their own minds whether they wish to train for a specific vocation (such as medicine or architecture), or whether they will take a general course, such as that given by the Faculty of Economics, with the idea of giving themselves an all-round training with no specialised post in mind.

Of course, there is no reason why such a course should not fit a woman excellently for a post which could only be held by a highly-trained person.

After four years study in finance, commercial law, statistics, banking, industrial organisation, politics, and so on in the Faculty of Economics, many women could fill with credit to themselves posts of responsibility in many firms.

The important point is this: Whereas a course of study in dentistry, for instance, will naturally train a woman to be a dentist only, a wisely-chosen course of a more general nature may easily give her a far wider range of choice.

So that unless a prospective student is certain of her wishes, and knows definitely that she wants to be a doctor, dentist, lawyer, zoologist, or so on, the wisest plan is to plot out a general course which will on graduation maximise her chances of securing employment.

This can be done in consultation with the student adviser, a permanent University official, who will advise students on all matters connected with their course.

General Mackay, now headmaster of Cranbrook, was the last student adviser at the University, and helped a great many students to make a success of their course of training.

The University Appointments Board also exists to help students. For a very small fee the graduate is registered with the board, which takes particulars of her abilities and training and does its utmost to bring the recent graduate in touch with centres of employment.

In Science

In the Faculty of Science women may study a very wide range of subjects, in all of which opportunities for women occur.

Chemistry (organic and inorganic), physics, mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, geology, botany, zoology, all come within the scope of this course. Except for a few positions as pharmacists and industrial chemists, the greatest number of openings to women science graduates are in teaching.

In Arts

The subjects taught in the Faculty of Arts are more commonly known than others—modern and ancient languages (including Japanese), psychology, economics, anthropology, mathematics, various departments of law, history, and philosophy.

Again here teaching is the main avenue for women graduates in arts. A few positions in libraries, museums, publishing houses, and newspapers do occur, but so seldom that the total over several years must be very small.

A B.A. or an M.A. is by no means a guarantee of a position in journalism, as many misguided women think. Probably 90 per cent. of newspaperwomen are not University graduates, nor have they the University Diploma in Journalism. This course in journalism was recently suspended indefinitely through lack of public interest!

So that women are advised not to rely upon a purely cultural degree (as it is for most people) such as the B.A. or the M.A. to procure them a position at the end of their study.

(A second article dealing with University careers for women will be published next week.)

LOWER — ONCE A WEEK

AN article by L. W. Lower, Australia's most famous humorist, will appear on this page every week. Lower has been ranked with the leading fun-makers in the world. His articles will be illustrated by WEP, the brilliant young Australian caricaturist, sculptor, and artist.

LOWER *Goes All* FRUGAL!

Economics without Tears

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's foremost humorist

In these times of domestic dolor and financial misery it seems incumbent on me to issue a couple of clarion calls.

What the earnest young housewife must do is ECONOMISE.

THIS may not have struck the young housewife before. Let it strike her now, while the iron is hot and the clothes are damped.

A considerable amount of spendthriftishness (try that on your husband next lodge night) is going on. Not only going on, but encouraged by certain scurrilous journals purporting to have the common weal at heart.

It was but a little while back that I saw upon the billboards, "HOW TO KEEP A FAMILY OF SIX ON £3 A WEEK."

This may be all right at Government House, but for the general public it savours too much of self-indulgence.

Now, I have worked out a method of keeping a family of 12 on somewhere about 10/- a week. Food, of course, is the main item, and I have drawn up a menu for the main meal for every day in the week. For the other meals, I am relying on a certain amount of imagination on the part of the housewife.

All that is needed to provide dinners for the week is:—

1 sheep's head.	1 potato.
1 fish.	1 apple.
1 egg.	1 passion fruit.
1 cucumber.	1 banana.

Two shillings will easily cover the lot, and leave something over in case of unexpected visitors.

MONDAY: Sheep's head, bananas boiled in jackets, grated cucumber.

TUESDAY: Sheep's-horn soup, devilled sheep's eye-balls, stuffed passion fruit.

WEDNESDAY: Crumbed sheep's brains with mashed potato, fried apple.

THURSDAY: Sheep's tongue (cold) garnished with cucumber rind (see Monday), apple cores with cream (face or shaving).

FRIDAY: Scale soup, boiled fish with other half of potato (see Wednesday), butterless bread-and-butter pudding.

SATURDAY: Stuffed scrambled egg with fish gravy (see Friday) and geranium leaves, baked apple pips.

SUNDAY: Roast sheep-skull, other half of egg with wolfbane garnish, iced arsenic.

Always save the washing-up water for stock. Remember, that plenty of stock, especially in the drought times, would be glad to have it.

Other little economies can be practised. With soap, for instance. When washing, never wash the lather off the body. Let it dry into the skin. Next time the body will only need moistening and rubbing, and the lather will reappear. With care, one rubbing of soap should last a month. In winter time, of course, much longer.

Never clean pots or pans. It wears holes in them.

Great saving in gas may be made by going for your life for as long as you can and then having it cut off. The one gas bill will then last for years.

As regards landlords, time-payment collectors, and other odds and ends which I have grouped as "extras," these should be kept going, even in the most rigidly economical household. It is always nice to have someone calling around. One must not neglect one's social life, and, after all, it's easy to say, "No chance, old son. Biff off, and don't slam the gate."

Politeness costs nothing.

Next week I will explain how to knit a jumper for a family of 12 out of a cast-off gas mantle.

Adieu, for the nonce.

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An Editorial

JUNE 17, 1933

HOW IT AFFECTS WOMEN

VERY few women have probably concerned themselves much over the London conference, opened by the King with a broadcast speech on Monday.

Actually, however, it is a conference that gets near to those realities which appeal to the practical feminine mind. When wars are declared and peace treaties drawn up, many of the issues discussed by the delegates—always men — seem remote from everyday affairs.

Here is a conference, however, that will discuss the true causes of not only war, but also unemployment and depressions. Trade and business. Too many nations making the same goods. Too many people selling the same things to each other.

It's the problem of half a dozen butchers in a town where two shops are enough; six bakers where three would suffice. The difference is that in the case of a town the surplus butchers and bakers soon shut up shop; but in the case of nations they have a war, or cut each other's prices till everybody goes smash.

The London conference is the first important attempt yet made to regulate trade between the nations. If it succeeds, even partly, it will do more towards peace and prosperity than any previous conference. It is tackling causes; the causes of war, the causes of depression.

The hope of every woman must be that the conference will succeed. But of course it will not be the last word. Woman, therefore, must prepare to make her voice heard in the future.

In Australia there are efficient and intelligently-directed women's organisations that are abreast of feminine movements abroad. Every woman should join some such organisation. Eventually the weight of women's opinion will force governments of nations to measures which will make the world a better place to live in.

LYRICS OF LIFE

ATTACKING

If ships must sink, may they go down
With all their colors flying,
If men must fail, then may the town
Observe they still were trying,
If luck must change, may that be all,
The only matter lacking,
If troops must fall, then may they fall
Advancing and attacking!

If winds must blow, may men look north,
Not turn like frightened cattle,
If lines must break, may they go forth
And take the foe the battle,
If men must lose, then better lose
Some other method chancing,
Must die, then this the death to choose—
Attacking and advancing!

POINTS OF VIEW

What's Best For Women?

MARJORIE RODRIGUEZ writes to me very interestingly upon the point of view expressed by Mrs. Littlejohn about "Equal rights and pay for women."

"It can do no harm," she says, "for women to express views from entirely different angles. How I see the situation is as follows:

"Mrs. Littlejohn proposes and has organised with other ladies, a campaign based on an 'idea,' that, in my humble opinion, was obsolete at the finish of the world war. Now, in 1933, we find every country in the world with an appalling problem of unemployment—a cancer which only the knife to the root of the trouble can remove. It is hardly possible for anyone in Mrs. Littlejohn's social position to fully appreciate the revolting complexes that such a state of affairs brings about in the lives of young girls and young women who are ENJOYING employment to-day.

"It must be remembered that it is not only one class that has to be considered, say, for instance, those women who have University degrees or have professional training, whose social standing and environment in any case brings marriage very quickly to them. It is office girls, or the young ladies who are employed in stores who are the ones who suffer most.

☆ ☆ ☆

Their Lonely Nights

FOR example, what social life is open to them after their hard day's work? They have the alternative of spending their evenings with married men who are bored with their wives, and can afford to take other girls about, or they have those young men who should be their lovers, and in the ordinary course of events marry them. Yet it is common knowledge that these young fellows haven't jobs, nor have they the slightest hope of obtaining them.

"They are to be seen very consistently on Friday nights waiting outside the shops, sometimes to take their girl friends home, but very often to be given money for cigarettes and other things—yes, they are unwilling parasites, forced to be—by this "silly system" of EQUALITY, which means inferiority for the man. Herr Hitler's idea of subsidising young people to marry is at least a constructive idea."

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Houses Are Homes

IT is satisfactory to know that the Lord Mayor of Sydney is concerned about housing conditions in Sydney, following the appeal of the Prince of Wales to sweep away all slums.

Sydney has the most lovely landscape in the world. It is a pity that it is defiled here and there by dismal terrace houses, and in the outer suburbs by ugly little shacks. Some of these have existed for years, so the depression is not entirely to blame.

Every woman will support the Lord Mayor in any action he takes for better homes. After all, a house is the foundation of the home.

WITH FRILLS and furbelows and sugared tea at four, the girl of thirty years ago was very sweet and very lovely. Yet, isn't there something irresistible about "Miss 1933," in overalls and oil-stained gloves, getting her 'plane ready for the air. And never a swoon, either.

The Call of Duty

WIFELY devotion isn't yet quite out of fashion, and sometimes it is evinced in a striking way—without getting into the news columns. Mrs. Elsie Macmillan, of Melbourne, and late (she hoped until recently) of Tonga, gave an example of it when she left Sydney for the Islands last week.

Her husband, a Presbyterian missionary, after a quarter of a century's labor among the coffee-colored Tongans, was due for retirement. But medical advice was given that he would fret if divorced from his work, and so after a short holiday it was decided that he would go back to his island "cure."

Mrs. Macmillan (who, by the way, was a schoolgirl at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, in the great novelist's, Henry Handel Richardson, day) went with him, though her own bodily welfare demanded that she stay in Australia. The Macmillans, elderly people now, left behind a family of three stalwart sons to go on with the crusade.

There is an active volcano smoking above the mission station.

☆ ☆ ☆

Those Butter Prices

IT is good to know that the Housewives' Progressive Association is going to fight the proposed fixing of butter prices. Surely it shouldn't take a woman to point out that if the price goes up the quantity used will be less.

In these days of smaller incomes every penny counts, and the price-fixing authorities shouldn't want to break people off the butter habit. If for economy sake housewives take to margarine or other butter substitute, the plight of the dairymen will be worse than it is now.

☆ ☆ ☆

Last Curtain

THE curtain fell for the last time at Her Majesty's on Saturday night.

It seems a tragedy that any town's growth should necessitate the closing of such an historic theatre.

In spite of the gaily dressed house, there was an air of sadness about the audience that not even Gladys Moncrief's golden voice could dispel.

Old theatre-goers lived again the "good old days," and although Frank Tait's announcement of a new Her Majesty's brought forth a round of applause, there will never be to them another Her Majesty's. How could there be, because at the Pitt Street show house they in the high day of their youth, saw such artists as George Rignold, Sarah Bernhardt, Maggie Moore, our own Nellie Stewart, Titheradge, and Melba?

☆ ☆ ☆

Women Debarred. Why?

ALL of us know something of the ideals and practices of fellowship and service underlying Toc H. It is, as Sir John Harvey said at its eighth birthday on Saturday, not an inanimate object, but a war memorial that lives and grows.

Self-sacrifice and thought of others are the foundations of this movement.

Yet woman, in spite of all she did during the War, and the sacrifices she has made and still is called on to make, for those loved ones who are maimed and crippled, is debarred in Sydney at least from being a member of any group.

If the spirit that inspired Toc H. is to permeate the world, then woman must be admitted, for does she not always bear aloft the lamp of Christianity? And it is to her that we must look to remedy the ills of the world.

THIS COCKTAIL VOGUE!

Not So New, But All The Rage

By ALTHEA WALLACE

THE COCKTAIL itself is originally an American drink, but the 5.30-7 o'clock cocktail party, introduced into Sydney by the Leslie Walfords several years ago, and at the moment at the height of its popularity, although it conjures up to many visions of bright young things painting their homes red, is really a continuation of grandmother's 5 o'clock tea parties.

IN her day it was cakes and wine. Now it is savories and cocktails. Then it was harmless, if idle, chatter. Now it is—well, maiden aunts and preconceived notions to the contrary, still harmless, if idle, chatter.

Not only are the cocktail parties of the b.y.t's as harmless as their other activities, but the cocktail party has been eagerly seized upon by their parents, including a prominent judge, who is also a pillar of his church. In fact, some typists who were recently invited by the head of their firm to a cocktail party on board one of the mail liners, and who looked forward for weeks to its fearful delights, were horrified to find it as dull as ditch-water.

COCKTAILS AND GAIETY. See article by Althea Wallace in this column.

Disillusion

They were all seated at a small table and left to talk to one another while stewards brought them drinks whose taste they disliked.

The popularity of the cocktail party is easily explained. Hostesses in these days of depression, of small flats and the minimum of staff have neither the room nor the money for a dance, or even a large bridge party, and find this their cheapest and easiest, as well as most pleasurable, form of entertainment. As it is essentially an informal affair, one can ask even a hundred guests without worrying where they will sit.

The fun of the cocktail party, after all, consists in being free to saunter from group to group of one's friends, and not be forever planted next to one neighbor, who as likely as not would bore one to tears. It is, therefore, an advantage as well as a saving not to introduce the formal note with too much service, but to place jugs containing the cocktail mixture and plates of savories throughout the rooms, enabling one's guests to help themselves.

Hired And Mixed

Cocktails can now be bought already mixed, as well as the glasses hired, but it is quite easy and much more popular for the hostess to mix them herself—before the party arrives if it is a large one. As most people will take several cocktails for sociability's sake, the mixture is not made very strong. Indeed, the fruit-cup which most hostesses provide for the teetotallers is often in great demand by the cocktail drinkers after their first cocktail.

The reason that sherry parties, a variation of the cocktail party (sherry being a favorite naval drink), are not so popular is that sherry is a heavier drink than cocktails. The cocktails are carefully mixed in attractive colors, while the food, consisting entirely of savories, combines daintiness with cheapness.

The great advantage of the cocktail party is that both men and women can attend, and that one's guests entertain themselves. Anyone who can't amuse himself among a hundred, or even thirty or forty, of his friends, would be hopeless anywhere.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

IN THE marriage service in Tibet all younger brothers are mentioned individually by name, so that they may each share in the conjugal rights of their elder brother; the bride thus becomes the communal wife of the whole family.

Each younger member is, however, allowed to have a special and separate wife of his own.

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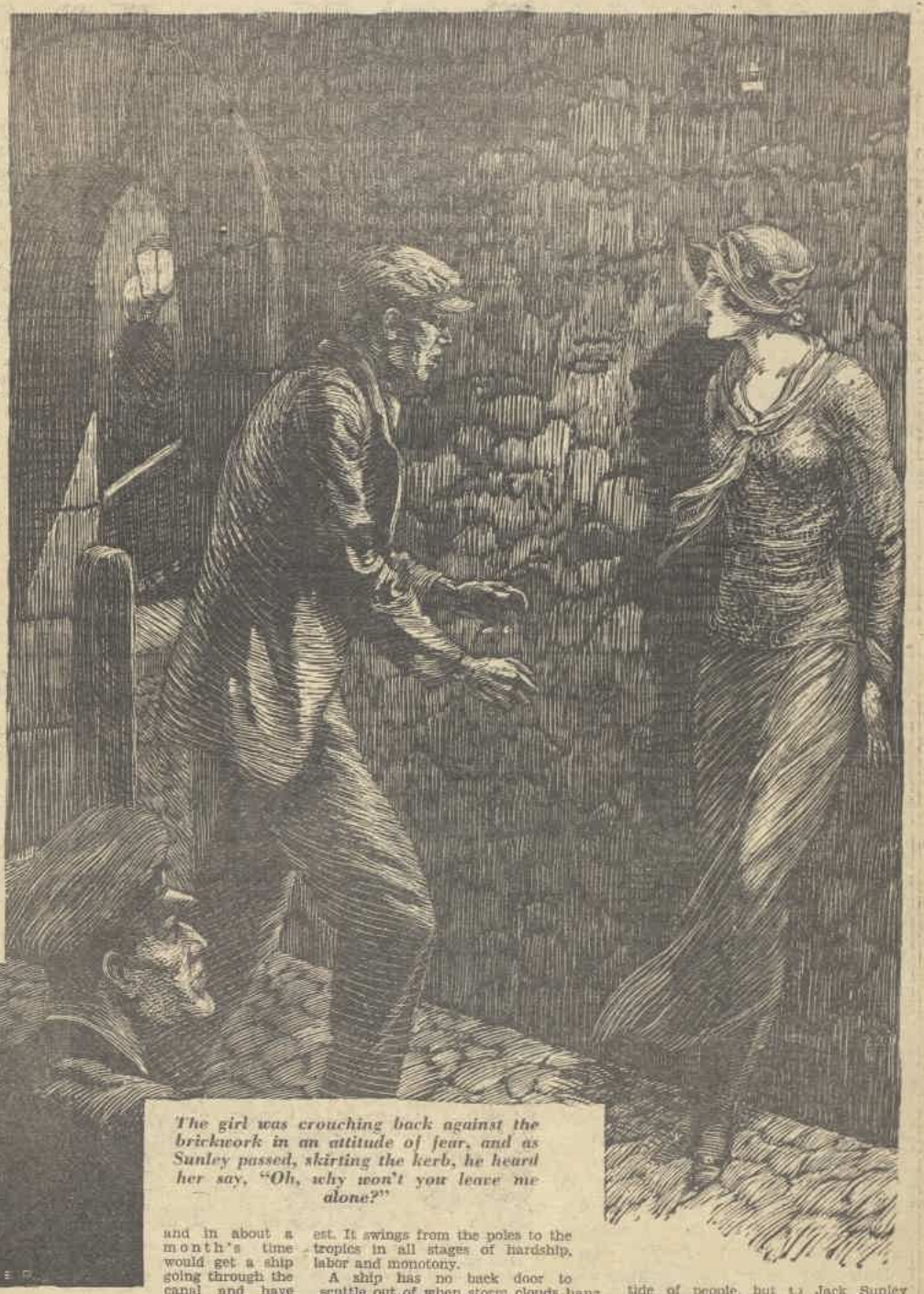
The Siren

The longshore rat had boasted that he would have the last laugh and he certainly looked like getting it.

—Illustrated by Syd. Miller



The girl was crouching back against the brickwork in an attitude of fear, and as Sunley passed, skirting the kerb, he heard her say, "Oh, why won't you leave me alone?"

By VAN HARRISON

AFTER fourteen months of soul-deadening monotony inadequately described in the charter-party as "a voyage to Australia and trading Pacific," the Maple Grove was safely moored alongside Ballantyne Pier in her home port of Vancouver.

Home with over a year's pay to draw . . . It was the nearest conception of Heaven that a deep-water seaman could imagine.

Previously advised by wireless, the shipping master came aboard before noon, and within a couple of hours the crew were paid off and wending their several ways into the city.

They were free men after long months of sea-confinement; their scanty wages heavy in their pockets, and each with nothing now to do but fulfil individual desire.

But "paying off" after a long blue water voyage must be experienced to be appreciated.

In the little cabin he shared with the carpenter, the bos'n was putting the finishing touches to his shore-going toilet, whistling cheerfully the while.

Chips had been gone half an hour, "breaking his damfool neck," as the bos'n put it, to catch a boat to Victoria where he lived. The bos'n lived nowhere in particular, nor was there a soul in the world to query his arrivals or departures. Any port into which he drifted was capable of providing pleasure and a roof, while the money lasted.

When it was gone, so was the bos'n—back to the grey old sea until the arrival of the next pay-day.

It was a good life—a free life, a life without care, regret or fear—and the bos'n was satisfied.

But no more of that Phosphate Run for him, he reflected, as he adjusted his soft hat before the mirror. He'd certainly steer clear of that trade after the Hell of the last year.

The misery of that interminable rolling there on the Line, waiting for the surf on the beach to go down enough to allow the boats to be towed off with the baskets of dirty yellow dust.

The Maple Grove had been drifting around the island for three months on one occasion, until turn and chance came to take the buoy-chain aboard.

With the sun of the equator beating down on untouchable ironwork, and making the pitch in the deck seams bubble even under new awnings. No white man's climate . . . .

Those endless nights as hot as the weary days, so that sleep was impossible, and the tired, sweat-drenched body tossed and turned on a wet rack of torment in the hot, sticky air, until the blazing ball of fire that was the sun soared over the horizon, to bring the fresh torture of a new day.

All right p'raps for Kanakas and Chinks, coconuts, and sharks—but, by the Holy Sailor, no more for Jack Sunley, late bos'n of the Maple Grove! The stark remembrance of it put an edge to an already keen thirst.

After a last farewell glance around the little room that had been his home for so long, he opened the door and went on deck.

At the top of the gangway the mate was chatting to a short, stocky man whom the bos'n recognised as the marine superintendent of the Maple Line of cargo boats.

"Just a minute, Bos'n," hailed the former, "the Super'd like a word with you."

* * *

SUNLEY stopped and the mate continued :"This is the bos'n, Captain Pike."

The superintendent extended his hand.

"Yes, we've met before. You were bos'n of the Maple Wood about three years ago, weren't you, Sunley?"

"Yes, sir—nice ship she was, too!"

"Well," continued Captain Pike, "the chief officer here is joining the company's new vessel, the Maple Branch, in Victoria on the 26th, and would like you to go with him as bos'n. He tells me you don't wish to go back on this ship—so the other berth's yours if you want it."

Sunley grinned as he shook his head. "Sorry, sir, and thanks for the offer, but that's too soon for me. I'd like to sail with the mate again, but wouldn't sign aboard any ship so soon after leaving one. Guess I'll wait an' pick something up later."

He was passing over the gangway when the mate said, "Just as you like, of course, Bos'n, but if you change your mind for any reason I'll keep the job open until the twenty-seventh. So if you go adrift and get stranded ashore, let me know through the office. We're chartered for Australia—Nauru and Ocean Islands again—same as this last voyage."

"Aye, aye, sir, I'll remember," answered Sunley as he descended the gangway without further argument.

Darned right he'd remember! The Phosphate Run again. Not for him while there were other packets on the sea—and there were "more ships than parish churches." No more of that sweltering heat for the same money as any other voyage. By the Coral Locker of Davy, they'd not get him aboard the Maple Branch with a red-carpet and jumbo derrick . . .

As he went along the quay the eyes of Captain Pike and the mate followed him.

"There you are, sir," growled the mate. "I knew he wouldn't come. Best bos'n I ever had, but hopeless when he gets ashore after a voyage. Wouldn't sign with Captain Noah aboard the Ark while he's got a dollar left for a drink!"

"Single man, of course," grunted Captain Pike.

The mate nodded.

"He'll fall before long," prophesied the captain, gloomily.

"Not him," asserted the mate; "he's thirty now, an' having too good a time!"

Captain Pike grunted again. "That's what I mean, mister!" he said, cynically. "Such luck never lasts."

* * *

At 7 o'clock that evening Jack Sunley was walking along Hastings Street at peace with the world. Under his belt was the best meal a good restaurant could supply, and on that solid foundation rested a few drinks from every saloon he had passed.

Very different from last year, he mused, looking at the brilliantly-lighted stores and happy shoppers thronging the pavements. Last year at this time the Maple Grove had just arrived at Nauru from Newcastle, New South Wales, and it had been an inferno of heat, without the ghost of a breeze to alleviate the white-hot glare.

Jack shook his head as though to rid himself of the unpleasant memory. That was in the wake and this was the life. People, lights, laughter, and good cheer. He was going to have his whirl in it, while the going was good.

and in about a month's time would get a ship going through the canal and have another look at Europe, or perhaps take a timber boat bound for China or Japan.

There were plenty of other trades for a man with his discharges—and, anyhow, there was a month of wild carnival ahead of him yet. Catch him forfeiting one minute of it for any consideration under the sky. . . .

He turned into the Balmoral Hotel, and from the reception clerk learned that his bag had been brought from the ship and was now in the room he had booked during the afternoon.

So that was all in order, and the last link snapped.

Somehow he never felt absolutely free until his gear was with him under a roof.

Within a few minutes he was one of a lively group surrounding a heavily-loaded table in the bar—and Jack Sunley's holiday had definitely started.

In common with every other port of the Seven Seas, Vancouver possesses its dark-light spots. They are necessities and, while kept within bounds, are yet allowed a certain licence by local governments, to cater to men jaded with the travail of the long sea-path.

The sailor is not as other men. Most of his life is spent in enforced celibacy, abstinence, and loneliness.

Much has been written and sung of Jolly Jack, but mostly by landsmen out of knowledge confined to seaside holidays; culled possibly from the sight of a rolling, singing, drunken seaman ashore. Conceivedly gathered through egotistical reaction to a few weeks on a luxury liner.

Of all callings the sea is the harshest. It swings from the poles to the tropics in all stages of hardship, labor and monotony.

A ship has no back door to scuttle out of when storm clouds hang low to windward. There can be no quitting a distasteful piece of work by putting on the hat and going home.

The ship is the job, the job is the ship, and the sailor is tied to both in one.

There is no escape from the too-familiar faces and habits of shipmates towards the end of a long voyage. The sight of Tom's bulbous nose, or sound of Dick's habitual snuffle, may be equalled in loathing only by Harry's hobby of playing a concertina. None may be avoided or evaded. All are part of the ship.

Is it, then, surprising that the seaman should desire, between voyages, to spend hard-won earnings on dearly bought forgetfulness?

Jack Sunley left the Balmoral at closing time, and out of previous knowledge of Vancouver drifted towards a street which is a notorious haunt of seamen and strong liquor. The evening had been rather flat and disappointing, so thought of whisky and wilder revels appealed to a mellowed state of mind.

There was sure to be a hot time under way in Joe's place to-night. With a little difficulty, he had shaken off the small circle of new-found acquaintances and was now alone, strolling slowly down the slope of Main Street.

Strangely enough, an indefinable feeling of dissatisfaction obsessed him. The realisation of months of anticipation lacked the full flavor it normally carried on the first night in port.

Without knowing what, he craved something new. Something different from the time-worn drag from drink to debauch and revelry to turbulence.

Probably the memory of those happy shopping crowds had unsettled him. In the mass they had been just a swirling tide of people, but to Jack Sunley each unit was an object to envy.

All those people had homes and loved ones. Remembrance of old dear schoolboy days came back in a surging flood of bitter-sweet memory . . . .

And now he was so terribly alone.

With a big pay-roll in his pocket, there was yet not a soul in the world to whom he could send even a gift in memory of memory.

Only was left for him the roaring revelry of drink. The false gaiety leading to blessed oblivion. Well, on with the dance, whatever the tune and price of the piper . . .

Bah. What he needed was a big tot of stiff whisky. That beer was melancholy-breeding bilgewater.

Quickening his pace he turned the corner into Cordova Street, and had to swerve sharply to avoid collision with a man and girl standing in shadow close to the houses.

The girl was crouching back against the brickwork in an attitude of fear, and as Sunley passed skirting the kerb, he heard her say, "Oh, why won't you leave me alone?"

The tone was low-pitched, little above a whisper, but exquisitely clear. Yet so charged with almost childish fear was the lovely voice that Jack stopped and turned to face the couple.

"This fellow worryin' you, miss?" he asked.

* * *

IT was the man who answered in a mouth-corner snarl:

"Be on yer way, Big Boy, an' don't butt in! This is my show, an' I guess I know my stuff."

"Batten down, you!" growled Sunley, in best bos'n manner. "I'm speakin' to the lady."

He smiled reassuringly at the girl, who still cowered back against the wall the palms of small gloved hands pressing hard upon the bricks.

(Continued on Page 34)

Culmination

As serried steps up the mountain side
Lead on to the summit's view,
So did minor loves in youthful life
Guide me, dear heart, to you.

There was one I loved with passion's fire,
And one with mind of gold,
One taught me to transmute desire,
Joys of soul to unfold.

But now at long, long last I find
The goal of love's affinity
Is blend of spirit, heart, and mind—
A perfect trinity.

—KATHLEEN RICE.

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THEATRE REPLACES CHURCH

WHERE once stood a small church at the corner of Brown and King Streets, Newcastle, now a bright little theatre has been constructed.

For the past month the premises have been a hive of industry with all members busily occupied with the paintbrush and tools converting the interior into a modernistic hall designed by Mr. L. Arthur Clack, business manager. The colors chosen for the decorations are grey, blue, black, and maroon.

The movement has been fortunate in securing the support of Miss Ermyn Hookway as the producer. Miss Hookway will be remembered by her successful productions at the Community Play House, Sydney, last year, which included the three-act comedy, "Augustus Does His Bit," by G. B. Shaw; "The Romantic Age," another three-act comedy by A. A. Milne; and a series of one-act plays, the most outstanding of which were "Phipps," "Defeat," and "The Man in the Bowler Hat."

CAVE DWELLERS

HOLY Austin Rock, at Kinver, Staffs, has been occupied by a family named Shaw for 120 years. Eleven members of the family still live in this sandstone cave.

THERMOS TRICKS

MAKE full use of your thermos! Every night fill it with boiling water and leave it ready for the morning lemon drinks—or a saline.

If someone is ill, and has to be left alone, place a traymobile at the side of the bed, and books and such like on the underneath shelf.

Lemons (if the complaint is flu, or a cold of any sort) squeezed into a jug, a small sugar basin with spoon and thermos filled with boiling water should be with it.

Another thermos is filled with tea or soup, and a tin with biscuits or cake stands on a table at the other side. The patient is thus sure of hot drinks all day without having to get up and boil water.

YOUNGEST BARD

THE YOUNGEST chaired bard in Wales is Miss Constance Moses, 17, a schoolgirl, of Cross Keys.

MONEY *For Our* READERS

Picture Words Are Popular

The second of a fascinating series of four Picture Words, each of which carries prizes totalling £50, or £200 in all, appears on Page 43.

A HUGE number of entries has already been received for No. 1, which appeared last week. Entries for this close on June 17.

Entries in No. 2 Picture Words close on June 24.

Prize-winners in each of the four competitions will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly issue of July 16, 1933.

The £50 allotted each competition will be distributed as follows:—

£35 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution is correct or most nearly correct.

£10 to the second best entry.

£5 to the third best entry.

There is no entry fee, and the prizes must be won.

ENTER NOW

Look at the series of eight words pictured on Page 43.

One letter is missing from each word. In each case there is a clue to the whole word at the side, and to find the missing letter **you simply take the initial letter only of the word illustrated by the picture.**

Find the eight solution letters and fill them in IN INK (in block capital letters) on the form.

CONDITIONS

In cases of ties, the prize-money may be divided, but the full amount of £50 will be distributed.

All attempts must be made on the proper forms.

No responsibility can be undertaken for entries lost, delayed, or mislaid, nor proof of posting be taken as proof of delivery.

The decision of the Editor will be final and legally binding throughout. Employees of The Australian Women's Weekly must not compete.

Entries for No. 1 Picture-Words close on June 17.

Details of No. 2 puzzle, for which another £50 has been allotted, will appear in next week's issue.

No person can receive more than one cash prize.

Endorse Your Envelope

Contributions and entries in competitions addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly must be endorsed on the envelope, with the name of the section to which they are forwarded. Thus, if you are sending a recipe, mark your envelope "Recipe," "Fashion," "Competition," etc.

With the large mail being received at the office, it is necessary to observe this condition, in order to facilitate the duty of sorting the letters.

Prizes On Every Page

There is still another £80 waiting to be won by readers of The Australian Women's Weekly who like to put themselves on our outside "staff" and send in letters, ideas, jokes, and paragraphs to the many features in this paper for which prizes are offered.

Full details of this week's prize-winners are given in their respective features, but here is a summary of how the first £20 was distributed. In all £100 will be paid:—

For the best letter telling what readers like best, the first prize of £5 goes to **Miss L. Mackenzie,** "Varni," Blair Street, North Bondi. Eighteen prizes of 5/ each have been awarded for other letters, details of which will be found on Page 2.

The £5 prize for the best recipe was won by **Mrs. W. Thomson,** 45 Fletcher Street, Campsie; and six other prizes of 5/ were awarded. See this feature for details.

The best "Clever Idea" was sent in by **Mrs. Lindeman,** Station Street, Leura. She wins 10/, and four other readers win 2/6.

Miss E. Esme Williams, 6 Lihon Street, Lane Cove, won the 10/ prize for the best contribution to the "So They Say" column.

For various prizes in the Children's Section £2 was awarded, 10/ going to **Miss Phyllis Fairhall,** Fisher's Hill, via Vacy, for the best story. Details of other prize-winners will be found in this feature.

For her joke submitted to "Brain Waves," **Mrs. E. Osbourne,** 24 Bouvardia Street, Five Dock, won 10/.

MORE THIS WEEK

This week the same prizes are offered. There is another £20 to win. All entries receive careful consideration, and those letters which arrived after the prize lists were made up last week will be carried over for an equal chance this week.

So put on your thinking caps and win pocket money, helping us to help you by offering suggestions, and sending in your ideas so that The Australian Women's Weekly will achieve its ideal—the greatest women's paper published.

PRIZES ON EVERY PAGE

On other pages details appear of the features under which the remaining £80 can be won. They are the same as last week, with one or two additional prizes. Here is a summary:—

£5	for the best letter telling what you like best in The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. Letters not to exceed 50 words. For other letters published, 5/- will be paid.
£5	for the best recipe, with other consolation prizes. (Page 35.)
10/-	for the most original "Clever Idea," and 2/6 each for the four next best.
10/-	for the best contribution to the "So They Say" column, in which are published notable sayings about women.
£2	in prizes for contributions from children to Connie's page.
10/-	for the best joke sent to "Brain Waves."
10/-	for the newsiest item sent to "Things That Happen" and five prizes of 5/-.

The Editor's decision will be final in all matters. Owing to pressure of space, all letters and contributions should be short and to the point.

Untangle These Words £4500 in Prizes

While you are waiting for that kettle to boil, try untangling the letters in The Australian Women's Weekly Tangled Words Competition.

You may win prizes to the value of £4500. Run in conjunction with the N.S.W. Community Hospital, this easy and interesting puzzle offers you £500 in cash prizes and a chance to win the £4000 prize money in the New South Wales Golden Chest.

All you have to do is untangle 25 words, and they are easy. Fill in the form at the bottom of the advertisement on page 30, and enclose a postal note for one shilling.

Make yourself familiar with the conditions of all these fascinating competitions, so that your entries will be in order.

Competitors should comply with the rules regarding the marking and addressing of envelopes, to facilitate the prompt handling of the huge mail that has been evoked from readers.

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The DEATH Scream

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

AS Cory read these indications of emotional undercurrents, young Harrison Berkely hastily returned to say that Dr. Westfield would come at once. The investigator nodded. But Berkely's reappearance reminded him of someone else: and he asked Professor Lacombe:

"By the way, where is your Arab?"

"Haj Ibn Mayyud?" The professor looked slightly surprised by the query. "Why, he was here a few moments ago. I—I sent him down to the museum."

"The museum——??"

"We have many valuable objects—"

"With a desperate criminal around," quickly interrupted Dr. Kyne (too quickly, thought Cory), "we decided we'd better be sure the museum was locked and untouched. After all—"

He got no further.

His words were suddenly, eerily, shattered by a piercing scream that leaped from somewhere far out in the fog! A crazy, gleefully exultant:

"Aycee . . ."

Dan Cory caught his breath in amazement.

And Professor Philip Lacombe, whirling around with his gaunt face as yellow as butter, gasped a hoarse and terrified:

"God! . . . Then it—it is the Death Scream!"

Dan Cory did not pause to ask questions.

Though a wild shiver raced through him as he heard that frightful screech, he spun around and dashed to the stairs. He plunged down at reckless speed, his eyes aflame, his white face rock-hard.

That scream, he judged, had been emitted perhaps a hundred yards from the front of the house. Somewhere close to the shore. If he could get there in time to——

But he did not attempt to think now. He dashed out of the door to fling himself into the fog. His whole being was in uproar. Harrison Berkely, he was vaguely aware, had followed, and was racing along behind him. Cory drew his revolver.

* * *

TO see where he was running was impossible. He had only the crashes of waves on rocks to guide him. There were no more screams. Yet his ears were desperately strained in an effort to hear someone, something, in that thick mist.

Suddenly he had to slacken his speed. He was stumbling among wet, slippery boulders, and fine showers of spray swept upon him through the fog.

"We're just about thirty feet from the water," panted Berkely, reaching him. "He can't very well be up there!"

"Listen!"

Cory's word broke from him like a shot. His eyes flared. He half raised his hand, and both men stood tense, unstirring.

Very distinctly, above the roar and splash of the waves, they heard the **put-put, put-put** of a motor-boat. . . . Clearly, it was slipping off through the fog, for its sound was becoming ever more faint, more uncertain.

Berkely gasped: "He's got away!"

Who?

That was the question that blazed in Cory's mind. Who? The one who had screamed, no doubt. The killer of Stewart Merriton, at a guess. But—who?

"He's crazy!" Berkely blurted in a whisper. "To take a boat out in this fog!"

"Where the devil could he have landed?" Dan Cory wanted to know. For no one would have dared to bring a craft in among those wave-pounded rocks.

"There's a strip of sheltered beach," Berkely said, "down below."

"Oh, yes? Where?"

"To the left. A path leads down to it."

At Cory's quick request, Harrison Berkely led him towards the path. They found it only after considerable groping—a stony, slippery declivity that demanded caution at every step. As they descended, the lean man asked:

"What do you expect to find?"

"The mark where the boat was drawn up," grimly replied Cory. "And footprints around it!"

Two minutes later they were trudging across the sand of the small beach. It was in a cove, cosily protected by long arms of rock that warded off breakers. The waves that did reach the shore here were small, listless.

Cory felt rather than saw the calm around him. For the fog still obscured everything more than a dozen feet away.

They carried no flashlights—an omission for which he furiously berated himself. But because there was little wind, they could light matches under cupped hands and study the beach in the feeble, diffused glow.

Presently, with the aid of the brief flares, they discovered the unmistakable groove left by the keel of a small boat.

Cory's excitement instantly quickened.

"He must have had X-ray eyes," exclaimed Berkely "to have found this beach in the fog!"

"The fog didn't settle heavily until midnight. He probably came before that time and waited."

"Still," muttered the lean man, "this doesn't tell us why he comes here with those hellish shrieks, or who he is."

"But it does tell us," snapped Cory, lighting another match, "that he is someone who knows this Point well enough to strike a landing place in the dark! Also, that he's someone who has a motor-boat."

Mentally, he added that this discovery cancelled the first notion of the murderer being someone in and of the house. At any rate, it strongly militated against the conclusiveness of such an idea.

He turned now to seek footprints.

Both men struck matches, and the yellow auras revealed faces that were tense and eager and strained. They bent to study the sand; and when they found the marks they sought, Cory widened his eyes in amazement.

For the footprints were not footprints at all! They were large, shapeless smudges that might have been left by an elephant sliding his huge feet through the sand!

"Wh—what on earth are these?" stammered Berkely.

"The old trick!" retorted Dan Cory, scowling. "He had rags or sacks bound around his shoes."

"Then—you mean these marks are valueless?"

"Valueless as a means of identification, yes. But at least they show we're hunting somebody with plenty of shrewd foresight and common-sense."

They followed the line of smudges back to the rocks and up to the hard, level ground above. There, among stones, they lost all signs of the tracks.

"Well," asked Berkely with an air of futility, "what now?"

"We're going back," grimly announced Cory, "to ask a few mighty important questions. Come on!"

On the way through the fog they encountered Katherine Lacombe and the Arab caretaker of the museum, Haj Ibn Mayyud. Both of them, bundled in heavy coats, were running towards the rocks—going, the girl explained, to see what had happened.

Cory shocked her with a crisp mention of the motor-boat, then led the whole group back to the house.

As they walked, he obliquely studied the Arab.

An exceedingly slight, small, almost effeminate creature, Haj Ibn Mayyud could not have weighed much more than seven stone. His dark face was sharp and shrewd and intelligent, with a pair of startlingly brilliant black eyes.

He scarcely spoke. From the few things he did utter, however, Cory gathered that the man had a peculiar accent. He stressed all sibilants, so that he seemed always to be hissing the things he said.

Within the house, Dan Cory threw off his hat and coat and went at once into the library. The others all stood behind him, silent, while he telephoned a report of the astounding murder to his father.

For a moment the sergeant was dumb-struck; then he demanded:

"Think you can handle it all right, Danny, until some of the regulars come?"

"I'll do my best, Dad."

"Got any ideas?"

"Lots of them. Too many, I'm afraid. But there's no use discussing them until I get some definite information. I'll call you again in the morning."

"Right," muttered the sergeant. "And—good luck to you, boy!"

Dan Cory put down the telephone and turned grimly to confront the group in the library.

"Now," he said, "let's get this straight!"

"The situation is this," Cory began, his eyes darting keenly from one stunned face to another.

"According to the evidence we have Mr. Merriton was murdered by someone who could enter his room without causing the man to cry out in alarm or surprise. In other words, it seems he was killed by somebody he knew well enough to trust in his chamber. Then, in all probability, he was stabbed suddenly, unexpectedly, before he had time to make a sound."

On this significant statement of the case he paused and watched the expressions of those who so tensely stared at him.

He was never to forget that inquisition. The very atmosphere that hung over it was to linger with him as an uncanny memory.

For the library was illuminated by reading lamps which threw localised patches of light. The housekeeper had kindled a fire on the hearth, and its leaping flames painted the room with daubs of quivering red.

Professor Lacombe and Katherine sat very close to the fire, drenched in its glow. Dr. Kyne shared a settee with Harrison Berkely, on the opposite side of the chamber. The dark-clad, dark-skinned Arab, Haj Ibn Mayyud, stood alone near the door, as rigid as a statue.

Even the cook and the housekeeper were there, shuddering together in a shadowy corner. It was five o'clock in the morning—an eerie enough hour in which to seek a murderer.

* * *

"PROFESSOR LACOMBE," asked Cory quietly, "do you know of any explanation for Mr. Merriton's death? Do you know anyone who could have wanted to kill him?"

"No," huskily said the gaunt man, shaking his bony head. "I don't. I—I can't understand it. We all liked Stewart Merriton. Everybody liked him. He was a rich and generous friend."

Nor could anybody else offer a possible reason for the slaying, though Cory gave each of them a chance to speak. So, finally, he abandoned the question and moved to another.

"Mr. Merriton," he said, "must surely have made some sound, at least in falling. A sound loud enough to be heard, say, in the adjoining rooms. Whose rooms are next to his?"

(Continued on Page 14).

SYNOPSIS OF "THE DEATH SCREAM"

Katherine Lacombe is the niece of **Professor Philip Lacombe,** and is staying with him. The professor is an Egyptologist and has an extensive private museum of ancient tomb relics in charge of an Arab servant, **Haj Ibn Mayyud.** Guests of the professor are **Dr. Kyne and Stewart Merriton,** who have been helping him for a fortnight to catalogue some recently acquired relics. **Harrison Berkely** is the professor's assistant.

The household is awakened late at night by an unearthly scream. Katherine, who has been terrified by these screams before, hurries from her bed to phone **Dan Cory,** a young student, the son of **Police-Sergeant Cory,** who is laid up with a broken ankle. On her way to the phone she overhears a conversation between her uncle, Dr. Kyne and Stewart Merriton. They refer to the awful cry as "The Death Scream," a Bedouin battle-cry which means death to all who hear it.

They discover her presence and seem to be considerably startled. They fiercely object to Katherine sending for the police. She darts away to the library, pursued by Dr. Kyne, and, locking the door, phones for Dan Cory. Cory arrives and discovers Harrison Berkely searching in the thick fog outside the house for the one who screamed. He tells Cory that Haj Ibn Mayyud is also somewhere about the grounds. On entering the house they find that Merriton has been found by Dr. Kyne, stabbed to death in his bedroom. The weapon is missing. The windows of the room are locked; the door is not. A police surgeon is sent for. Cory notices that a pronounced hostility exists between Katherine and Dr. Kyne. He asks the whereabouts of Haj Ibn Mayyud, and is informed by the professor that he had sent Haj to the museum a few moments before.

On the way through the fog they encountered Katherine Lacombe and the Arab caretaker.

Illustrated by WEP

(Continued from Page 13)

The DEATH SCREAM

"MINE for one!" quickly replied Harrison Berkely, thrusting out his lean, handsome face in anxiety. "Mine was at his left. But I was out in the fog at the time of the murder. Hunting the—the devil who screamed. You know that, Mr. Cory."

"Yes, I know it," Dan Cory said, a little wryly. He did not like the defensive note in Berkely's tones. "And who occupied the room at Mr. Merriton's right?"

"Why——" Professor Lacombe frowned into the fireplace as he answered—"until yesterday it belonged to another of my guests, Mr. Charles Burrill. Unfortunately Mr. Burrill was so badly tormented by the screams we've been hearing that night after night he could not sleep. He was beginning to be actually ill.

* * *

"HE left us yesterday and went to stay at the inn in Point Harbor. He had to be near us, you see, because we are all working together here. To-night, of course, his room was unoccupied."

Cory started. "How long," he demanded quickly, "has Mr. Burrill been your guest?"

"Just two weeks."

At that a curious agitation stirred the investigator. Was there any significance in the fact that Stewart Merriton had been murdered on the very night Charles Burrill was absent from the house?

After all, Cory was now seeking a man who could have entered Merriton's room without frightening him; one, perhaps, who knew the topography of Evergreen Point well enough to bring a boat to the small beach.

Did Burrill fit such a description?

Well, his connection with the killing was easy enough to ascertain. For the sake of thoroughness it must be ascertained. If the man was at the inn now, he could not have been at the beach fifteen minutes ago. Hardly!

Cory glanced sharply at the housekeeper who stood beside the telephone. He asked her to call the inn and have Mr. Burrill summoned.

"Oh, but I say!" promptly protested Dr. Kyne, half rising. "Is that necessary?"

"Quite," Cory assured him.

"But poor Burrill hasn't slept for days! Why wake him now? I'm sure you can talk to him in the morning."

Cory, however, remained obdurate; and, because he represented the inexorable Law, the bearded Dr. Kyne settled back with a displeased but yielding grunt, while the housekeeper picked up the telephone.

"Now," firmly said the Investigator, "while we wait, I'd like to have a better understanding of what work you gentlemen are all doing here. Will one of you please explain?"

It was, however, Katherine Lacombe who answered his request. She eyed him frankly, capably; and she spoke in a low, confident tone that captured his ears just as her gaze enslaved his eyes.

"You know, of course," she said, "that Uncle Phil has led several archaeological expeditions into the Nile country. Two weeks ago he returned from some new excavations he had been superintending near Nirri ed Basa, in central Egypt. . . . You mind my telling this, uncle?" she asked, turning to the gaunt man.

"No, no. Not at all. Go on, Kit."

"On that expedition," Katherine resumed, "Uncle Phil was accompanied by Dr. Kyne, Mr. Burrill, and Mr. Merriton. When they returned, really loaded with invaluable relics, everything was brought here. And Uncle Phil invited the other gentlemen to help him study and catalogue the items. So, of course, they've been staying with us."

"I see," said Cory. He heard the housekeeper, at the telephone, asking for Mr. Burrill.

While she waited, a vague figure in the shadows, he turned to Professor Lacombe to observe: "All these gentlemen in the house, then, were with you in Egypt during your last trip?"

"Not all," the gaunt man corrected, his face weirdly licked by firelight. "Haj was here at the house during my absence; in charge of my museum. And Mr. Berkely, of course, has been associated with me only since my return."

Cory glanced curiously at the Arab. There was something enigmatic about that small, stiff man at the door. Something disturbing. An illusion? Perhaps. Yet it was an illusion hard to escape.

"By the way," Cory asked him, "where were you at the time of the murder?"

"S—searching," replied Haj Ibn Mayyud, with his peculiarly sibilant accent. "S—searching for the s—screamer in the fog, like Mr. Berkely."

"Then you——"

But Cory checked the comment and flashed a sharp, startled look at the housekeeper. She was talking again. Talking with sudden surprise and agitation. He started towards her. And she turned, round-eyed, to exclaim amazedly:

"Mr. Burrill isn't there! He isn't in his room at the hotel!"

"Hello, Fred!" Cory rapped out the words as he snatched the telephone from the housekeeper. He knew the owner of the inn well, as did everyone in Point Harbor. The group behind him gaped in stunned bewilderment as he quickly went on: "Dan Cory speaking! Fred, are you certain Mr. Burrill is not in his room?"

"I've just been up there myself," came the innkeeper's voice. "What's the matter anyhow?"

"Plenty!" snapped Cory. "Don't ask me to explain now. Do you know when Mr. Burrill left the inn?"

"Yes. About nine o'clock last night."

"Just walked out without saying anything about being gone all night?"

"Well, it was this way," the innkeeper said. "He was sitting around the bar, reading a newspaper, when he got a 'phone call. Just after that he got his hat and coat and left; as far as I know, he hasn't been back since."

Cory bit his lip. This matter of the 'phone call for Burrill somehow didn't fit into the pattern of evidence surrounding the man. Was this to be a new mystery? Lord, there were enough confusing puzzles without that!

He asked: "Do you know who called him, Fred?"

"Why, no. But it was a man's voice."

"Did you happen to hear anything Mr. Burrill said over the 'phone?"

"I couldn't."

Cory felt more and more baffled. Who could have summoned Burrill to leave the inn? Why was a man who had not slept for the better part of a week spending the night out? This night of all nights!

"Listen, Fred," Dan Cory said grimly; "I'd like you to do something for me."

"What?"

"As soon as Mr. Burrill comes back, 'phone me here. The number is Point Harbor 233."

"233. O.K. But, Dan, I wish you'd tell me what the devil all this is about."

Cory briefly told him of the murder, then hung up the receiver. His heart hammered oddly. For a moment he stood frowning into the dark corner.

Charles Burrill! Here was a man he did not yet know, completely filling his mind. Not that he had incriminating evidence against Burrill. Or, for that matter, any tangible evidence at all. Circumstances, however, were assuredly weaving a fantastic network of problems around the man.

Finally Cory turned, his face hard. In that dimly lit library he confronted a group who appeared wholly confounded. They were whispering in animated, uneasy astonishment.

From what he gathered, none of them could explain Mr. Burrill's absence from the inn; nor did they understand who might have telephoned him, because, as Dr. Kyne so vehemently declared:

"He doesn't know anybody in Point Harbor!"

Cory concluded it would be futile to question these people about Burrill's disappearance. Clearly, they were all baffled by it.

And yet, to his surprise, Katherine Lacombe rose, eyed him levelly across the murky room, and said with absolute confidence:

"I know, Mr. Cory, you think Charles Burrill may be responsible for Mr. Merriton's death. But you mustn't suspect that. It can't be."

"Why can't it?" he asked.

"Because they were the best of friends. In fact, they've been close friends, admiring and liking each other, for —— Just how long is it, Uncle Phil?"

Professor Lacombe shrugged dismally.

"Since their school days," he muttered. "Probably twenty-five or thirty years. Kit is quite right, Mr. Cory. You can't possibly think of Burrill as—as Merriton's slayer."

To this Dan Cory said nothing. He was frowning intently. In silence he crossed the library towards the fireplace and helped himself, rather absently, to a cigarette from an ornately lacquered box. As he lit it his mind reverted to a former consideration.

It was not a thought directly connected with Burrill; yet he could not prevent his speculations from darting back to it. He cast his match into the fire and eyed Professor Lacombe narrowly through a billow of blue smoke.

* * *

"YOU said something before," he began, "concerning a 'Death Scream' . . . Just what did you mean by that, Professor?"

"Eh?" There was a startled pause. Professor Lacombe jerked up his head and stared. Perhaps he did not realise that he had mentioned the "Death Scream" earlier in the night, in Cory's hearing.

Now, half surprised, half frightened, he glanced at Dr. Kyne; wet his lips; then rose and began to stride back and forth, irresolutely, like a man in a tormenting quandary.

"Oh, you may as well tell him!" snapped Dr. Kyne, running an unsteady hand through his silver hair. "With Merriton gone, it doesn't matter——now——"

"No, I—I suppose it doesn't," agreed Professor Lacombe, in a thick voice. He stopped and faced Cory. There was a new and curious tension about his gaunt figure.

"This Death Scream," he said, "is—well, it's a name we ourselves have given to the war cry of a certain band of Bedouin thieves near Nirri ed Basa.

"They live by preying on passing caravans. And usually their attacks mean several killings. They come dashing into battle on flying horses, screaming like crazy Indians——"

* * *

"THE kind of screams," Katherine Lacombe ejaculated, "we've been hearing?"

"Yes!" said the professor. He spoke softly, in a tone divided between awe and wonder. "Those screams we have been hearing are exactly like those we heard in the desert!"

"Go on," Cory urged grimly, quite forgetting the cigarette between his fingers. "Why do you think a Bedouin war-yell is being heard here, near your house?"

"Oh, it—it's all so fantastic and weird and implausible that I—I can't believe it!" exclaimed Professor Lacombe. The firelight played devilish pranks on his countenance. And his eyes flamed as he spoke, his voice becoming increasingly hoarse.

"It's like a sort of ghostly retribution! Like a hashish dream! As if . . . Oh, with Merriton dead, I doesn't matter if I do tell you everything! You see, he killed one of those Bedouins!"

"Merriton?" Cory exclaimed, his eyes widening. "Murdered one of them?"

"Ye—es. But he didn't realise what he was doing. He had drunk a bit too much.

"We were excavating seven miles from Nirri ed Basa when one of these Bedouins came to ask, in a friendly enough fashion, if we'd let him have some quinine for a sick member of his tribe. Somehow Merriton fell into an argument with the fellow; and, being drunk, he lost his temper and shot the Arab.

"We all knew, of course, that we'd have the entire band down on our heads before morning, screaming and killing for vengeance. So we got military protection from Nirri ed Basa."

"But you didn't tell the authorities," Cory put in dryly, "how the Bedouin had died?"

Professor Lacombe sent an uncomfortable glance at Dr. Kyne, then cleared his throat.

(Continued on Page 36).

BRAINWAVES!

—By L. W. Lower

"WHAT are the initials of the New South Wales Premier?" she asked, glancing up from her paper.

"B.S.B.S.," he replied.

"All right!" she said testily. "All right! I'm not deaf!"

YOU will all be glad to hear that the British Museum has been presented with the original beret of Sir John Moore.

PARIS jewellers have introduced a semi-circlet of diamonds designed to frame the ear.

The worst of these innovations is that they become common so quickly and then one has to give them away to the servants. We're going to leave our ears as they are. We can't afford about four yards of diamonds.

WE suspect that this is a joke which has strayed into the Household Hints column of a contemporary.

"To prevent jam from burning, place several two-shilling pieces in the bottom of the pan."

Oh, yeah? We can see ourselves getting our hands burnt off when the vegetable man calls.

MISTAKE in "The Graziers' Journal": "New Rabbit Poisons Tried Out by Government."

It should read "tried out ON Government."

PERTH authorities intend to shape the banks of the Swan River as it flows through the town, in the form of a swan.

What about shaping the Namoi River into the form of an enamelled saucepan? And the Gwyder the same shape as the one you get when your neck swells? Merely a suggestion, of course.

SHE: I don't believe you love me as much as you did before we were married.

HE: Just as much as I ever did; perhaps not as much as I said I did.

SUPPOSE THIS IS THE ARCH OF YOUR TEETH

"How long can I expect to keep my teeth?"

IMPORTANT

"Tek" is the original short curved-out head brush, and as is invariably the case, imitations of inferior quality at a lower price are being offered for sale.

The world wide reputation of Johnson & Johnson is your protection for quality and service.

Insist on "Tek", the modern toothbrush, which fits the arch of the mouth.

See how Tek's short *curved out* head *fits!*

This is a test for a toothbrush. The arch that your thumb and forefinger make is similar to the arch of your teeth. Only the brush that fits one can fit the other. *And only Tek's short head can do it.*

The short, bold, curved out head of Tek just fits against the inner surface of the upper and lower teeth. Its action all round the mouth is free and lively. As it passes to and fro Tek gently massages gums also. Once you have tried Tek you will use it always. Get Tek from your chemist or department store to-morrow; sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Six colours. Bristles hard or medium. . . . . Price 2/-

See the coloured Tek stands also.

Tek

Tek is a product of Johnson and Johnson — manufacturers of Johnson's Baby Powder, Surgical Dressings, etc.

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WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA . . . .

NOVEL WALL DECORATION.—The school-room at "Arlington," Mrs. Rodney Dangar's home in Edgecliff Road, has been turned into the home of the mermaids. Mrs. Dangar gave the commission to Woodward Smith, to paint the walls, and he has transformed the room into Neptune's domain. Mrs. Dangar has chosen the curtains of pale sea anemone tones in georgette, which give the right atmosphere; the electric light is also shrouded in filmy lengths of georgette.
—Women's Weekly photo.

INTERESTED SPECTATORS at Cobbitty. From left to right: Dinah Hordern, Irene Anderson, Nancy Mackay, Margaret Bevins, and Mrs. James Ashton. Nancy Mackay, of South Africa, is a niece of Lady Fairfax.

OUR INTIMATE CAMERA.—Lady Gordon and Mrs. David Cohen are seen in the foreground; the other two players are Mrs. Langer Owen and Mrs. L. G. Cohen, all busy with the east wind, at "Arlington," the home of Mrs. Rodney Dangar. A bridge and mah-jongg party was held to help the funds of the Exhibition of Antiques, to be held at Dymock's in aid of the Kindergarten Union.
—Women's Weekly photo.

MRS. BYRON WRIGLEY will attend the Polo ball on June 19 as Anne Boleyn. (A Dayne portrait.)

TWO MORE charming Dayne portraits of Polo ball personalities. Above: Miss Joan Osborne Wilkinson, as the Lady of the Camellias. At the left: Miss Kathleen Garvin, as a character in a Chinese play.

MISS MARY DOBERER will attend the Polo ball as a Romney picture. (Study by Dayne).

MISS SUZANNE CROOKSTON, daughter of Dr. Crookston, of Camden, photographed at the Cobbitty polo meeting.

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MORTIMER LEVY, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Levy, of Edgecliff, had a birthday party on Saturday, and he cut a cake decorated with seven candles.

Photographs seen and liked in The Australian Women's Weekly are purchasable from the Photography Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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Sensational

Star Berleis

at astonishing prices, produced especially for

JUNE SALES

HERE'S a wonderful piece of good fortune! Imagine . . . a splendid group of Berlei foundations—new! clever! and exceedingly Low Priced—NOW, while SALES are on! So join the throng of happy shoppers who will snap up these Special Star Berleis, so beautifying for the figure, so easy for the purse.

2303—Berlei back-lacing Corset in pink cotton and art. silk-figured broche. Thoroughly well-boned. Elastic sections at side waist and inserts at thighs. Short below-waist figures. Waists 26-36 inches.

2306—Berlei back-lacing Corset in pink coutil, well boned. This garment has a most important side-fastening inner belt of coutil with elastic sections for special abdominal support. Waists 26-36 inches.

2404—Berlei Wrap-on in pink striped coutil, well-boned. Elastic sections at side waist and over hips. Wedge busk and reinforced front ensure control of abdomen. Waists 26-36 inches.

2304—Berlei back-lacing Corset—an excellent hip-reducing model! Pink cotton and art. silk-figured broche, well-boned. Elastic sections at side waist and lower side fronts. Waists 24-32 inches.

2301—Berlei back-lacing Corset in pink cotton and art. silk-figured broche, well-boned. Flexible elastic sections at side waist and at thighs. Sway-Back figures. Waists 20-26 inches.

2401 — Berlei Wrap-on in pink cotton and art. silk-figured broche with important front busk. Elastic sections at side waist and over hips. Attractively finished with pink and white silk trimming. Average figures. Waists 21-31

Berlei

What Value! "Superlative" is the only word. Ask your favourite store to show you these new Star Berleis. Never in your experience will you have met with such high quality at a price so low.

EVERY BERLEI GARMENT IS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED

STAR FOUNDATION GARMENTS

MOSTLY ABOUT MEN

By JANE ANN SEYMOUR

THE COPHETUA COMPLEX

THE engagement of Margaret Hagon, daughter of Sydney's Lord Mayor, to John Collins, of "Nindooinbah," Queensland, is causing almost as much nonsensical talk as did that of Pat Richards to the Earl of Jersey. Tennyson seems to have started the Cophetua Complex which exists in minds that hold a lovely girl is "lucky," if she marries a man, "of higher social status, my dear!"

Pat Richards' immediate forbears either bred merinos or killed a commoner brand in a big way. I forget which, but it is immaterial. The point is that, from a merino sheep to a Jersey earl—or, in other words, the social inequalities of that pair existed only in airless minds, where snobbery breeds its phantom hordes.

Now trot out YOUR mixed metaphors!

In the case of Margaret and her John, both young people are descended from stalwarts who have helped to develop the industries of a young country. One Sydney weekly announced with bated breath that Margaret, when she becomes Mrs. John Collins, may even look forward to entertaining Royalty!

Well, if the Prince of Wales' staff makes as good a job of managing his Canadian ranch as do men of the Collins-Hagon ilk, then H.R.H.'s head may lie easy when it wears a crown. Though it has interrupted my reveries at many a talkie, I always did like that stout slogan, "Hagon-grown, Hagon-made!"

At the back of it lies a spirit which has made it possible for hundreds of Australians to do their bit towards entertaining Royalty. Whether she is hostess to Royalty or not, the lovely Margaret can sing her "God save the King" with a proud heart.

As to Cophetua's Queen—of course, the monarch could clothe and feed her right royally, but if he led her into the rarefied atmosphere of the higher realms of snobbery, he did her a very ill turn. No greater misfortune can befall any woman than that she should lose "the common touch." On high days and holidays, maybe, Queen Cophetua would gladly have stepped off her throne to mingle in the rich life of the lowly folk from whom she sprang, to dance a carefree measure, or take a hand in the bathing and spanking of her own babies.

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THE "PERMANENT"

AND what greater boon could women have conferred on man than to decide to cut her hair? Ages ago, a man made love to a woman thus:—

"Curly locks, Curly locks, wilt thou be mine?

Thou shalt not wash dishes; thou shalt not feed swine."

Well, of course, who could resist the spell of such a rime? Ever since, women have coveted curly locks, subconsciously seeing in them a way of escape from the drudgery and boredom of the lot of the straight-haired. Millions of pokers have been heated and countless curling-pins slept in for the sake of acquiring that conquering kink in the hair.

Came the "Permanent," and now look at the millions of tons of machinery it has brought forth!

Apart from the waving machines proper, consider the hot-water systems installed and the hair-drying apparatus. What's plural of apparatus? Whether it's "apparatuses" or "apparati," they must have brought work to a million or so of men. "Beauty draws us by a single hair," says the adage. And if it's a permanently-waved hair, how much greater is its power!

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTIONS

WHEN men set out to make an industrial revolution, they fill the land with riotings and members of parliament and the history books with grievous reading. But a woman can make an industrial revolution with a mere snip of the scissors. Witness what's happened since she cut the backs out of her evening dresses. The whole machinery of the underclothing trade has had to be reorganised.

Corsets and other foundation garments have suffered a similar back drop. Singlets, brassieres, slips, nightgowns and pyjamas have all had their back blacked out.

So there has followed a wondrous adjusting and re-making of machinery and other tools of lingerie technique and a racking of brains for new inventions. Someone, for example, had to find a non-stretch fabric for shoulder and back-straps and construct machines to weave it. Think of all the men and women straps have kept in employment. The important directors' meetings and the Big Business that have hung on them!

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THE MAN AND THE LINGERIE

TALKING of undies reminds me of a parade of Lustre lingerie I witnessed at Romano's a few days ago, where there were more men than women among the onlookers. Some of them, doubtless, had wangled invitations, but the majority were buyers. It was a matter of grave concern that they should skilfully assess the marketable value of the garments shown.

Suppose a man ordered recklessly of bloomers, and then bloomers, being ousted by chic-knics, became a drag in the market. Wouldn't such a sell make any male buyer of lingerie look small!

Appropriately enough, some of the girls from "Honi Soit" were among the many beautiful mannequins. Tea and coffee were served. There was no need for champagne, for the convivial popping of eyes could be heard on all sides. But, I suspect that the majority of those male buyers, in the end, relied on some woman to guide their ordering pencils. It did occur to me, too, that a parade of men in THEIR undies with women in the audience would be of an exceeding quaintness—and fearfully dull.

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THOSE STOVE TAPS

I HAVE collected at least one sound of applause since my first appearance in the Australian Women's Weekly. A woman writes most feelingly that she, too, has suffered all the bitterness of washing up thrice daily at a badly designed sink.

She adds, "I have a stove, too, which is supposed to be a super-up-to-date model. Only after I came to use it, did I discover that the taps are so close together that, when you turn one on, you almost invariably turn another off!"

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HAT HINTS

CONTINUING my man-hat hints of last week. Consider your profile when selecting your width of brim. Too wide a brim will make you look like a swashbuckler, while too narrow a brim smacks of the sissy. The perfect swank lies in the 'tween-sizes. Man wants to be coveted, but not conspicuous, so get your hat fair and square on your head. An angle indicates tendencies to insobriety, piracy, and generally knuttiness, which are either anti-social or much too sociable. In all things hold fast to the sartorial axiom that while to be conspicuously-hatted is meat and drink to the reputation of the average woman, it is purest prussic acid to that of the average man.

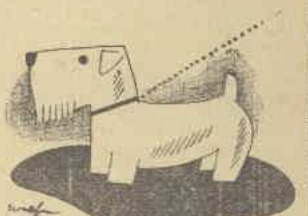
Our Dogs

A QUAINT little fellow this, and a most piquant sight with his silly little short legs, engaging look, and ample moustache.

A very paragon of gentlemanly appearance, despite the fact that his ancestors, bred by Captain John Edwardes, of Sealyham, Pembrokeshire, were very commonplace-looking brutes, bred from a strange crew of scraggy terriers and "what-have-yous."

He was intended by the sporting squire to go to ground after foxes, otters, and badgers, though now, in common with other terriers, Mr. Little Sealyham's hunting activities are confined to enthusiastic rat hunts, at which he is an adept.

Do the kiddies love to play with him? Is he affectionate? Does he keep a good watch over your beloved hearth? He does.



The Sealyham

He's not the kind of gentleman who requires of you great, long, exhausting walks, but his sense of elegance demands your daily attention to his coat.

Abroad he is even more popular than the ubiquitous fox-terrier.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604510

LOVE *Stories that* CHANGED HISTORY

The Splendor of Cleopatra

By A. P. GARLAND

HAD she lived in these days, even the lavish splendor of Ziegfeld and the exotic lure of the Hollywood film vamps would have dimmed none of the immemorial charm of Cleopatra, "The Serpent of Old Nile."

All the arts and fascinations by which men are allured and maddened were hers. And, apart from her natural beauty and charm, she possessed to the nth degree what nowadays we call sex-appeal.

Ruling queen of Egypt, at 28, she lived in a palace at Alexandria in the year 41 B.C.

At her age, in the East, most women have lost much of their bloom, but the beauty of Cleopatra was ageless.

Great ambitions possessed her. She longed to add to her Egyptian domains most of the rich territories in the adjacent area of Asia Minor and to be the ruler of a mighty State.

But in those far-off days it was the strong hand that prevailed, and Cleopatra lacked the armies and the military genius that would enable her to grasp the lands she coveted.

Already the great Julius Caesar, flushed with the conquest of the world, had succumbed to her witcheries. What might she not hope to attain with Mark Antony, who now seemed destined to step into Caesar's shoes as ruler of the Roman Empire.

Fifteen years before, the two had met at Alexandria, and the woman recalled the burning glances of desire with which the haughty Roman had contemplated her charms. Surely he had not forgotten!

While she dreamed these dreams, there came a messenger from Antony summoning her, under a political pretext, to his presence in Asia Minor.

That summons she prepared to obey—and with delight. . . .

Three years had passed since on March 15, 41 B.C., Julius Caesar lay stabbed to death in the Senate House at Rome.

His assassins had fled the city never to return, and the question of a successor to the Dictatorship at once arose. This glittering prize seemed to have been destined by Fate to fall like a ripe plum into the greedy hands of Mark Antony.

His only rival of importance was Octavian, the grandnephew and heir of Julius Caesar.

Such was the situation when Octavian and Antony began their 14-years' struggle to decide who was to rule the Roman world.

Then Antony went to Asia Minor to raise money by plundering the inhabitants, and while there he turned his thoughts to Cleopatra, the siren of his younger days, and he sent for her.

Cleopatra sailed up the Cydnus to Tarsus in a gorgeous vessel with purple sails, propelled by silver oars, to the sound of luxurious music.

She herself reclined under an awning spangled with gold, attired as Venus and fanned by Cupids. The most beautiful of her female slaves held the rudder and the ropes.

The perfumes spread about the vessel filled the banks of the river with their fragrance.

From that moment, Antony's doom was sealed.

Intoxicated by the exotic beauty and fascinations of the Egyptian Queen, he followed her to Alexandria, and in luxurious dalliance spent the greater part of a year, giving no ear to the calls for assistance from the men who were fighting his battles in Italy.

His wife, Fulvia, whom he had left behind, came to hear of his infatuation for the Egyptian woman, and, in the hope of getting him away from her, raised armies and made desperate efforts to crush Octavian.

But all the attempts ended in failure, and Antony still lingered in Egypt.

The next year, however, some notion of his folly came to him, and, leaving Cleopatra, he returned to Italy.

He and Octavian were still afraid of one another, so once more they made a pact by which they ruled jointly. And, as Fulvia had recently died, he cemented the alliance by marrying Octavia, Octavian's sister.

It looked now as though Cleopatra's nose had been put out of joint, for Antony settled down at Athens with his wife for three years.

Then some of the old desire to attain mastery came to him, and he set forth with an army for the conquest of Parthia. But as he approached Syria his passion for Cleopatra burst forth anew, and he summoned her to him at Laodicea.

She obeyed his order, and the infatuated Antony, as though to make up for his three-years' neglect, loaded her with honors and favors. And, to her great joy, he added to her territories some of the richest of the Roman possessions in the East.

Once more he found it hard to tear himself away from her, and only after a long delay did he attempt to invade Parthia. But Eastern luxury had sapped his energies, and his campaign was a failure.

After that he accompanied Cleopatra to Alexandria and surrendered completely to her charms.

He laid aside entirely the character of a Roman citizen and assumed the state and dress of an Eastern monarch. Instead of the toga he wore a robe of purple, and his head was crowned with a diadem.

No wonder Cleopatra began to dream that one day she would rule the Roman world by his side.

But news of his follies and excesses was filtering through to Rome, and while they alienated his friends they heartened his enemies. Octavian shrewdly spread reports of Antony's Egyptian orgies, and the average hardy Roman soldier, who despised the Asiatic, no longer saw in Antony a leader.

Then, in 32 B.C., the Roman Senate was induced to declare war against Cleopatra, adding the humiliating explanation that Antony was her slave.

To this the great Antony could retaliate only by the petty act of sending Octavia a bill of divorce.

Followed the great sea battle of Actium, in which Antony and Octavian put their claims to the overlordship of the Roman world to the final test.

For long the battle was indecisive, and had Antony shown his old energy and courage he might have won the day.

But in the midst of the engagement Cleopatra was seized with panic, and she fled with her squadron of sixty ships. And to such a low pitch of degradation had Antony sunk that at once he followed her, basely deserting the men who were battling under his banner and dying for his cause.

With their pusillanimous leader gone, Antony's men lost heart in the struggle, and by nightfall Octavian's fleet had destroyed all the opposing vessels.

A few days later Antony's army surrendered. And on September 2, 31 B.C., Octavian saw his life ambition achieved, for the Roman Empire was at his feet.

From now on the tale of Cleopatra and Antony is one of fragic anti-climax.

Both knew that they had come to the end of their tether, and both sent ambassadors separately to Octavian to ask for clemency.

Cleopatra, even though she was now in her fortieth year, hoped that her feminine charms might soften her conqueror into mercy. Little did she know the iron heart of the ruthless Octavian.

To the ambassadors he made no reply, and from this Antony knew that his time had come. But Cleopatra, still clinging to her illusions, decided to rid herself of the lover who was now but an encumbrance.

Already Antony and she had made a compact that neither would survive the other. So shutting herself up in a mausoleum, she arranged for messengers to inform him that she was dead.

Antony fell into the trap and promptly stabbed himself to death. Not long after Cleopatra, baffled in her effort to fascinate Octavian, likewise put an end to her life.

Had Antony won the final victory in the struggle against Octavian, a voluptuary with Eastern proclivities would have been the master of the Roman world, and the effect would, in all probability, have been the disintegration of the Roman Empire at the beginning of the Christian era.

In that case the civilising influence of Rome on Gaul, Britain, Africa, and other outlying parts of the Empire would have been unimportant, and the progress of civilisation would have been stayed.

For its escape from this disaster, the world had to thank the lure of Cleopatra.

The Death of Cleopatra

FASCINATING NEW SERIES

SINCE the world began, the loves of men and women have altered dynasties, started great wars, and largely ruled the destinies of nations.

From the legendary days of Troy kings have bartered their thrones for the light that lies in woman's eyes . . .

The Australian Women's Weekly has obtained a fascinating new series by the brilliant English writer, A. P. Garland, which will reveal how love has influenced the course of history.

Snapshots of a Traveller at a Station Stop

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

HOW *to play* CONTRACT BRIDGE

By FRANK CAYLEY

ARTICLE 1 "THE SCORING"

Scoring in contract bridge is totally different and on a far grander scale than auction scoring. This makes it necessary to play for about a third of one's normal stake.

THE difference is most pronounced when a side has won a game. At this point it is said to become "VULNERABLE," and any penalties it may incur are automatically increased, even though no double has been made.

For example, if you fail by one trick to make an undoubled, non-vulnerable contract, the opposition take 50 points, as they would in auction. If, however, you fail by one trick when your side is vulnerable, they take 100 points.

If you go down very far it is liable to prove costly owing to the fact that penalties increase in magnitude for each successive under-trick, except when you are not vulnerable and not doubled.

Reference to the table of under-tricks will make this point quite clear.

To compensate for this harsh treatment a vulnerable partnership is entitled to a slight increase in many of the bonuses, and to a very substantial one where slams are concerned.

There is no bonus for making a small or grand slam unless it has actually been declared.

Game, in contract, is 100 points scored below the line, and only those tricks which have been nominated in the bidding may be counted. Any additional tricks won in play are recorded in the honors column.

The calls rank in the old auction order, but are valued differently:—

(1) No trump: First trick 30 points, second trick 40 points, third trick 30 points, fourth trick 40 points, etc.
(2) Spades: 30 points per trick.
(3) Hearts: 30 points per trick.
(4) Diamonds: 20 points per trick.
(5) Clubs: 20 points per trick.

Despite the similarity of values, "one spade" still overcalls "one heart," and "one diamond" is still superior to "one club." Majority calling (i.e., two of anything beats one of anything) is compulsory.

REWARDS AND PENALTIES

The bonuses which are awarded to the skilled caller, together with the punishments which are the lot of a careless player, are set out in the following tables:—

UNDER-TRICKS

	Not Vulnerable.		Vulnerable.	
	Undb.	D'ubd.	Undb.	D'ubd.
First trick ..	50	100	100	200
Second trick	50	150	150	300
Third trick ..	50	200	200	400
Fourth trick	50	250	250	500
Etc., etc. ..				

SLAM BONUSES

	Not Vulnerable.	Vulnerable.
Grand slam ..	1500	2250
Small slam ..	500	750

If the grand slam has been declared and only 12 tricks materialise in play, the small slam bonus may not be claimed.

When a call has been doubled overtricks and those which have been declared increase in value, but there is no additional reward. In auction it was customary to take 50 points for contract.

Mr. Cayley is the recognised Australian exponent of the methods of Mr. Culbertson, whose picture appears herewith.

An American team of contract bridge players led by Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson will commence a fortnight's duplicate tournament on July 7 against British players.

OVERTRICKS

Not Vulnerable.		Vulnerable.	
Undbd.	Doubd.	Undbd.	Doubd.
Suit Value	100	Suit Value	200

The winners of a two-game rubber score 700 points, but if a third game is needed to decide the issue only 500 points are given.

Four trump honors in one hand count 100 points, regardless of the suit, and five honors similarly concentrated are worth 150 points. Four aces at no trumps obtain the latter bonus, and no other combinations are considered.

(Next week's article will deal with first principles of "Hand Valuation.")

(The scoring tables, which are included in this article, should be kept for reference purposes, but need not be memorised at this juncture.)

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Be KIND *To Your* SKIN!

The "Why" and "How-Not" of Pimples and Blemishes

Part of the charm of Lupe Velez is her flawless skin; but for most women home care is equally as important as the treatment of the skilled operator.

Every beauty treatment begins at the face—or at least that is the accepted ideal. Therefore, I continue this series with a discussion on skin blemishes, those facial defects that can never be associated with beauty in its true sense. Too often do we hear the expression, "What a charming face—but those pimples!" and in many cases, unfortunately, the remark is not unwarranted. Certainly some concealment is possible with rouge and powders of varied tints, but the effect is only temporary, and far from satisfactory to the one who is so afflicted.

What You Must Do

IN adopting a treatment for such minor skin blemishes as pimples and blackheads, I would suggest that we get down to plain facts with regard to these faults. It is for you to determine whether they are associated with the normal skin condition—or is the trouble due to a local congestion or clogging of the pores?

In the former case, internal treatment may be necessary, and do not forget that the organic functions demand attention if toxic irritations are to be avoided. That morning glass of hot water is a cleanser in itself. In fact, I invariably stress the importance of water, both internally and externally.

Reverting to the congestive fault, let us consider the exact requirements of the surface skin cuticle, for this is the basal item of every complexion.

Any deficiency of natural oil is detrimental, of course, but there is a happy medium which means everything to your skin. Therefore, you must assist the pores in their work of excretion, and so minimise the clogging tendency due to sluggish elimination.

Vegetable Oil Creams

DAILY massage with a bland skin food assists elimination and nourishes the facial tissues, but something more is required to obviate any greasiness which may result. For this purpose the beauty culturist of experience includes a tonic astringent in her medicaments, and there is no reason that you should overlook the same.

There are many excellent facial astringents on the market, or that simple lotion of equal parts liquid witch hazel and orange-flower water will suffice.

Moisten a pledget of wool with the astringent, and pat into the skin with an upward movement after the excess of cream has been removed with your cleansing tissues at night. This procedure may be repeated after the morning wash for a greasy skin, but use with discretion if the skin is dry. I omitted to mention that all day make-up must be removed with a thin cleansing cream or almond oil as a preliminary to the night treatment.

Should pimples persist notwithstanding this care, a fat solvent will be required to cleanse the affected pores. Procure some liquid spirit soap for the purpose, and wipe firmly over the pimpled area twice weekly before bathing the face. The application should be made on a pad of wool, but avoid undue friction if the skin is sensitive.

Remember that pimples must not be evacuated by squeezing—this leads to permanent scarring.

From the above you will understand that daily massage, with plenty of cream to nourish the tissues beneath the skin, is necessary to keep the complexion clear and fine in texture. The contour of the face and features is also preserved in this way, and it is to regular massage that many a woman owes both the beauty of her face and the charm of her expression.

Washing The Face

That facial wash is the next matter to be considered. Its importance is frequently overlooked to the detriment of your skin. Hard water and common soap are extremely harmful if persisted with, and the drying process is always of consequence.

Use a pure, bland soap of known repute, and add a little toilet oatmeal to water that is hard. This latter benefits every skin.

When drying the face, rub lightly with a soft towel, the movement as in massage being upwards and outwards towards the ears. Upward pressure stimulates the facial muscles, whereas downward pressure causes sagging of the tissues with subsequent wrinkling.

MISS GLADYS MONCRIEFF

A singer of superlative merit, and Australia's foremost Light Opera Star, Miss Gladys Moncrieff is another of the famous stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal Skin and Complexion Beautifier.

Winter winds need not distress your skin!

IS yours a summer-time complexion? Do winter winds roughen your skin? Shrivel it? Is it too sensitive to changes of temperature—hot rooms, cold outside air? Many women do complain of just these things—but never those women who protect their skin with Mercolized Wax. Mercolized Wax, having cleansed the skin perfectly, continues to keep it functioning healthfully, enables it to resist effects of weather and fatigue. Apply Mercolized Wax at night; it will cleanse and feed your skin. Apply it every morning, it will afford protection and provide a delicate and perfect base for powder. Invaluable for freckles, windchap, moth-patches, and surface skin imperfections. Buy to-day a 2/6 jar from your chemist or store.

Mercolized Wax

"The Loveliest Girls Use It"

MADAM— *Look at Your* NAILS!

By PAM

BEGIN the treatment with a tepid hand-wash at night, the cuticle being gently pressed back with the towel or orange-wood stick after drying. Frequent cutting of the nails is not advised, for this coarsens the growth, but file into shape with an emery board or flexible metal file. The latter should be included in every manicure outfit, together with manicure scissors, orange sticks, emery boards, nail cleanser (liquid), and polish.

You will admit that carefully tended nails give an added charm to every woman's appearance. There is a daintiness that attracts—the beauty of your hands demands this attention.

The weekly nail-cleansing process must be thorough. For the purpose, half-fill a small bowl with hot water, and to this add a few drops of cologne. Next make a lather in this wash with a pure toilet soap, the fingers to be immersed in the bowl for a few minutes until the cuticle is soft. Again press the cuticle back, and remove any hang-nail with your cuticle scissors after drying well. Then apply your polish sparingly, carefully avoiding the half-moon at the nail base. Natural and rose tints are the favored colorings.

An orange stick is best for pushing back the cuticle. Then apply the polish sparingly.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME BY A DOCTOR

BEST WAY TO DIET

Question: What is the best way to diet?

Although there are exceptions to the rule, it is a general truth that our weight depends on our food intake, and is influenced by the exercise we give our bodies. The question of diet, then, is not so much a matter of what to eat as to how much to eat. Many people cut certain foodstuffs out of their diet, but replace them with a corresponding amount of other foodstuffs.

This is an illogical method of procedure which meets its due reward. Most people have five meals a day, the three ordinary ones and afternoon tea and supper. Because the two smaller ones are not as fixed feasts as the others, we tend to regard them as unimportant.

As a matter of fact, two large pieces of cake and two well-sugared cups of tea can almost equal a modest lunch in regard to food value. The first thing in dieting rigidly, therefore, is to cut out any accessory meals and to observe the rule to eat nothing at all between meals. This will relieve the body of quite a large amount of food intake.

Whatever we exclude from our diet it is essential not to exclude the vitamins. These are found chiefly in eggs, milk, butter, cheese, fresh fruits and fresh vegetables. Many people will not drink a glass of milk because it is thought to be fattening but they have no hesitation in accepting a piece of cake.

KNEELING on the floor, stretch upwards to the full capacity—keep the abdomen well in as shown in picture.

THOSE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

Question: What is a good way to help one get to sleep when one wakes in the night?

Firstly, it must be realised that insomnia is a matter of a troubled mind in most cases, and has its basis in some form of worry. That being taken for granted there are a few tips that may assist sleep to return.

Firstly, do not go to bed on a full stomach, which means that big late suppers should be avoided. Another important point is that no one sleeps when they feel cold, and cold feet will keep people awake. On these chilly nights bed socks, and even a hot-water bottle, may solve the problem for those who feel the cold a little more keenly than others.

Again, one of the troubles of waking in the night is that one's brain immediately starts to function and the old worries are brought up, to be increased a hundredfold. The longer one lies like this, the worse one gets.

The best thing to do, after about half an hour of it, is to get up, walk about for a couple of minutes, and put the mind on something else, even if it is only heating up a glass of milk.

The cosiness and comfort experienced by getting back to a warm bed often helps considerably to woo slumber again.

PAINFUL STIES

Question: What is a cure for sties?

A sty is really a small pimple or boil surrounding the hair root of an eye lash. Everyone knows they are very painful until they break. The pain is caused by the tension on the skin. When the skin breaks, the tension is released, and so the pain goes.

Sties are often seen in people whose general health is below par, and one of the first things to do in treating this trouble is to see that the patient's strength is built up by the addition of suitable foods to the diet. A little cod liver oil is always helpful.

When the sty is beginning, if the eyelash can be seen in the middle of it, it should be pulled out, and constant bathing with hot water may abort it. If the sty has become really big, then it is wise to let a doctor attend to it.

Care must be taken with the contents of the sty. Do not infect the eye and other adjacent parts when they escape.

In conclusion, eye strain is sometimes one of the factors in sties and so a crop of sties should mean an inquiry into the patient's power of vision.

VACCINES AND SERUMS

Question: What is the difference between a vaccine and a serum?

In making a vaccine, the actual germ that is causing the condition is obtained. The germs are then killed and prepared in various forms and strengths. They are then put into little retainers, the exact dose of which is known. From here they are injected into the patient, and they stimulate his own blood to produce things called anti-bodies. These anti-bodies are substances that will kill or nullify the effects of the particular germ.

Serum is a different thing. The best known use of it is in the case of diphtheria, and it is obtained this way: Diphtheria germs are injected into a horse and the horse develops in its blood a certain substance which renders it capable of resisting diphtheria. The horse blood is then called "immunised" because it has been made immune to diphtheria.

The next step is to collect some of this immunised blood from the horse and inject part of it into the human being who has diphtheria thus making him better able to fight the disease.

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FASHION FLASHES

... by JESSIE TAIT ...

Dress of blue crepe with a little cape of mousseline de soie bordered by coq feathers.

This frock of cyclamen ring velvet has the new square back and epaulettes of purple velvet.

Dress of green chiffon with a starched chiffon cape, high back and front, embroidered with silver beads.

This new pale-rose ribbed satin achieves its effect with shoulder bands of dark mink.

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

BRONZE is outmoding platinum as a smart color for hair, to match jewellery, fingernails, and shoes.

o o o

A SEPARATE sash is a sign of chic nowadays. Vionnet makes them of satin in two colors for afternoon and evening. Augustabernard's sashes, at the hip-bone level on daytime dresses, are the latest additions to this vogue.

o o o

A TULLE skull cap, exactly matching a blonde coiffure, of which one side is covered with flowers in the same tone, is a chic first-night note.

o o o

HANDKERCHIEFS play a new role in the new accessory mode; striped ones are tied through your belt or stuck in the skirt pocket of your sports clothes. Printed crepe handkerchiefs make tie-on aprons and transform your day dress. A small colored scarf placed inside the neckline of a beige or grey frock will make it more becoming to you.

Miss Jessie Tait—again presents the last word in correctness and chic.

Miss Tait's authoritative notes on fashion are being eagerly discussed everywhere. She brings to this page the discernment and flair which she showed in the dressing of so many J. C. Williamson shows.

Above:

This gown is one of the new matt velvets, striped like corduroy in lines of alternate beige and dark brown. The gown has a cowl drapery in the front, right up to the collarbone. In contrast it is cut very low in the back, in a very odd line.

Variety In Evening Decolletes

THERE may not be very much change in the present evening silhouette, which remains, for the most part, long and slim, with moderate fulness near the feet for comfort in dancing; but there is immense variety in the decolletes. All types are seen; high in the front and low in the back; low in the front and right up to the nape of the neck in the back; draped in cowl lines either in the back or in the front; cut in a square, an oval, a V, or a U shape in the back; asymmetric, that is unlike on the two sides, one of which may be off the shoulder while the other covers the top of the arm. There may be enormous sleeves or just shoe-lace width shoulder straps, which can hardly be seen.

Choose whatever you like, or whichever is most becoming to you. Dame Fashion is in a generous mood, and will sanction anything and everything.

Unusual Necklines

The striped dress sketched shows one of the most unusual necklines of all. In the front it is an example of the high cowl drapery. In the back it is deeply cut in an odd line. The shoulders are cut wide, and the armholes are very large, giving the effect of little sleeves.

Lucile Paray makes a black crepe evening dress, with white organdie flaring up round the neck and outlining the shoulder straps. Worth makes a simple black dress with very wide white bands, making the shoulder straps, and outlining the decolletage.

Waistlines

A great point of interest in the present evening dress mode is the placing of the waistline. Patou still puts it below the normal in some of his frocks. Most designers just suggest, instead of insist upon it. The idea of definitely fixing the waistline by a belt is lapsing fast, the division of a gown into bodice and skirt being merely suggested by the cutting. There are plenty of waistlines at normal, and still a few raised to almost Empire proportion.

Two of the latest styles in evening slippers.

Materials

Crinkled crepes are still popular. Instead of being merely crinkled and wrinkled, they are blistered and quilted. This makes a design on the surface of the material; broken, petal-like designs; ribs in ranging widths, vertical stripes, raised checks. Satin is found in all collections, very stiff and shiny cire, soft, supple satin. Satin and chiffon combine to make one dress, and the dull and shiny sides of satin are used together.

Velvets show an intention of staying until the summer. A Molyneux dress of dull black velvet is touched with color in the form of two scarves of crinkled velvet, one in bright green, and the other bright orange.

We can look forward to seeing the most exciting new materials for the spring. Checked taffetas, starched plaid chiffons, striped and dotted organza, crisp, fresh tulle. It seems too cold just now to even think of such flimsy things, but I will tell you all about them later.

Colors

New colors for evening are yellows, oranges, and reds. Grey, peony, and hollyhock pink and blues are still firm favorites. Two or more colors together, such as a dress from Vionnet, with a red top and a purple skirt joined to it in V's. Another has a white crepe-Elizabeth top, turned over at the throat, pink crepe through the waist, and black chiffon for the skirt.

Capes

The prophecy of the return to fashion of the cape has come true. Fashion collections all include the cape in one form or another—as an accessory to suits or coats, as the jacket portion of a jacket-and-skirt combination, or as a topcoat. It is being shown in every conceivable coat fabric.

The longer than knee-length cape is shown for both day and evening. By night it is a soft, draped affair of heavy silk or velvet, with gathers across the shoulders or around a shoulder yoke, to give a straight-cut fabric fulness through the elbows.

Gloves

Gloves, which for so long counted for nothing, are appearing in the most extravagant styles. To-day's gloves belong to the dress. If you have a printed dress, you must have a pair of gloves of the same print. If you have a colored scarf or bow on your plain frock, you must have gloves to match. Leiong makes gloves of black organdie to wear with an evening dress of the same material.

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HORDERN BROTHERS

GREAT WINTER Sale for value

bargains IN THE NEWEST Footwear

~~45/-~~ 27/9

We are illustrating a few examples of the amazing bargains obtainable in our modern Footwear Department.

~~14/11~~ 10/11

(Above): "HARKNESS" ONE-BAR SHOE, smart extended last. In patent colt, Havana brown kid or black Glace kid.

At Left: SMART VELVET COURT SHOES, in black, white, blue, red and green.

~~42/-~~ 29/11

A SANDAL SHOE, for Matrons, has pump sole, covered Cuban heel, and medium round toe. In Havana brown kid or soft black Glace.

24/6 ~~32/6~~

PATENT COLT COURT SHOES, white piped vamps, pump soles, medium stilt heels, medium round toes.

~~37/6~~ 24/6

FINE BLACK GLACE KID TWIN BAR SHOES, neat round toes, pump soles, and baby wurt heels.

~~35/-~~ 19/11

ELASTIC GUSSET OVER-TONGUE COURTS, in black Glace, with Suede trimming. Havana and Patent Colt, with Suede trimming.

Knitwear Specials

~~24/-~~ 17/11

FINE KNIT CARDIGAN, of quality wool, may be had in smart shades of royal, brown, fawn, wine, navy, purple, cherry, grey and black, in S.W., W. and O.S. fitting. Usually 19/11. Sale Price 17/11
X.O.S. fitting. Usually 22/6. Sale Price, 19/11

~~24/-~~ 18/11

BRUSH WOOL CARDIGAN, attractively trimmed with contrasting bands. May be had in black, cherry, royal and fawn. S.W., W. and O.S. fitting. Usually 21/-. Sale Price 18/11

~~25/11~~ 19/11

SMART PULLOVER, in plain and striped effect. Similar in weave to hand knit. Obtainable in brown stripes, black stripes, navy stripes, in S.W. and W. fitting. Usually 25/11. Sale Price 19/11

Jolly Ho! A Shopping We Shall Go!

Last week the "shopping sleuth" heard murmurs of pneumatic soles—for shoes, be it said!—and forthwith looked into the matter. Wherefore the shopping tour has been accomplished this week with a light heart and absolute perfection of foot comfort.

"Walking On Air"

The shoes that produced this eminently satisfactory state of affairs are made with—literally—pneumatic soils. One finds oneself literally "walking on air," in a way that banishes aching feet and the mental and physical exhaustion that follow in their train. These shoes are made in the very smartest designs. They are made for speed, and for comfort, too. They can be purchased with or without arch supports, and the prices range from 22/6.

A word or two in season while we are discussing this important branch of the wardrobe—the most delightful hosiery can be purchased at equally pleasing prices, with just a little care. The bargain tables at the big stores are constantly featuring manufacturer's seconds.

My heart was gladdened, and my nether limbs gladsomely arrayed, in consequence, by the addition of three pairs of fully-fashioned silk stockings by the modest expenditure of 5/11 a pair for hosiery that would ordinarily be priced nearer the 12/11 mark.

Almost Incredible

Though, of course, one likes to feel that one's evening gown bears the hallmark of Worth or Paquin—or purports to do so—one also derives an inward satisfaction when one evolves a dainty effect at a trifling cost. But men's evening wear is always a costly affair. The discovery, then, that from a thoroughly reputable tailor, a man may purchase a dinner suit of irreproachable cut for £4/12/6 is one that challenges credulity, but with my own eyes I saw it.

Talking of Tumblers

For the quaffing of "aqua pura," some discerning glass merchant or blower or manufacturer—or whatever the wholesale producer of glass may be termed—has produced perfectly plain tumblers for 2d each. They are quite unadorned and clear and would prove a perfect boon to the household, where the rising generation gives the breakables roughish and constant handling.

The other extreme is presented for the connoisseur of the "cup that cheers." Glistening crystal has been charmingly wrought in graceful outlines with small, curved lines in black that serve to accentuate the delicacy of the crystal and the chaste quality of the silhouette.

The decanter is a thing of joy—even when empty. The price of the set, six glasses and decanter, is £4/19/6.

Wandering In Byways

There is a fascination about arcades that I find simply cannot be withstood. Personally, I have a pronounced penchant for hats. The most devastating little models await discriminating buyers in the Imperial Arcade. You will find the very newest shades and shapes as modestly priced as 6/11 each—and when you try them on they give one a quite inflated sense of values, a feature in a hat from which one can derive no end of moral courage.

But, leaving the more or less commonplace of one's wardrobe to dally a while with artistic notions, hand-weaving is the most fascinating performance. I cannot pretend to explain the process, though I watched it spellbound in Rowe Street.

And Jewellery

Of infinite allure, too, is the hand-wrought jewellery that Dame Fashion decrees to be the ideal finish to one's most recherche gown. Earrings and necklets, brooches and rings can be just as effective as the old-time family heirlooms. In fact, so cunning is the workmanship, that it would take uncanny wisdom to tell the one from the other in many cases. Dress rings, with a charmingly set colored stone—opal or cornelian, or one of that ilk—range in price from as low as 5/6.

On this subject there is so much that one can say that next week I purpose arranging detailed elucidation with the help of our ever resourceful photographer.

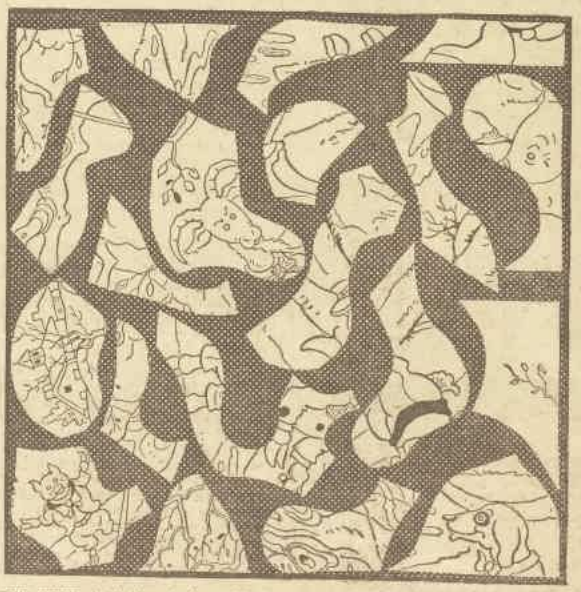
Of "Zip Jerkins"

"Clothes make the man"—or is it manners? It is not my province to comment on the latter, but certainly I can give an excellent suggestion regarding the former. Be their suits as tailored and trim as you please, their sportswear can present a dashing and colorful front—and back, too!—in one of the new "Zip jerkins." They are knitted in conservative, yet attractive, designs.

Admittedly I was vastly intrigued with the neat zip fastener in the front, but a design which ran its attractions a close second was reminiscent of multi-colored beeswax, for it was knitted in all-over pattern, subdivided, so to speak, into tiny sections with a series of fine veinings; and, unlike the major portion of the masculine wardrobe, the price was a further recommendation, for it was only 15/6.

And here's an uplifting notion—braces for the menfolk in good strong elastic for 2/6.

OUR WEEKLY JIGSAW



THIS WEEK, A. W. Nugent, the world's champion puzzle-maker, invites all the members of the family to join in this Jigsaw game. Make a competition by seeing which member can do it in the shortest time. If you are playing alone, you must beat the following time limits:—7 to 12-year-old child, 6 minutes; 13 to 18-year-old, 5 minutes; adults, 4 minutes. When you have completed the picture, look for a hidden figure.

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PRINCE OF WALES' PULLOVER

A RECENT photo of the Prince of Wales, showing the pullover described on this page.

Pullovers and cardigans are a popular feature in the wardrobe of the Prince of Wales, and The Australian Women's Weekly has secured this exclusive photograph depicting his favorite golfing kit.

THE menfolk will appreciate its tailored lines and its color scheme, which is at once conservative and smart. The jumper, as his Royal Highness wears it, is made up in grey with bands of black and of white.

Womenfolk will appreciate the straight-forward nature of the directions, for they present no subtleties, relying rather on the standard of the knitting.

PRINCE OF WALES' SWEATER

Materials: Ten skeins Paton's 4-ply grey wool, 1 skein black, 1 skein white, pair No. 9 bone needles, set of No. 12 steel needles.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge, 24 inches; chest, 38 inches; sleeve seam, 20 inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit, p. purl, tog. together, st. st. stocking stitch.

Tension: 7 st. to 1 inch in width, 9 rows to 1 inch in depth.

The Back: With grey wool and 2 of the No. 12 steel needles cast on 130 st., k. into back of them, then rib k. 1, p. 1, for 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles, and knit in st. st., reducing the st. to 110 in the first row. When work measures 16 inches from start shape armholes; cast off 6 st. at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. each end of needle every other row 4 times. Continue working on these st. until armholes measure 8 inches. With right side of work towards you k. 24, cast off 42; for back of neck k. 24. Shape shoulders by casting off 8 st. at beginning of every row 3 times.

The Front: Make the same as for the back, but do not decrease st. after ribbing. When work is 13 inches from start divide for neck opening. On right side of work, k. 60, join on another ball of wool, k. 60, working both sides tog., decrease 1 st. each side at neck edge in the next row, and every purl row 6 times altogether, then every 4th row, at the same time shaping the armholes to correspond with the back, and decreasing 2 st. more each side than the back. When there are 24 st. on each needle work on these until armholes measure same as back, shape shoulders as before.

Sleeves: Both alike. With grey wool and No. 12 needles cast on 70 st., knit into back of them; rib k. 1, p. 1 for 1 inch, join on black wood, k. 1 row plain, rib for 2 inches, join on grey, k. 1 row plain, rib for 1 inch. Change to No. 9 needles, k. st. st. for 1 inch, then increase 1 st. each end of needle every 8 rows until sleeve measures 20 inches. Shape sleeve by casting off 3 st. at beginning of every row until 22 remain. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press work well on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth; join shoulder seams with black wool and No. 12 needle. Pick up and k. 59 st. across back of neck, 98 st. on 2nd needle to centre front, 98 st. on 3rd needle. Rib k. 1, p. 1, for 14 rows, decreasing 1 st. each side of centre front every 2nd row. Join on white wool and k. 1 row plain; rib for 12 rows, decreasing as before every row; cast off on wrong side. Sew underarm and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves. Press seams.

THE JUMPER illustrated above is the second of the series of exclusive knitted fashions secured by The Australian Women's Weekly from Paris and Vienna, and published each week with full instructions for making.

RIGHT FINISH IN JUMPERS

EVERYONE can knit a jumper, but how few realise the importance of careful pressing and finishing. It will make or mar the finished article.

Pin each section on to the ironing blanket. Don't think you can hold it in shape as you go along, and don't rub the iron up and down. Press evenly all over the work.

If you find the sleeve a little short stretch it to measurement, and when pressed with a damp cloth leave it pinned to the blanket until it is quite dry. The body can be stretched in the same way.

To join edges of knitted work, a crochet hook and simple chain stitch are far neater than joining with needle and thread.

When adding any trimming, pin in place and try on. It looks one thing on the table and quite another on the figure.

Always knit into the back of newly-cast-on stitches to ensure a firm edge, and slip the first stitch of each row to facilitate joining up.

When using two or more colors, twist the wool at the back as you go. Do not loop it from one color to the other.

Jeanette Macdonald Jumper

In the Jeanette Macdonald jumper which appeared in last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, the following additional instructions were inadvertently omitted:—

TO MAKE UP

Press all well on wrong side with damp cloth and hot iron. Pick up st. round V neck with No. 11 needles and k. 10 rows of ribbing (1 purl, 1 plain). Join neckband at centre front with machine forming V. Press well on wrong side. Join shoulder and underarm seams and put in sleeve.

SCARF

Cast on 60 st. with No. 11 needles and black wool. Knit 1st row into back of st. After 3 rows of stocking st. take No. 1 wooden needle and knit 1 row—purl back with No. 11 needle. Continue in this manner until 4 rows are completed with large needle. Join white wool and knit 2 ridges. Join red wool and knit 2 ridges.

CHARMING SPORTS JUMPER

The gaily-smocked jumper featured last week has been acclaimed one of the smartest designs yet seen in Sydney, and this week's sports model is a worthy successor to it.

KNITTED in green, black, and white, it comprises a color scheme that is as charming as its design. The garments to be featured in this exclusive knitting service have been knitted by The Australian Women's Weekly expert, and are on display at David Jones', who courteously supplied the materials for making them.

SLEEVELESS JUMPER

Materials: Four skeins Paton's wildflower white sports wool, 2 skeins green, 1 skein black, 5 buttons, set of No. 12 steel needles, pair No. 9 bone needles.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 19 inches; bust, 34.

Abbreviations: K. knit, P. purl, tog. together, st. stitch.

The Back: With white wool and two of the steel needles cast on 100 st., k. into back of them, rib k. 2, p. 2, for 4 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and work in moss stitch, reducing the sts. to 90 in the first row; work 8½ inches of moss. st., then shape armhole; cast off 4 st. at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. each end of needle every other row twice, join on black wool and knit 1 row plain, 1 row purl, join on green wool, and k. in moss st. until armhole measures 6½ inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 6 st. at beginning of every row 4 times. Cast off remaining st. for back of neck.

Right Front: Cast on 62 st., k. into back and rib for 7 rows. The 8th row start first buttonhole k. 2, p. 2, cast off 8 st., finish row in rib; 9th row, rib to where st. have been cast off, cast on 8 st., k. 2, p. 2; 10th row, k. 2, p. 2, k. into back of cast on st., rib to end of row; rib for 24 rows, then make a second buttonhole, k. 1 row, rib. Change to No. 9, work moss st., and decrease 6 st. in the first row; work for 2½ inches, make third buttonhole, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, cast off 6 st.; moss st. to end of row. Next row, moss st. to where st. were cast off, cast on 6 st., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1. Make two more buttonholes 2½ inches apart. Work up to armhole and shape as for back, leaving st. on a spare needle.

Left Front: Make the same as right front, but omit buttonholes. When you have worked as far as right front, join on black wool and, with right side of work towards you, k. 2 tog., k. to last 16 st.; take up right front, and, holding it in front of the 16 st., k. 2 tog., 1 from each needle, until the 16 st. are knitted off, k. to last 2 st., k. 2 tog.

Next row, purl, decrease 1 st. each end, join on green wool, work moss st., decrease 1 st. each end of first row. When moss st. measures 5 inches from back row shape neck, k. 27 st. in moss st., cast off 22 st., k. 27.

Next row, k. 27 moss st., join on a small ball of green wool to other side of neck, and work both shoulders tog., k. 27 moss st.; now decrease 1 st. each side of neck edge in the next row, and every other row twice more. Work until armhole measures 7 inches, shape shoulders as before.

To Make Up: Join shoulder seams. With a steel needle pick up 78 st. along armhole edge, with green wool knit twice into every st., 156 st., rib k. 1, p. 1, for 11 rows, join on white wool, k. 1 row plain, 1 row rib, join on black wool, k. 1 row plain, cast off loosely. Repeat for second armhole, join ribbing and underarm seams, turn back ribbing, and sew down with needle and thread.

With steel needles and green wool pick up 28 st. across back of neck, on 1st needle 38 each on 2nd and 3rd needles; rib as before for 12 rows, join on white wool, p. 1 row, rib 1 row, join on black wool, p. 1 row, cast off loosely. Turn over and sew down; sew on buttons; press seams.

THAT SKIMPY HAIR YOU LAUGH AT NOW

Perhaps, was thicker and more beautiful than yours is, but, like yours, it was neglected. Too late, they learnt how happiness goes with the hair—for fading, thinning hair makes you look old, feel old, be old . . . and the World has no time for old people, as you don't want to learn TOO SOON!

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The sketches above are intended to show in greater detail those features of the frocks which are not so clearly discernible on the photographs.

Five Lovely Frocks For Afternoon

The frocks presented to-day are for afternoon wear in the home or for street wear under a top-coat.

From left to right, the frocks are:—

"LYOLENE, a figured, artificial crepe frock with little hat to match. The frock is entirely cut on the cross, even the sleeves, so as to give a long, slimming line.

"DERNIERE CREATION" is an afternoon frock of black marocain with a cross-over blouse top of white angel skin. The sash has one white end and one black one.

"MADO" is a black Angora wool costume modelled on very distinguished lines. Sunray tucking on the shoulders, front of the dress, and pockets, combined with white jersey belt; cuffs and judicial collar are the only trimmings.

"MITZI" is made of blue and white blistered crepe; skirt cut on the cross with two panels let into the front. The Bertha collar is run through a tab in front.

Lower left:—

"CAROLINE," a super useful frock to do double duty as either an afternoon or dinner frock. Of black crepe satin, it has the most unusual crepe collar of black and Patou pink satin, which is attached to the frock at the waist. The skirt is cut on the cross with side seams.

Shoes *that show* Character

Milady's Taste in Footwear

SHOEMAKERS think there is a certain amount of truth in the modern maxim: "Shoes denote the character of the wearer."

"Not so much the quality, or how worn a shoe may be, but its style!" explained a salesman yesterday.

Without stopping to consider, most people will remark. "Women's shoes are practically all alike. There are no styles to choose between." But this is wrong. There are many, particularly when buttons, ribbons and laces play such a large part in shoe fashions of to-day.

The salesgirl displaying and fitting shoes from one woman to another is an interesting person to watch. Down from the shelves, and out of white boxes, come shoes showing in how many different ways the finishing touch may be given by a plain fastening, a ribbon bow, or a patent clip.

The shoe with the two bands meeting across the front of the foot, in a bow, certainly is a pretty, truly feminine piece of footwear that would appeal to the girl who likes dainty shoes, or, on the other hand, to the girl who likes her feet to look as "dolly" as the rest of her.

MOST POPULAR ONE

Now the girl who selects the perfectly plain shoes with the one strap caught with a small, ordinary button may have plain, simple tastes, or else pride herself on the virtue of turning away from attractive things.

Then there is the neat little shoe which boasts no other ornaments than two buttons holding the strap on the right side, as well as the left. This shoe is very demure, and yet can look quite a "jazz slipper" when worn with dark-bottomed stockings. Perhaps to-day the most popular shoe is the court shoe. Many shapes and colors can invariably be bought in this style without having to go from shop to shop

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INTIMATE JOTTINGS

How Do YOU Like—?

Mr. Justice Long Innes' pipe, which he invariably smokes on the front seat of the tram; the sliding panel roof in the car sent to Sir Hugh Poynter by his cousin, Stanley Baldwin; the huge green frog which adorns Mrs. J. J. Rouse's garden; Mr. T. H. Nesbitt's 6000 autographs of celebrities; Mr. F. W. Pentecost's dear little goldfish; Signora Fossati's new shingle; Rev. Terence Naughton's signet ring; Mr. G. V. Portus at a recent Christian Union Conference in P.L.C., swimming fully clad and asking playfully for converts?

Sydney Growers of Orchids

The article on orchids in last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly recalls that notable hosts and hostesses of a decade or so ago made a cult of orchid-growing.

Among the most famous of the orchid-growers of that day were Sir Rupert Clarke and Sir Hugh Dixson.

An orchid from Fred Searl. Photo by Dorothy Welding.

With the revival of the fashion for orchids comes a revival of interest in their culture by garden lovers. Miss Fairfax, of "Ginaghulla," Bellevue Hill, has been a steadily successful grower.

So has Miss Macarthur Onslow, of Camden Park. Other Sydney growers are Mr. Herbert Solomon, of "Urara," Darling Point; Mrs. E. M. Mitchell, of Neutral Bay, and Mr. H. L. Askey.

Lady Luck

Add this one to your repertoire of quaint stories of the luck of women punters.

Lady Fuller relates that once in Melbourne she was shown a clutch of black and white ducklings, just before sallying forth to the course. Forthwith she decided to pin her faith and her half notes to the jockey wearing black and white. Result: She collected a tidy sum on Comedy King.

Proud Record

Here's a presidential record in which any woman might well take a pride. It concerns Mrs. T. J. Ryan, recently-appointed "travel hostess" in Melbourne to the Queensland Tourist Bureau—a Queenslander and widow of a former Queensland Premier, the late T. J. Ryan.

For many years Mrs. Ryan was a presidential power in the charity and welfare movements of Brisbane. During all those years no woman working on her committees ever left unless she was forced to do so through ill-health or departing from Brisbane. Mrs. Ryan has a daughter, Jill, and a son, Jack.

Well Guarded!

It's not the easiest thing in the world to follow the ramblings of that inveterate world traveller, Mrs. Esse Scultze. After some months in Sydney, she is at the moment the guest of Kitty Welch at Toorak, but she has booked for Singapore, and plans a short tour of the East in company with Mrs. T. White, of Bowral.

More world wanderings are on her calendar for next year after she joins her friend, Mrs. Simmons, in London. Mrs. Simmons, by the way, is the daughter of a Guardsman, widow of a Guardsman, and proud mother of a six-footer, who is also a Guardsman and member of London's exclusive Guards' Club.

Last time Mrs. Scultze dropped in on India she arrived at Agra at dawn, and to the surprise of her taxi driver, insisted on going forthwith to the famous Taj Mahal. The exquisite beauty of the Taj fascinates her, and each day during her last month's stay in Agra she visited it at varying hours to watch the play of light and shade over the wonderful edifice.

Clever Wives

Goulburn is saddened by the retirement, through failing health, of its well-loved Bishop, Dr. L. B. Radford. The little bird that flies to me with latest clerical rumors in its beak assures me that his successor may be Dr. P. A. Micklem.

Like Dr. Radford, Dr. Micklem is an eminent scholar. Educated at Harrow and Herford College (Oxford), he was Principal of Brisbane Theological College before he came to Sydney.

Both prelates are blessed with brilliantly clever young wives. Mrs. Radford was Enid White, a graduate who was formerly on the Fisher library staff. My clerical bird assures me she frequently telegraphs her husband in Latin—to the bewilderment of the Morseites. Mrs. Micklem, who was Evelyn Auriac, is also a graduate, and before her marriage was on the staff of the Armidale C.E. Girls' College.

Hunting Gold

Somewhere in Australia's great hot heart Teddy Chisholm is on a gold hunt. Hunting gold is one of Teddy's hobbies. Last time he followed the trail to New Guinea. Mrs. Teddy is now in Sydney and wishing she knew some way to jazz up Daddy Time's lagging footsteps and hasten round the hour of Teddy's return.

Hot Motorist

Kenneth Henderson, first headmaster of Trinity Grammar, clergyman, and leader writer for the "West Australian," passed through Sydney last week en route for New Guinea. He spent his time in Sydney with his relatives, the Spencer Bruntons.

Mr. Henderson, who is well known for his serious articles, tells a not-so-serious story about a fellow cleric in Perth. A very hot motorist, this divine does a star turn by taking both hands off the wheel occasionally, and making a swift survey of the landscape behind. Well, he should know what happened to Lot's wife!

OVERHEARD *Mrs. Frank Hill telling Lady Kelso King a priceless yarn at the Criterion on Saturday night. The morning after the fire which devastated Mrs. Hill's home in Sutherland Crescent, Darling Point, she came across a small boy neighbor hanging over the garden fence.*

"Oh, Mrs. Hill," he gloated, "what a LOVELY fire you had last night! Gee! it was gorgeous to watch."

It takes a strong sympathy with small boys and a bonny sense of fun to bear up against such a remark on a conflagration which has turned your cherished household gods to rack and ruin, but Mrs. Hill thoroughly appreciated the humor of the youngster's remarks.

A Premonition

We have all had experience of the shadows cast by coming events. The latest example I've met with happened at the polo at Cobbitty on Saturday. Phyllis Skene, trim and attractive in her riding kit, watched with anxious brow the opening of the match between Goulburn and Assamanders for the Cobbitty Cup. Phyllis, herself a skilful player, captains the junior club, and is groomsman for her father, Curtis Skene, and brilliant young brother, Bob.

"This is going to be a marvellous match," said Phyllis, "but I feel sure someone's going to get hurt."

A few minutes later, as Bob was fighting to prevent Goulburn making a goal, he was hit on the chin by a hard-driven ball. He fell from his pony and was badly shaken and hurt by the blow and fall.

Phyllis had a bad quarter of an hour, but Bob recovered in time to demand a prop-up against the bumper bars of a car, and from that vantage point saw the team, captained by his father, win the match by a goal.

Pretty Trio

Still calling from Cobbitty. Quite the most dashing equipage on the ground was the red Riley sports car laden with the three pretty Wiesener girls—Betty, Pat and Molly—and escorts Tom Peters and Bill Adams. It's hard to say which is the most attractive of the girls, for each is not only blessed with more than a fair share of good looks, but is complete, also, with a most winning personality. Molly had her nails lacquered a brilliant red. She, by the way, distinguished herself a few days previously by winning the prize at the big jig-saw puzzle party at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries. A dainty flapjack to powder her dainty little nose was the trophy she collected on that occasion.

Il Duce's Autograph

Not many Sydney women can lay claim to having Mussolini's autographed photo, and Joan Moore is much envied when she trots out her cherished specimen. When she was in Rome Joan wrote to Il Duce and asked him for his portrait, and he sent two imposing officials to her flat next day with the portrait autographed. So simple when you know how.

Mrs. Moore and Joan have Rita Miller with them at their Billyard Avenue flat at present, and recently threw a gay party in her honor. Rita is the charming soprano with the John Brownlee concert party, and is billed to let us hear her lovely voice at the Town Hall next month.

Lion Tamer

All the world knows of the appeal of a strong man for women, but who shall assess the lure of a lion tamer for the female of the species homo sapiens? No wonder Mrs. Monty Severn was thrilled to receive a picture from an illustrated paper showing her niece, Lady Frances Smith, shaking hands with a famous tamer of lions.

Clare Roseby sent the picture along. Clare and her sister are now living in St. John's Wood. Lady Frances Smith is a successful writer of novels, and to get local color for her next has joined up with a travelling circus. Hence the lion tamer's friendly gesture.

I Like —

And I also like: Mrs. Marie Irvine's monocle. Mrs. Victor White's antique earrings. Mrs. Roystone Davey's passion for hats. Enid Bailey's Malmaison carnations. The Rector of St. Thomas' (North Sydney) sermons. Dr. Constance D'Arcy's distinguished oratory. Sue Reichard's modern poise. Mrs. Clement Chapman's toy pom, Bijou. Trixie Trang's auburn aureole of hair.

KEEPING GUARD OVER GWENDA AND HER JUMBO.—"I can write books, except I can't write," said Gwenda Wharton, the daughter of Mrs. Gwen Wharton, and grandchild of Sir George and Lady Fuller, photographed wearing her jodhpurs with zipp fasteners. Gwenda loves gardening, and has her own at "Earlsbrae," at Bowral.
—Women's Weekly study.

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The tried and proved remedy for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, and affections of the Chest, Throat, and Lungs arising from colds and chills.

KEEP A BOTTLE IN THE HOUSE!

1/-, 1/6 and 2/6

Obtainable everywhere.

WOMAN *and* HER WORK

Worthy Cause Claims Your Help

TO provide clothing for those in distress is the purpose of the Lady Mayoress' Clothing Fund.

The fund has its quarters in the Queen Victoria Building, in charge of an organising secretary, and committee members give much of their time in making into useful garments any material donated.

Large quantities of material and remnants have been donated by various firms. Every inch is utilised by careful planning and cutting, and many attractive and warm children's dresses are made from virtual scraps. Left-off clothing is re-made, and the finished article provides for someone a new garment.

Assistance is not given without investigation into each case by the societies who share equally in the distribution of clothing, such organisations being the Sydney City Mission, Benevolent Society of N.S.W., Australian Red Cross Society, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Salvation Army, Ladies' Home Mission Union, and the Dorcas Society of the Presbyterian Church.

The great need is for boots and shoes, and men and women knock daily on the door begging for a pair of shoes—ofttimes their feet are on the pavement, having worn their footwear through to the lining.

As well as receiving letters asking for assistance, the Lady Mayoress often finds letters of appreciation in her mail, and quite recently an old man, who had been given clothing, sent in a letter, the handwriting and composition of which indicated culture, and, in thanking the Lady Mayoress for the assistance, he said "it was like a breath of the past to meet ladies who treated him as a gentleman."

WORTHY AIMS

Wool is another article which is a very welcome donation, because there are so many willing people ready to knit in their own homes at night—so, if it is only a skein of wool it is acceptable. Similarly any remnants of material are wanted.

The fund this year, as in the past, is trying to keep as many men, women, and children warm during the cold winter months as possible, and the more money subscribed and left-off clothing sent in, more names will be registered on the lists. It is hard to refuse when the case is a genuine one, but the resources of the fund are limited and so there are some whose call cannot be answered.

HOSPITAL BALL

Sub-Matron D. Wooldridge, who was the first trainee to pass through the Hospital Training School and qualify for her A.T.N.A. certificate, is the hon. treasurer, and Sister E. Dunster and Nurse P. Tarrant joint hon. secretaries, of the St. Luke's Hospital Annual Nursing Staff ball, which will be held at the Wentworth on July 11. His Excellency Sir Philip Game, Governor of N.S.W., and Lady Game, will be present, and several special novel features are being planned.

The committee is working hard to ensure the expenses of the function being prepaid, and for this purpose a large card evening will be held at 52 Macleay Street, Potts Point, on Thursday, June 29, at 8 p.m., the rooms and supper being donated by Mrs. Ella M. Gordon. Tables for this may be reserved by ringing F2161 or F2181.

FEMINIST CLUB BIRTHDAY PARTY

Birthday greetings took a practical form at the Feminist Club last Saturday night, when members who attended the 20th Birthday anniversary dance of the club presented cheques towards the club funds.

The rooms were gay with streamers in red and gold, and the beautiful two-tier birthday cake in green and white, and resplendent with twenty candles, was made by Mrs. Wooledge, the mother of one of the club members.

The honor of cutting the cake fell to Miss Preston Stanley, president of the club, who wore a frock of rose pink marocain embroidered in seed pearls.

For those who did not care to dance, cards were provided in another room, with Mr. and Mrs. E. Nicholson sharing the duties of entertaining.

Committee members of the club acted as hostesses for the dance.

MISS IRIS PAYNE, a member of the committee of the Jungle Ball, which is being organised by The Red Cross Headquarters' Younger Set, to be held at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries on June 22.
—Howard Harris

Unique Pageant Of Characters

As it is their first big effort since Christmas, members of the junior committee working for the Blind Institution and Braille Library, William Street, are endeavoring to make their "Dance of the Lovellest" one of the most spectacular functions of the year. They have chosen Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, and arranged the date for July 5.

By way of novelty there will be a unique pageant depicting characters including the Most Precious One, Fragrant, Sweetest, Dangerous, Childish, Coziest, Luxurious, Brightest, Happiest, Flimsiest, Darkest, Fairest, Artistic, Sophisticated, Daintiest, Majestic, Frivolous, Studious, and Stimulating One.

Color, gaiety, and beauty are to be the keynotes of the entertainment.

Success should be assured with the large, hard-working committee, which includes: Mesdames C. M. C. Shannon, S. Burleigh, Clifford Bunce, Leonard Dare, and A. V. Roberts, Office-Bearers, representing the Senior Committee; and Miss Anne Gordon, President; Miss Jean Heron, Hon. Organiser; Mrs. R. H. Brownlow, Deputy President; Miss Enid Hansen, Hon. Secretary; Misses Lorraine Smith and Lorna Searl, Hon. Treasurers; Miss K. Hay and Miss Myrine Collins, Honorary Publicity Officers of the Junior Committee.

NORTH SOUTH EAST WEST

AT THE last meeting of the C.W.A. in Albury, Miss Meg Griffith described her 200 miles' ride on horseback through the snowy country surrounding Mt. Kosciusko. Miss Griffith had many interesting moving pictures to show her audience. The trip took about a fortnight.

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DORRIGO BRANCH of the Country Women's Association is urging: "That children between the ages of four and seven years, travelling by railway, be charged quarter fare." The matter will be referred to the mid-river group conference at Dorrigo in October.

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MANY BEAUTIFUL frocks were seen at the first reunion ball of St. Philomena's Convent ex-students, held in the Moree Memorial Hall. Ex-students travelled many miles to attend. Mrs. Telford S. Murray, charming in sunset pink beige lace, entertained a party that included Rev. Dean English, Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Thompson, and Mr. and Mrs. Val Solling. Others present included Misses Vi. Palmer (hon. secretary), Eileen Ledingham, Mesdames J. Picone and E. A. Nell.

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THE COUNTRY Women's Association showed what thoroughness of organisation can do to augment their funds when they catered for the Burren Junction Tennis Association's ball. Amid a beautiful floral setting of autumnal colors, Mrs. McIntyre, wife of the popular president of the Tennis Association, received the guests. Mrs. Couch, president of the local C.W.A. branch, arranged the menu.

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SINCE THE war Mrs. A. A. Kemp, of Manly, has held the presidency of the Katoomba Red Cross Committee. Although living so far away from the centre of activities, the work of the branch receives her deepest interest and assistance. For the Bodington Home for T.B. Soldiers, Wentworth, the committee held a successful musicale at "The Najara." Miss Ada Sale was the hon. secretary.

India To-day—Y.W.C.A. Lectures

SPEAKERS from India, who will enlighten their listeners on the situation in India to-day, will give addresses to the Y.W.C.A. on Friday, June 16.

Under the auspices of the National Missionary Council, the speakers include Miss Gertrude Becker, principal of the Johnson Girls' High School, Jubbulpore; Miss Speer, Ph. D., principal of the Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow; D. Spencer Hatch, B. Sc., M. Sc. in Agr., Ph. D., director of the Martandam Rural Reconstruction Extension Area; and Rev. P. C. Phillip, M.A., principal of St. George's Grammar School, Hyderabad.

Rev. J. W. Burton, chairman of the National Missionary Council, will preside.

AMERICAN TEA

THOUSANDS of pounds worth of linen is used annually by the Mater Misericordiae Hospital. It is by the efforts of the Mater Auxiliary Service League, which has been established for many years, that this linen is provided and kept in repair.

Under the leadership of Mrs. T. Jenkins, president, and Mrs. R. Batty, secretary, the league is arranging an "American Tea" to be held at the hospital on July 6.

MADELINE MACKAY SIM is looking forward to a telephone call from London, directly after her parents arrive there. Madeline recently announced her engagement to Peter Seymour Dennis, of Melbourne.
—Women's Weekly study.

Vibrant Beauty returns to AGEING FACES

Skin Cream that truly rejuvenates!

After 25 years of age (and sometimes well before that), a woman's skin tends to become lifeless, dull, coarse and open-pored. Girlish facial contours sag, lines make their dread appearance. *Magnetism and attractiveness are tragically threatened.*

HOLD YOUR YOUTHFULNESS

Let Facial Youth charm from your face the mask that hides the natural loveliness that is your real, girlish self. This amazing rejuvenant INSTANTLY takes 5 to 15 years off your appearance!

Facial Youth corrects the oil balance of the skin, guarding it against the attacks of changes in climate, weather or diet. These changes, often sudden, throw most skins "off balance"—the result is either excessive dryness or oiliness. Facial Youth keeps the skin smooth, fresh, exquisite; light in tone—soft and appealing. Freckles, small blemishes, yellowness, "brown tinge" and skin-shine instantly fade out; while coarse, ugly pores and "crows-feet" lines disappear.

MAKE THIS BEAUTY TEST!

Facial Youth will transform your skin. Nothing compares with it—it even retards the growth of ugly face hairs that alone, in time, ruin beauty. Get a package of Facial Youth to-day. Any chemist or store can supply you. Two forms. For day use, in tubes at 1/3 and 2/-, and in jars at 2/6; also a special cleansing form for night use, in jars only at 2/6. Smooth in this cream—smooth out the the years, and any unhappy signs the years may have brought you—**a single test will prove the marvellous power of KATHLEEN COURT'S 'FACIAL YOUTH'**

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JUNE SPECIALS in

Ladies' Coats

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With large CONEY FUR COLLAR. Half-lined. Shades Brown, Fawn. Lido. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, OS

REGULAR VALUE - - 52/6

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And an Extra Special-

June Millinery Special

HAND MADE FELTS

Quite the best value offering in Sydney! All popular colors, in a wonderful variety of styles. Usual keen price 8/11.

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LADIES' DIAGONAL

Polo Coats

Finished with BELT and BUCKLE. In shades: Brown, Green, Red, Wine, Fawn, Black. Sizes: SSW, SW, W.

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BUSH NURSES MAKE OUTBACK LIFE EASIER

TO city folk life presents nothing in the way of difficulties as experienced by those who live in the outback. Doctors and chemists are near at hand to rally to our slightest need; cars and telephones bring assistance to our doors in a matter of minutes. But the women outback are miles and miles from the nearest centre—even from the "next-door" neighbor.

The "bush nurse" is, therefore, assured of a welcome, not only from the personal viewpoint, but from the practical service she is ever ready to give.

There are now forty centres throughout the country from which a bush nurse does a daily round. At these centres, too, patients are attended.

The centres are equipped with radium lamps, arm baths, baby scales, in addition to the more or less commonplace articles pertaining to their profession.

Valuable work, apart from the daily round, is being done by bush nurses who have had the advantage of free Trestillian training, through the good offices of Sir Charles Clubbe, late president of the Bush Nursing Association.

To young, inexperienced mothers this baby clinic work is of inestimable value.

Over ten thousand cases were attended last year; over 38,000 miles were covered by the nurses collectively. These figures give some idea of just how stupendous is the work of the association.

Not Without Humor

When we review the entertainments, dances, matinees, and bridge, that are the customary means by which city dwellers raise extra revenue for similar causes, there is a certain humor in the report received from one centre, whose balance-sheet shows a very pleasing credit balance. This happy circumstance is the direct result of a "sheep drive."

Residents of the district donated sheep to the fund. These sheep were then sold, thereby realising £127 for the funds. Each donor of a sheep became a financial member of the association. Just a tiny story, but behind it lies a whole world of thought and of action. It is typical of the principle of mutual service that actuates womenfolk in the bush, women to whom the bush nurse is a never-failing friend.

ETIQUETTE

THIS LITTLE LADY should not bring her mouth down to her food—that is for horses to do! Of course, she should be sitting erect, and bringing the food to her mouth instead of vice versa.

THE GLOW-WORM is not a worm. It is a beetle with luminous organs at the tail end of its body.

RED CROSS QUARTERLY

Presidential Talk By Mr. Justice Owen

MANY interesting phases of Red Cross work in other countries were dealt with by Mr. Justice Langer Owen on June 9, in his presidential address at the second quarterly meeting of the Red Cross Society, held at the Auditorium, David Jones'. Wives of several consuls-general were invited to be present, which gave an opportunity to various speakers to dwell upon the international aspect of the society.

In view of the fact that Madame Kuras, wife of the Consul-General for Czecho-Slovakia, was present, and was keenly interested in the Red Cross of her own country, the president's description of the Easter Truce in Czecho-Slovakia was particularly apt.

In 1921, Dr. Alice Masarykova, president of the Red Cross, he said, wanting to commemorate all that the society stood for, cast her mind back to the old Treuga Dei of mediaeval times, and adapting the tradition of the Truce of God to her own time and country, she instituted the Red Cross Truce in Czecho-Slovakia.

Every year since then, at Easter, the Speaker of the Czecho-Slovak parliament has pronounced before the President of the Republic, the Government, and the elect of the nation assembled, the solemn words proclaiming the Truce:

"The Red Cross Truce has begun.
"The Red Cross Truce shall be maintained."

Cannon will thunder, village bells will ring throughout the land, silence will fall for two minutes in memory of the nation's illustrious dead, and for three

MRS. G. C. HOOK with her presentation posy of flowers.
—Howard Harris photo

days following the country will attempt to forget its animosities and to transcend the barriers of race, creeds and politics.

The original Treuga Dei proclaimed for the first time in 1027, at the synod of Elne in the Pyrenees, not far from Perpignan, strictly prohibited every act of private warfare from noon on Saturday till prime on Monday. It was an attempt on the part of the Church to mitigate the evils of a feudal society divided into small and violently antagonistic units, each living by right of the sword.

The speaker talked at length on the activities of other lands—Norway, Denmark, Italy, the Netherlands, and so on, to all of which he was listened to attentively.

MRS. JOHN MOORE SPEAKS

Mrs. John Moore supported the president's remarks, and said that the world could do with considerably more international co-operation. There is a great tendency among Australians, she said, to be self-centred and self-absorbed. What we should be doing was to learn from the experience of the rest of the world, and to keep in touch with other countries.

Looking very smart, and speaking in soft tones, Madame Fay mentioned the old battleship, "Viking," which is used now as a Red Cross hospital ship, and which, throughout the fishing season, remains at Svolwaer, bringing relief to over a thousand members of the great fishing community.

An interesting ceremony during the meeting was the farewell tendered to Mrs. G. C. Hook, recently hon. sec. of the Haberfield branch, who is going to Queanbeyan to live. By a coincidence, it was also Mrs. Hook's birthday, so the posy of flowers presented to her by the branch president, Mrs. M. Irvine, celebrated the double event.

Others present were: Lady Hughes, Miss K. Egan, Mrs. Archdale Parkhill, Mrs. A. Thompson, Mrs. P. Leahy, Mrs. A. A. Kemp, Mrs. A. G. White, Mrs. George Earp, Miss B. Piper, Mrs. W. Butter, Dame Mary Cook, Mrs. Vernon Dixon, and Mr. H. L. Pitt (Superintendent).

MAKING GOOD CITIZENS *of the* FUTURE

To be a centre which will provide varied training—afford suggestions for the profitable use of leisure time, and the teaching of self-control, obedience, loyalty and cleanliness—is the ideal of each of the 16 Free Kindergartens of the Kindergarten Union of New South Wales.

In the congested districts where the Free Kindergartens are established, there is often a lack of opportunity for self-expression and normal development along healthy lines and it is for this purpose that Free Kindergartens are established and maintained by public-spirited citizens.

The work done is entirely for the young children, but, because their welfare cannot be established without the co-operation of all who come in contact with them, the Kindergarten director must be in touch with the fathers, mothers, elder brothers, and sisters of their little charges.

Behind every game played at the Kindergartens, every little duty performed, and every story told there is the underlying idea of training, and the children, while thoroughly enjoying themselves, are early trained in the art of good citizenship.

To insure proper nourishment, a good mid-day meal is given to the children, and the mothers help with this, sometimes by paying from sixpence to a shilling a week towards expenses, or by attending the Kindergarten to assist with the work entailed.

The Mothers' Union

Mothers of children attending the 16 Kindergartens have a "Free Kindergarten Mothers' Union," and, although they meet primarily with the object of co-operating with the Kindergarten work, they themselves obtain much pleasure from it.

Each year there is a competitive handwork exhibition. This year it will be held in the Paddington Town Hall, on July 25, and Lady Game has consented to perform the opening ceremony. It will be more than an exhibition on this occasion. It will be a sale of work, and the proceeds will go to the Holiday Home at Thirroul, which is a necessary adjunct to the Kindergarten Union. Each Kindergarten in turn sends 16 of its most needy children for a three weeks' holiday.

Training College

Realising the need for specially trained teachers, the Kindergarten Union established a college, which has so grown that to-day the Kindergarten and Primary Teachers' College, Henrietta Street, Waverley, has 120 students in attendance.

The course varies from two to three years, according to the age and previous educational standard of the student. Theoretical, physical, and art work is done at the college, and practical experience is gained in the Free Kindergartens and many of the primary schools.

The Kindergarten Union, which has its head office at 12 Spring Street, Sydney, is glad to welcome visitors who are interested in the work, and will arrange for anyone to visit the Kindergartens.

To help with the funds a Loan Exhibition of Antiques has been arranged at The Block, George Street, for the period extending from June 21 to July 8.

Pretty Miss Evelyn Weston of Northbridge is an enthusiastic believer in Rexona Soap. Miss Weston says: *"People often ask me what I do to keep my skin so nice, and I always tell them that I give the credit to Rexona Soap. It is so soothing and keeps the skin clear, and free from blemishes."*

Keep away disfiguring blemishes with
REXONA Medicated SOAP

Thousands of girls like these—charmingly attractive girls, with skin that is lovely in its clear healthiness, owe their flawless skin-beauty to the constant use of Rexona Medicated Soap. By using Rexona Soap you clear up every disheartening blemish, Rexona is not merely an ordinary cleansing soap—it is specially medicated

Rexona soap removes the cause of skin blemishes

An ordinary cleansing soap can do no more than thoroughly cleanse. Rexona Soap does much more. It has rare medicated properties with wonderful healing and soothing powers. While Rexona Soap is cleansing, these medications tone up the skin, restoring the tissues and removing the cause of pimples and other blemishes.

Watch your skin become clearer and healthier

If you want to see your skin grow in health and beauty every day, start using Rexona Soap straight away. Once you try Rexona you'll never go back to ordinary soap.

Don't run risks with baby's skin.. protect it with REXONA SOAP

You have to be particularly careful that baby's sensitive skin is protected against infection. Rexona Soap not only heals and soothes rashes but its rare medications prevent infection.

This is little Marie Beyer, whose mother protects her baby's pretty skin with Rexona Soap. Mrs. Beyer writes: *"I have used Rexona Soap on my little girl, I have much pleasure in telling you her hair and skin are beautiful."*

KEEP REXONA OINTMENT ALWAYS HANDY FOR ALL SKIN TROUBLES

Skin infections—even the dreaded Eczema—are quickly relieved with Rexona Ointment.

Rexona also gives relief from muscular pains. It is a necessity in every household because of its speedy relief to all kinds of burns and cuts.

At all Chemists and Stores

Rexona
MEDICATED SOAP
Cleanses . . . Purifies and Heals

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

REXONA SOAP COUPONS *bring smart gifts . . .*

Using Rexona Soap brings its own reward in healthy skin and clear complexion; but now there is another reason to make you eager to use Rexona Soap. In exchange for only a few Rexona Soap coupons you receive smart free gifts.

SIFTER VANITY CASE

You'll have no more trouble carrying loose powder when you have one of these smart vanity cases with sifter fitting. Complete with puff and mirror lid, and in smart colour combinations.

OTHER FREE GIFTS — Westclox Bedroom Clock, Guest Towels, Stainless Steel Bread Knife, Scissors, and many other attractive gifts.

See full particulars and complete list of gifts on the Coupon wrapped round every tablet of Rexona Soap.

S.115.15

A BOOKLET EVERY WOMAN WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE . .

Women love beautification . . . new curtains, new frocks, new undies . . . all these have a keen fascination for every woman. But new things cost money, and it is impossible to spend much in these directions in these days of limited housekeeping allowances.

BUT—this book tells you how to make your inclinations meet your purse. NADCO DYES solve your problems. . . . And this "Colour Harmony" Booklet—sent free of cost for a 1d. stamp—is crammed full of valuable instructions for the proper use of Dye in the home. Fill in the coupon now.

SEND THIS COUPON NOW

To the Paget Manufacturing Co., 109 Regent Street, Sydney. Enclosed is one penny stamp for postage. Please send by return copy of your Colour Harmony Booklet

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WEDDINGS

Curtis—Wallington

One of the many interesting weddings solemnised during the week was that of Miss Marjorie Wallington, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Wallington, of Hurstville. The bridegroom was Mr. S. Curtis, second son of Mr. W. Curtis and the late Mrs. Curtis, of Bega.

The ceremony was performed on Monday, June 12, at St. Mary's Basilica, which was decorated in a graceful floral scheme for the occasion. The Rev. Father Kenny officiated. The bride wore a gown of white satin classically trained and a flowing veil secured about the head with a coronet of orange blossoms. Her bouquet followed the popular floral muff idea, and was composed of hyacinths and delicate fern fronds.

Her sister, Mrs. J. Hunter, acted as matron of honor, wearing a frock of white angel skin, finished with squirrel fur, and a small cap of tulle. She carried a floral muff of crimson roses and fern fronds. Miss Mollie Wallington, another sister, was bridesmaid, similarly attired. Messrs. Geoff. Manning and Maurice Wallington were groomsmen.

At a reception held subsequently at Romano's, the bride's mother received the wedding guests in a gown of black crepe romaine, which she covered with a smart coat. Her posy was of red roses and fern.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis left later on their honeymoon, which will be spent at Bowral.

Among the guests entertained were the Rev. Fathers Kenny, Dunlea, O'Kelly, Power, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wallington, Mr. and Mrs. Delaney, Mr. and Mrs. C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Vandrzberg, Mr. and Mrs. Hyam, Mr. and Mrs. Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Wolt, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyon, Mrs. Hand, Mrs. Chatfield, Mrs. F. Wallington, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Mollie Hyam, Mrs. Usher and Miss Enid Usher, Misses Eileen and Anne Hannan, and Mr. Percy Stewart Dawson.

Lardner—Cook

A wedding of interest in surfing circles was celebrated at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, on Saturday evening, when Miss Joyce Cook, eldest daughter of Mr. W. A. Cook, of Kensington, vice-patron of Maroubra Surf Life Saving Club, and Mrs. Cook, became the wife of Mr. James Lardner, who is one of the examiners of the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia.

The beautiful bridal gown of white angel skin lace was modelled on classical lines, falling into flares, and featuring a cowl neck and long, tight sleeves. Her silk tulle veil was caught with hyacinths.

The bride did not altogether dispense with orange blossom, the token that is supposed to be a sure luck-bringer, for on the neck of her gown she pinned a spray of orange blossom which her uncle, Mr. H. Wilson, had previously worn as a buttonhole at his wedding. Her sheaf was of gold roses and hyacinths.

A smart frock of chiffon velvet in burnt orange tone, made with a flared skirt, cowl neck and short cape, was worn by Miss Sylvia Cook, who attended her sister as bridesmaid.

She added a cap of sequins edged with green tulle, making an eye-veil effect, and carried an armlet of mignonette and nasturtiums.

The bridegroom, who is the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Lardner, formerly of Stanmore, was attended by Mr. Arthur Berecry as best man. Rev. Lucas officiated at the ceremony.

The bride's mother, who was gowned in mauve angel-skin, with a parma velvet toque hat, received the guests at Griffith's Hall, Kensington.

A smart frock of nut brown wool-de-chine, with hat to tone, was worn by the bride when leaving for the honeymoon, which will be spent on the Blue Mountains.

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BRIDGE AFTERNOON

A bridge afternoon was arranged by Mrs. W. H. Read at the Green Tea Rooms on Thursday. Funds are for the Rachel Forster Hospital for Women and Children.

Allan—Chignell

A picturesque wedding was celebrated at St. Andrew's Church of England, Lakemba, on Monday, June 5, when Miss Saide Chignell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Chignell, of Lakemba, was married to Mr. James Allan, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Allan, of Comboyne, N.S.W. The Rev. Mr. Kingston officiated.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was frocked in a graceful ankle-length gown of white panne velvet. A tulle veil mounted on pink was caught at the back of the head with orange blossoms, and fell in a long, flowing train. Her bouquet was of white roses and hyacinths.

Miss Edna Chignell (sister of the bride), Miss Beatrice Allan (sister of the bridegroom), and Miss Ruth Black, as bridesmaids, were dressed alike in old world frocks of pale blue panne velvet, with tulle toques in a corresponding shade. They wore blue lace mittins, and carried muffs of pale blue tulle, mounted with pale pink rosebuds. Mr. J. Pinson acted as best man, and the groomsmen were Messrs. C. Chignell (brother) and Mr. E. Cullen (cousin of the bride).

The bride's mother wore a gown of magenta red wool crepe-de-chine, with mastic trimmings, and a small hat in red and yellow. Her posy was of old gold roses. The church was decorated with masses of flowers by friends of the bride, and the service was fully choral. During the signing of the register, "For You Alone" was sung by Mr. Russell Wall. On leaving the church the young couple were met by a guard of honor, formed by members of the Lakemba Royals Vigoro Club, of which the bride was one of the founders and an active member.

A reception was held at the Sciders' Hall, Quigg Street, Lakemba, where a large number of guests were received.

Leaving later, the bride wore a travelling frock of blue crinkled crepe, with a hat of grey fur and a fur necklet to match. Mr. and Mrs. Allan will make their home at Comboyne.

MRS. F. A. DALY, who, before her marriage at St. Mary's Basilica on June 8, was Miss Julia Hannan, of Lidcombe.

—Falk

MRS. W. CURTIS (left), whose marriage was celebrated at St. Mary's Basilica on June 12. She was formerly Miss Marjorie Wallington, of Hurstville. On the right is Miss Millie Wallington, who attended her sister as bridesmaid.

—Falk

Daly—Hannan

Floral decorations of roses and hyacinths made a charming setting for the marriage of Miss Judy (Julia) Hannan and Mr. Frank A. Daly, which was celebrated at St. Mary's Basilica on June 8 by the Rev. Father McElegott, assisted by the Rev. Father J. H. O'Grady, who came over from Melbourne for the ceremony. An added interest was given to the marriage by the singing during the solemnisation of ex-students from St. Mary's Convent of Mercy, Parramatta, of which the bride was a pupil.

The bride is the second daughter of Mr. Daniel Hannan and the late Mrs. Hannan, of Lidcombe, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. F. Daly, of Melbourne.

A picturesque bridal gown of magnolia velvet was worn, the long train composed of silk lace and adorned with sprays of orange blossoms. The veil, of cut tulle, was held in position by a coronet of orange blossoms, and the bridal bouquet was an artistic combination of white hyacinths and orchids.

Miss K. Hannan, sister of the bride, was the only bridesmaid. She was gowned in a soft shade of pale pink ring velvet, with a Dolly Varden hat in the same becoming shade. A floral muff in matching tones made a dainty finish. The best man was Mr. Cyril Dunn.

A reception was subsequently held at Usher's Hotel, where a large number of guests were entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Daly will spend their honeymoon in Papua.

Boylson—Hughes

Ice-blue georgette, beaded in silver and worn with a matching turban, was chosen by Miss Gayner Hughes for her marriage on Saturday, June 10, to Mr. F. C. Boylson. St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, was the scene of the wedding.

The bride is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hughes, of Bondi, and the bridegroom the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Boylson, of Rose Bay. Miss Joan Kennedy, a niece of the bride, was in attendance as bridesmaid, wearing a Kate Greenaway frock of blue georgette with a wreath of flowers.

Following the ceremony, a cocktail party was held at No. 11 Onslow Avenue, where the reception rooms were filled with bowls of yellow, pink and crimson roses.

Lesse—Sharp

Miss Rae Sharp, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Sharp, of Bass Street, South Kensington, was among several dainty brides who selected the evening of Saturday, June 10, for their marriages. Mr. Jack Lesse, eldest son of Mr. Lesse, of Sydney, was the bridegroom, and the ceremony was performed at the Great Synagogue by Rabbi Cohen at 6.30 p.m.

White crinkled crepe was chosen for the wedding gown, which was enhanced by silk trimmings in trained effect. A lovely veil of Honiton lace was caught with orange blossoms, and a sheaf bouquet of white hyacinths and roses with touches of pink made a charming contrast.

The Misses Lily and Nora Sharp, sisters of the bride, were in attendance as bridesmaids. They were frocked in the palest of pink crinkled crepe, with head-dresses of tulle, and carried floral muffs in pink and white. Mr. Fred Searle was responsible for the beautiful bouquets. Messrs. Lewis and J. Sharp, brothers of the bride, were groomsmen.

Guests, who numbered over 150, were afterwards entertained at the Moulin Rouge, in King Street. The mother of the bride wore a frock of black marocain, relieved with pink, and her posy was in autumn tints. The bridegroom's mother was in black satin, with a posy of red roses.

Leaving for her honeymoon, Mrs. Lesse wore a smart black frock, covered with a long coat in black, with linings of white.

Fisher—Wolpert

All Souls' Church, Leichhardt, was chosen for the marriage on Saturday, June 10, of Miss Thelma Wolpert, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wolpert, of Wycombe Avenue, Haberfield, to Mr. J. Harder Fisher, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fisher, of Leichhardt. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. L. P. Parsons.

Against a background of pink and white roses with trails of delicate greenery the bridal group was effectively set off. The bride wore a graceful gown of flesh-colored lace with godets of silk tulle. The sleeves were in the new puffed fashion, finished with ostrich-feather trimming. The veil of rich lace, which was 25 years old, had been lent by Mrs. N. McLean.

Three bridesmaids were in attendance. They were Miss L. Fleming, Miss Marjorie Fisher and Miss Marta Fisher, sisters of the bridegroom. Their frocks were of flesh-colored velvet, worn with rucked hats in the same tone, and their bouquets were of autumn-tinted flowers. Mr. J. Rapp and Mr. J. Collins attended the bridegroom.

A reception was subsequently held at the Masonic Temple, Summer Hill, where about 150 guests were entertained, the bride's mother receiving in a gown of beige, relieved with brown, and carrying a posy of pale pink roses. The mother of the bridegroom wore a frock of violet flat crepe, relieved with velvet.

ENGAGEMENTS

CONGRATULATIONS are pouring in to Miss Kathleen Logue and Mr. Frank J. H. Letters, who have just announced their engagement. Miss Logue is well-known in Sydney as a distinguished violinist, and is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Logue, of "The Crescent," Homebush. The bridegroom-elect is the eldest son of the late Mr. Francis Letters and Mrs. Letters, of Waverley. He is a member of the Bar, and, incidentally, a brilliant exponent of Greek and Latin.

* * *

EVELYN PERRY, who is just nineteen, announced her engagement recently to Dugald Kennedy, of Gilgandra Station. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Perry, of Guanningbar Station, Mullengudgery.

* * *

A COUNTRY engagement of interest just announced is that of Miss Marguerite O'Mara, the pretty youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. O'Mara, of Casino, to Mr. Desmond Dorgan, second son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Dorgan, also of Casino. Both are popular identities in their own district and have many city friends who will be eager to offer congratulations.

ANNE JAMIESON only returned from Europe quite recently, and all her friends are congratulating her on her engagement to Venn Wesche. Anne is the only daughter of Mrs. Sydney Jamieson, of 22 Wolseley Road, Point Piper, and the late Dr. Sydney Jamieson. Her fiance is the only son of Mrs. Gordon Wesche, of Sydney, who is now staying at Goulburn.

—Dayne

Barnett—McKenzie

St. Philip's Church, Church Hill, was the scene on Saturday afternoon, June 10, of the wedding of Miss Amy McKenzie and Mr. Victor Barnett. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Duncan McKenzie and Mrs. McKenzie, of McLeod Street, Mosman, and the bridegroom the youngest son of the late Mr. F. J. Barnett and Mrs. Barnett, of Cremorne.

Frocked in a modish suit of beige wool-de-chine, made with cape over-sleeves tapering to the waist, and a small hat in the same shade, and carrying a shower bouquet in autumn shades, the bride was attended by her sister, Miss May McKenzie. The latter wore a suit of lime-colored wool-de-chine, with a small hat in lime tones touched with brown. Her brown fur necklet and posy in autumn tints made a pleasing contrast. The rector of St. Philip's, Bishop Kirby, officiated.

The mother of the bride wore a frock of black wool-de-chine, covered with a black coat, and a hat to match. Her posy was of autumn leaves and roses. Mrs. Barnett, mother of the bridegroom, wore over her black gown a long coat with a collar in grey fur. Her black hat had touches of white, and her bouquet was in autumn tints.

Mr. W. Monk played "Lohengrin's Bridal March" as the bridal group entered the church, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" at the conclusion of the ceremony. During the signing of the register, Mr. George Nassoor, the operatic artist, sang "Because."

A number of intimate friends were later entertained at the Wentworth.

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The Social Round.

THIS is Yorkshire Prince, who won first prize at the Marrickville Cat Show last week-end. The proud owner is Mrs. J. C. Clark, of Haberfield.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Johnson return to their home in Singapore, whence they journeyed recently to our harbor city, they will leave their two elder children at school here. At present, with their four children they are staying at Park Lane Mansions, where they have given some delightful children's parties.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE Francis Bligh home at Woollahra will not see them again until October. They are at present in London, where they have been joined by daughter Mrs. W. H. Urquhart, and small grandsons, Ian and Derrick. Ian is to be left at school at Horsham in Surrey, but baby Derrick (the "Tiger" in home circles) will return with his mother to their Colombo home.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. RAYMOND LAURIE will take away with her to Ireland happy memories of the tennis party which her friend, Mrs. Gwen Wharton, gave for her at "Wellington," the Woollahra home of Mrs. Wharton's parents, Sir George and Lady Fuller. At the week-end Mrs. Laurie motored with Sir George and Lady Fuller to Bowral to attend Gloria Terry's coming-of-age celebrations.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. J. J. ROUSE is eagerly awaiting the arrival this week of her husband, with his daughter, Mrs. Frank Crane. Mr. Rouse has been enjoying a tour of Europe. Mr. Crane has gone to Melbourne to meet the travellers.

☆ ☆ ☆

FLORENCE COX, who with her husband, Nelson Cox, left Sydney a few years ago to live in Italy, writes from that country of watching the passing of the funeral cortege of our own Bert Hinkler—a solemn and unforgettable scene. Nelson Cox, an analytical chemist, is engaged in his profession with an Anglo-American firm in Florence, and the couple live in Via Tornabuoni, one of the principal streets of the lovely town.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE MISSES Hort-Brown will dodge the rest of the winter, as they are leaving for a tour of the East shortly.

☆ ☆ ☆

THURZA WHITNEY, whose station home is near Woodstock, leaves for England on June 24 in the Otranto. She will be accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Raymond Laurie, who is joining her military husband in Ireland. Lady Maitland, who has been staying with the Whitneys for a fortnight, has now returned to Sydney.

☆ ☆ ☆

SIR WALTER and Lady Leitch (she was Bertha Maine), arrived in Melbourne from England last week and were entertained at a large dinner party. One of the guests was an old friend of Sir Walter—Mr. J. J. Rouse, of Sydney.

☆ ☆ ☆

WARRINGAH HALL, Neutral Bay, was uncomfortably overcrowded by the record attendance at the North Sydney Annual Municipal Ball last Saturday night. But no one minded, as the proceeds go to the Royal North and Mater Misericordiae Hospitals, and there should be plenty of profit this year. Perhaps that was the reason for the won't-wear-off smile worn by the honorary organiser, Mr. Clyde Ferguson.

The Mayor (Ald. Hodgson), and Mrs. Hodgson, entertained a large official party, Mrs. Hodgson choosing white flat crepe. In the party were Mr. Archdale Parkhill and Mrs. Parkhill, Mr. H. L. Primrose, M.L.A., and Mrs. Primrose, General Bertie Lloyd, M.L.A., Mr. E. L. Sanders, M.L.A., and Mrs. Sanders, Commander and Mrs. Spain, Ald. Hill and Mrs. Hill (Mayor and Mayoress of Mosman), Ald. Alcorn and his daughter, Mrs. Gairns (Mayor and Mayoress of Willoughby), Ald. and Mrs. F. Delandro, Ald. and Mrs. Fowle, Ald. and Mrs. Watt, Ald. and Mrs. Middlemiss, Mrs. J. G. Fraser, a visitor from Canada.

Mr. A. C. Russell, secretary to the R.N.S. Hospital, and Mr. Frank Meddows, of the Mater Hospital, both entertained large parties.

What Do You Think of—

Mrs. Curlewis' (Ethel Turner) schoolgirl howler—a bird's eye view is what a bird would see if it went up in a balloon? Lady Bavin's film story which she has sent to Elstree, and to Somerset Maugham? David Game and his four Jonathans? The Rev. Terence Naughton's signet ring and congregation of 1250 at St. Thomas' recently?

and

the absence of Mel Ward's anthropological beard?

MRS. DON BRADMAN must have been pleasantly surprised the other day when Don arrived home with a brand-new frock for her. Admiring it in the window of a city store, Don impulsively walked in to purchase it. And was there rivalry among the girls in the showroom for the privilege of serving the famous batsman? I ask you!

☆ ☆ ☆

NO WONDER Mrs. E. W. Fenner, of Darling Point, has been besieged with organisations to arrange their parties to help many charities. Some time ago Mrs. Fenner asked Mrs. E. Resch, who dwells in the well-known home, "Swifts," at Darling Point, to lend her ballroom for Tuesday's party in aid of the Darling Point branch of the district nurses. Mrs. Resch not only offered her ballroom, but engaged David Jones to cater for the afternoon tea. Mrs. Fenner's efforts met with such success that she had to arrange for an overflow in her own home, and 20 other hostesses made the same effort.

CHARMING DEBUTANTES.

MISS ZOE FOLEY (left), and Miss Jean Edgeworth, who will be debutantes at the annual ball of Bethlehem College Ex-Students' Union, to be held at the State Assembly Ballroom on June 20.

—Dayne Studios.

☆ ☆ ☆

A GROUP meeting of the Clifton Gardens branch of the United Associations took place at the home of Mrs. Leslie Walker, Burrawong Avenue, Cremorne. The meeting was well attended, and an address was given by Mrs. Bradford.

☆ ☆ ☆

DR. FORTUNE, who was Dr. Mead, with Dr. Bateson, was down to see the Macdhui sail on Thursday. Dr. Mead with her husband has recently been studying anthropology in the heart of New Guinea. A number of friends waved their adieu to Mrs. George Aumuller, who left with her husband and two small daughters for their home at Samarai, where Mr. Aumuller is Burns, Philp's manager. Another well-known islander, Mr. Abel, of "Quatto," left by the same ship.

☆ ☆ ☆

DOROTHY IRVINE also left by the Macdhui for Papua, where her home is on the mainland, the nearest port being at the island of Samarai. Her husband, Don Irvine, is Lever's manager on the plantation of Ghilli Ghilli, which is one of the show places of New Guinea. Mr. and Mrs. Irvine entertained the late Governor-General (Lord Stonehaven), and Lady Stonehaven, when they visited Papua, and the Mandated Territory before their departure for Europe.

☆ ☆ ☆

MR. ARTHUR FEEZ and his daughter, Mrs. Henry, have left for Queensland. There they will be the guests of Dr. Cameron, at Merriwa, and later will visit Mrs. Bigge at "Dovercourt," Toowong, Brisbane. Shortly after their return, they intend leaving for England. Admiral and Mrs. Dalgish are installed in Mr. Peez's home at Rose Bay. "Rags and Tatters," the Dalgish twins, are keeping the household alive. Baby and nurse are due from England during the week.

☆ ☆ ☆

DAME ALICE CHISHOLM has gone to stay with her son in the country. Her home in Woollahra has been taken for the time by Dr. A. J. Canny.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. JOHN SPENCER BRUNTON invited a number of friends to a luncheon party at the Rose Bay Golf Club during the week-end.

☆ ☆ ☆

MEMBERS OF the Women's Country Club, of which Mrs. Geo. Irvine is president, are busy with plans for a card party to be held in their rooms, 399 George Street, on June 21. As the proceeds are in aid of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of New South Wales, they are anxious for all interested to make the function a success. On June 27 a musicale will be held at the rooms in aid of the club funds.

MISS SYLVIA KIEL, hon. treasurer of Haberfield Rowing Club Younger Set, who are holding their Annual Dance at The State Assembly, State Shopping Block, Market Street, on Wednesday, June 28.

—Raymond Sawyer

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. N. G. MALLAM will leave for Brisbane shortly. Mrs. Norman Fitzhill is holidaying on the South Coast.

☆ ☆ ☆

MARGARET MERREWETHER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Merrewether, is enjoying a stay at Muswellbrook, where she is the guest of Mrs. Jim White.

☆ ☆ ☆

YOU MUSTN'T miss the Journalists' Ball on July 15, as all the signs and portents indicate it is to be a huge success. The Union Company is lending the Monowai for the occasion. Lady Gordon presided at the inaugural meeting at Government House to make plans for the event. Sir Henry Braddon was elected president, and deputy-presidents are Messrs. L. W. Lodge, T. W. Spencer, and W. P. Tiernan. They are backed up by a fine committee.

☆ ☆ ☆

LADY STOREY presided at the Forum Club reception, arranged last week to enable new members to meet old. Among those who entertained parties were Mesdames J. Tomlinson, G. Threlfal, Iceton Smith, and Bruce Baxter.

ONE WASHING DAY ALICE ALMOST CRIED by Matt Moore

Dirt just soaks out in this extra-creamy lather

THICK extra-creamy suds start piling up the minute Rinso goes into the water. Just see how lively and long-lasting this Rinso lather is. So full of washing power that the clothes need hardly more than a soaking! With only a fraction of the work, you get a whiter wash than ever. Coloured things too, come from the Rinso suds as fresh and bright as when you bought them. Start washing this helpful Rinso way. You'll be delighted to find how quick and safe it is. No more old-fashioned washing-days, once you try Rinso!

A LEVER PRODUCT

Rinso FOR THE FAMILY WASH

Creamier lather . . . more washing power

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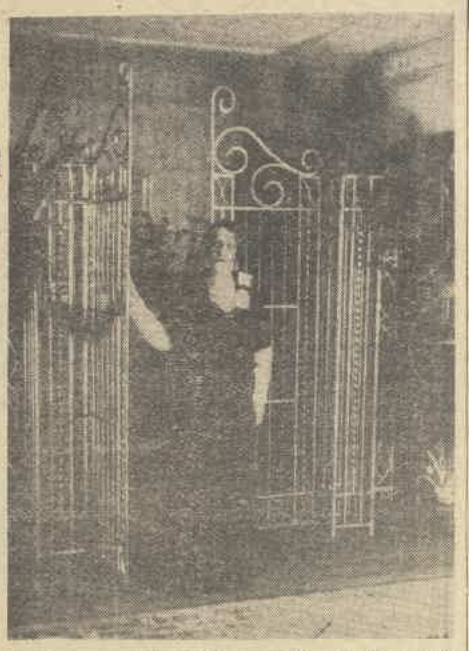
COCKTAILS *at Flat* No. 7

Mrs. C.W. Marsden's Bright Gladswood Party

MRS. C. W. MARSDEN'S guests were invited to a cocktail party at her new flat to celebrate her home-coming, so a policeman had a busy time outside No. 7 Gladswood Gardens regulating the traffic.

A very delightful lounge divided by bronze gates, with cushions and comfy seats in jade burlap of a new shade, hand-weft, was the background. A balcony which jutted out over the blue waters of Double Bay showed electric blue, spangled with lights, and the cocktails were in keeping with the hour.



A charming study of Mrs. C. W. Marsden at the beautiful bronze gates of the lounge.

Delicious drinks of "Pussy Foot" and tomato juice were labelled non-alcoholic. Subtle and potent cocktails were carried to and fro with savories of caviare. An American frozen savory was most appealsome. Thick slices of pale green colored cucumber with a scoop-out which was filled with cream cheese and chopped-up gherkins, the whole so stiffly frozen that it was easily handled.

Mrs. Marsden wore a long frock of black silk with a row of tiny buttons down the front. The black was relieved with a bow of erminette, and cuffs from the wrist to elbow of the same soft material. Her daughter, Mrs. David Morris, wore a gown of lapis blue with a cape of lacquered silk, with capote to match. Everyone was glad to see Lady Sheldon as she had been ill. Her sister, Mrs. Spencer Brunton, looked happy to have her sister in Sydney again.

Mrs. Marsden's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Elwyn Marsden, looked smart in a black faccecloth coat with a caracul collar. Mrs. Hordern, an English visitor, who had travelled out with Mrs. Marsden, wore handsome furs. Mrs. David Cohen and Mrs. Pickburn came on from Mrs. Rodney Dangar's bridge party. Mrs. Sep. Levy was very smart. Lady Fuller, who came with Sir George, hurried away to join her daughter, Mrs. Gwen Wharton.

Among other guests were Sir Kelso and Lady King, who wore a graceful gown of cinnamon; Mrs. Cecil Marsden, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Friend, Mrs. Mylius, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Merewether, Mrs. Angel Money, Mrs. John Brunton (who pinned red roses into her coat's lapel, Dr. and Mrs. Granville Waddy, Dr. and Mrs. Throsby, Mrs. Arthur Street, Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, Mrs. Howard Joseland, Mrs. Arthur Schute, Mrs. Kenneth Niall, of Melbourne, who is the guest of Mrs. John Brunton; Mrs. Ambrose Gaffney, Mrs. John Moering, Mrs. Eric Lawson, Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Morris, Mrs. Keegan, with her sons, Moffitt and John; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lamb, Mrs. Colin Venn and Miss Una Clift; Commander Gifford, Mr. Theo Marks, Dr. Ewan Murray-Will, Dr. Rex Money, Mr. Walter Marks, Mr. Harley Money, and Mr. Tom Brunton.

MRS. A. G. BRETT, a visitor to Sydney from East Malvern, who is staying at the Hotel Bondi.

AUDREY SYKES, of Scone, is due in Sydney to stay with the Thompsons, at Neutral Bay, until her wedding, on June 22, at St. Philip's, Church Hill, to Mr. William Widdis. The wedding reception will be at Petty's.

RANDWICK *WAS* WINTRY

A WINTRY grey sky and a searching wind at Randwick on Saturday last made every woman glad to gather her furs tightly around her and nestle cosily into the high collars which fashion has ordained. Bare necks are no longer modish, so tight up to the throat chokers were very welcome. Many race lovers preferred to be at the last meeting of the King's Birthday races, although polo was a formidable rival at Cobbitty.

Among the habitues at Randwick on the official stand were Mrs. Victor White, who came in a Royal blue hopsack redingote. She wore a small hat of the same material. Mrs. Oliver Osborne looked as smart as usual, and sported a plaid suit of the latest cut, with a vest of absinthe green, which gave it a distinctive note. Her daughter, Daisie, who was with her, wore a beige duvetyn of biscuit tone tailleur. The hat matched her suit.

Mrs. Osborne's daughter, Olma, is still in the country. Her marriage to Bill Gordon is planned for August. Mrs. Spencer Brunton came with her sister, Mrs. C. W. Marsden. Mrs. Brunton's smart top coat was finished with a collar and cuffs of costly caracul. Judge Doyle accompanied his daughter, Mrs. Owen Jones. She chose a black tailleur, which she wore with a bunch of violets. Mrs. Laidley Dowling looked exceedingly modish in a black and white shepherd's plaid, which she wore with white hyacinths. A small black hat worn at a becoming angle completed her outfit.

Mrs. Burleigh defied the piercing wind in a beautiful coat of mink. This fur is very popular at present.

Dress To Match Your Eyes

Worth's precept was seen at its best in Margaret Hagon's toilette. She looked radiant in sapphire blue, which toned to perfection with her deep blue eyes. Her fiance, John Collins, escorted her to the races.

Mrs. P. O. Macnamara, who is well known as the one-time owner of Black Duchess, was clad in a smart top coat and a small black hat to match. Mrs. T. Houston's correct pencil stripe blue tailleur was exceedingly modish. With it she wore a real rose that looked too perfect to be natural. Mrs. Ambrose Gaffney, who is also a lover of roses, had a pink rose pinned on to her blue tailleur. Betty Browne looked dashing in her Melbourne-made race frock of brown and caramel tones, with a velour hat of the same color. Mrs. W. H. Hull's cornelian diagonal cloth was smart. Mrs. Stanley Darr, who was with her, matched tones of brown for her smart race attire. Enid Hull looked up to the minute in a modish mixture of black and white, the shoulder cape being most effective. Her small black hat, with two quills, completed the magpie effect so insisted on by the latest designers of racing garments.

Bridge with Mrs. Rodney Dangar

SUCH a large attendance at "Arlington," Edgecliff Road, this Tuesday, when Mrs. Rodney Dangar, clad in a soft gown of lily of the valley leaf green, and wearing a sheaf of the same flowers, held a bridge party, to help the expenses of the Loan Collection of Antiques. Bright fires made the beautiful rooms cosy!

Tea was served on the verandah around tables laden with charming savories, people chattered with their friends. Lady Game came early. Lady Street was also there. Other players included Lady Julius, Lady Gordon, Lady Barraclough, who wore red roses in her black top coat, Mrs. Langer Owen, Mrs. David Cohen, Mrs. A. J. Warry, Miss Barbara Knox and Claudia Beazley. Mrs. Dangar's newly decorated room was used for the first time. The marine decorations of Mr. Woodward Smith, one of the artists of the new school, were admired when the player was "Dummy." Mrs. Dangar's little daughter, in her velvet frock, had a chum with her, and childlike, took a seen at the party.

POLO AT COBBITTY

A cheery prelude to the big polo matches of next week was the opening at Cobbitty on Saturday of a week's tournament, with the Gilbulla Cup and W. H. Anderson Cup as trophies.

THOUGH the afternoon was showery, some hundreds of women collected to watch the chukkers. During sunny intervals they congregated in groups on rugs or around picnic tables, or parked themselves on the running boards and bonnets of their cars.

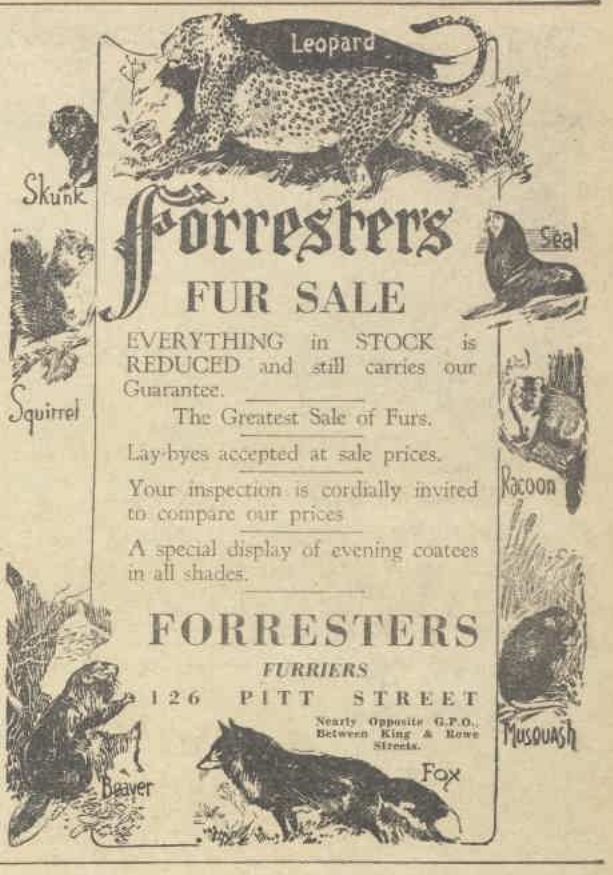
Everyone was warmly wrapped, and some smart spectator sports clothes graced the occasion.

Suzanne Crookston, a simple little black and white check shirt topping her riding outfit, looked the picture of grace, as she fulfilled her duties as linesman for the afternoon. With her red gold hair glinting to the sunshine, she rode up and down the lines in perfect style.

Among others who were in riding kit were Phyllis Skene, who, like Suzanne, is a polo enthusiast. Phyllis acted as groom for her father, Mr. Curtis Skene, and brother Bob, who was hurt during the afternoon in a match between Goulburn and Assamanders. Dinah Hordern brightened her riding outfit with an orange sweater.

Smartest and most sporting of the chapeaux adorning the girls in "mufti" was the little brown skull cap worn by Irene Anderson. Of jockey inspiration, it was appliqued in front in an orange and red design. Worn at a jaunty angle, it made a very swagger finish for Irene's brown tweed outfit. Other well-known people present included Mrs. Douglas Fell, smart in black and white checks, with hat to match; Mrs. James Flynn, wrapped in a black pony coat topped with small black felt; Margaret Burns, with a vermilion felt, giving a vivacious note to her fawn tweed; Nancy McClay, all in black, with black swathed toque.

Mrs. Rupert Downes chose a black jersey suit and black velour. With her was Elizabeth Cape, who topped her brown tweeds with a leather lumber jacket. Mrs. Downes, senior, had a special interest in the play as her son, Newby, played in the Camden team. Mrs. Edgar Downes was accompanied by her daughter Diana. Mrs. Harry See and Joan and Lorraine See. A jaunty red quill flamed from the brown tweed coat which Thelma McMasters added to her brown tweed ensemble.



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The Greatest Sale of Furs.

Lay-byes accepted at sale prices.

Your inspection is cordially invited to compare our prices.

A special display of evening coatees in all shades.

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126 PITT STREET
Nearly Opposite G.P.O., Between King & Rowe Streets.

ROOM WARMING as it Should be

Heat in an instant—as much or as little of it as you might want . . . invigorating sunlike warmth—warmth which soaks into your blood and does not scorch your skin, dry your throat or irritate your eyes . . . a complete absence of that stuffy oppressive atmosphere which is such a characteristic feature of ordinary room heaters . . . a heater which looks cosy, feels cosy and never gives you a moment's trouble.

That is the kind of service a modern gas fire provides—not at a high price, but at a lower cost than other heaters. This cosy fire is so efficient that it will keep an average size room delightfully cosy—even on the coldest night—for as little as 1½d. an hour.

You can light it at the very moment you need it, turn it up or down—just as you want it, and it has nothing to get out of order. It is healthier than other room heaters, because it gives off sunlike, radiant warmth, and it is more hygienic than other room heaters, because it thoroughly ventilates the room.

Special Offer
20/- for fixing—
If house pipes are suitable
Free Fitting
If gas is suitably laid on to fireplace
One deposit only for fire and fixing cost.

Come and see these wonderful fires

They are sold in sizes and styles to suit every kind of fireplace, and you can buy one for as little as 10/- deposit. Prices from £2/10/- upwards.

They are modern; they are attractive; they are clean; they are healthy; they are more economical than other heaters, and once you have used one you will never go back to any other kind of room warmer.

At your service always
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Your 1/- not only covers your entry in this competition, but it gives you

1 TICKET in the N.S.W. GOLDEN CHEST that can win PRIZES VALUED AT £4,000

6 consecutive issues of the "Australian Women's Weekly"

No.	Tangled Letters.	Clue.	Solution.
1	SEIRALO	A seaman.	SAILOR
2	GURM	A kind of strong liquor.	
3	GRRIN	A hoop.	
4	FLOCO	A stupid fellow.	
5	GUBELO	Round like a ball.	
6	KOREE	Smoke.	
7	GOBYEL	A goblin.	
8	PLATS	To strike lightly.	
9	DTMSU	A spot of dirt.	
10	NIKAG	Ruler of a nation.	
11	THOBREP	To perplex.	
12	PROLETT	To flounder about.	
13	BRUSEP	A small bag for money.	
14	EVBIN	Slender stem of a climbing plant.	
15	KINCT	A moment.	
16	FLEATLY	Loyalty.	
17	TREBS	Most excellent.	
18	WASTE	To surfeit.	
19	REPEF	Companion, equal.	
20	DUDLEHM	Confusion.	
21	POGUDY	Fat and short.	
22	MURALA	Noise giving notice of danger.	
23	FFUPH	To swell.	PUFF
24	RALFEG	To glitter.	
25	PANEL	A narrow street.	

The tangled letters when arranged in their right order make a word, the meaning of which is given in the centre column, but in each case there is one letter left over, e.g., with No. 1, SEIRALO, if you dropped the E you could arrange the other six letters to form the word SAILOR, meaning "A Seaman"; in the same way No. 23 is "Puff." Treat all the words in this way and attach the solution to the coupon given below.

CONDITIONS

The first prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the solution with the most words correct. A second prize of £75, third £25, and the other 90 cash prizes will be given to those with the next nearest correct solutions.

In the event of more than one having the correct solution the judges (who will be the Governing Director of the Goldberg Advertising Agency Ltd. and the Editor of the "Australian Women's Weekly") will make an award, and may add the first, second and third prize money together and divide it between those with the correct solution. Only one entry allowed from each household.

Each entry must be accompanied by a 1/- Postal Note and a stamped addressed envelope.

The judges' decision will be final and legally binding.

No correspondence will be entered into and no interviews granted either during or after the competition.

The correct solution has been placed in the Safe Deposit in the vaults at the Bank of New South Wales and will be opened in the presence of the judges.

Entries from this paper must be received by July 14th.

Results in "Australian Women's Weekly" on July 20th.

Neatness will not be taken into consideration in this competition.

£500 in Cash!	
1st	£250
2nd	75
3rd	25
5 at £10	50
10 at £5	50
25 at £1	25
50 at 10/-	25
Total	£500

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POST THIS FOR A FORTUNE

The Competition Editor,
"Australian Women's Weekly,"
Desk WW 2,
Box 3555 RR, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

I want to share in the £500 in cash prizes and to win prizes valued at £4,000 in the Golden Chest.

Here is my entry for the Tangled Letters Puzzle with a Postal Note for 1/- and a stamped addressed envelope. I agree to accept the judges' decision as final and legally binding.

I understand that I am entitled to a ticket in the Golden Chest (which can win prizes with a guaranteed cash value of £4,000) and also six copies of the "Australian Women's Weekly" which you are offering.

NAME .....

STREET .....

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Dyes BRIGHTEN *the* Home

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR

One begins dyeing with thoughts of economy in mind, but although the dye-pot will save you pounds a year, it is the enjoyment that can be derived from dyeing which gives it its real thrill. Since economy is even more important than thrills, however, let us begin with the money - saving aspects.

Change the Color of Your Curtains.

CONSIDER the matter of draperies for your rooms. You want a certain shade of color, and, either you find it difficult to procure, or the price too high for you to pay. Why not buy some unbleached muslin, or some other material, at a few pence per yard, dye it yourself, and so solve your problem. You'll be surprised at the extent to which you can brighten and renovate your home for just a few shillings.

The dye-pot is the "open sesame" to a magical and practical change to the appearance of the whole house. The curtains, table covers, bedspreads, pillow cases, and other draperies of the respective rooms can all be made delightfully harmonious.

Dyeing is a process that should not be undertaken without careful preparation. Experience teaches that a spoiled article is poor compensation for twopence or threepence saved.

You want a fast, permanent dye, so use a boiling dye, preferably a soap dye. Follow strictly the directions given by the makers of the soap dye.

One of the greatest advantages of soap dye is that it cleans the cotton, silk, wool or mixed goods, thus preparing them to receive the dye. The soap softens the fabric, opens it up so that the dye penetrates and gives a brilliant, even, lasting color, unobtainable with other dyes.

Most women know that there are materials to-day which are neither silk, wool nor cotton. In the manufacture they have been through certain processes which make it necessary to treat them differently when dyeing.

Materials such as Rayon, Celanese, Art Silk, Pongee Silk, Shantung, Double Fuji, etc., need special treatment. The makers of the leading soap dyes are including instructions in their packages of dye for the treatment of materials which will not give satisfactory results in the ordinary way.

Always weigh your material before dyeing. Be sure that you have sufficient dye in the bath for the weight of material to be dyed. If you wish to match a color dye a sample of the material first with dye from the bath you intend to use. Then follow the regular directions. When your quantity of material is too great to dye all at one time, prepare additional duplicate dye baths. Be sure to use exactly the same proportions of dye, salt, and water to work in the same time and at the same temperature.

A fascinating feature in connection with dyeing is the blending of colors or shades to obtain the particular hue that you require. You may desire a particular color in which the dye is not made, but which probably can be obtained by blending.

Many chemists have direction booklets on blending and color harmony which give a collection of hundreds of beautiful blends.

Never be lured away with the idea that you can get satisfactory results from dyeing with a cold water process. It simply cannot be done and any chemist will tell you so.

Numerous complaints are received from those who have been misled in the belief that there is a simple, easy, cold water method of dyeing—just a matter of dipping the material in and taking out and the job is done. It is an entirely false idea.

Tinting is not dyeing. Tinting is mostly done when lighter shades are required, but it has not the permanence of the result from boiling dye. However, excellent results can be achieved by using a household boiling dye for tinting. Use the cake of dye, on the principle of the bluebag. Tie it in a piece of cheesecloth, attached to a long piece of string, and tint hot water to the required shade.

Clothes can be re-dyed, and made over for children, and many a piece of material taken from an old skirt, suit, or overcoat can be made to look like new with the aid of a home dye. Children can be smartly dressed in "last year's" frock with this year appearance, through a judicious use of the dye-pot.

GIRL CHEMIST

A NEW department has recently been opened at St. Luke's Hospital in the form of an up-to-date dispensary complete with all modern equipment.

This new department is in the charge of Miss Doris Coombe, an Australian girl educated at the Sydney High School, who has had wide experience in pharmaceutical chemistry since 1925.

Miss Coombe has successfully carried on her own business as a suburban chemist for the past three years, and, apart from this, has done a considerable amount of relieving work and dispensing at many pharmacies, and also at hospitals, throughout the State.

The dispensary was not planned as a profit-making concern, but will be run entirely for the benefit of the patients.

Finding the mystery couple will be an added charm to the dancers at the masked, plain and fancy dress ball that the Northbridge Branch of the Royal North Shore Hospital Auxiliary Service League has arranged to take place at the Masonic Hall, Northbridge, this Saturday. Mrs. J. T. Pattinson is president of the committee.

BRANCH NEWS

Country Women's Association

Members of the Leeton branch of the Country Women's Association are hoping to open a baby health centre next month. The district hospital is going to lend a nurse, and the centre will be situated in the branch rest room.

Evans' head branch, in addition to looking after the new seaside home which has been established there for tired mothers, is helping the Nimbin C.W.A. Hospital.

Artistic Exhibition

Delicacy of subject, line, and colors characterises the work of Ida Rentoul Outhwaite, which is at present being exhibited at Anthony Hordern's Fine Art Gallery.

Of the 45 water-colors which are all on "faery" subjects, pastel pinks, greens, and blues are mostly used, the blues and greens of "The Treasure," and "Nightfall" being particularly lovely, and the yellow of "Wattles" exquisite. Three pen and ink drawings are also included in the display.

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Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE Pattern

WX11.—Frock of printed velvet with cape fastening at back, and skirt with one-sided effect. Material required: Three and five-eighths yards 36in. and three-quarters yard 36in. for cape. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yards. Paper pattern, 1/1.

WX12.—Frock of wool-de-chene with magyar sleeves of printed velvet and flared skirt. Material required: Three and one-eighth yards 36in. and one and three-eighths yards 36in. for sleeves, and three-quarters yard 36in. for sleeve lining. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. Width at hem, two and a half yards. Paper pattern, 1/1.

WX13.—Small girl's coat of flannel with inverted pleats. Material required: One and three-quarter yards 36in. To fit 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. Paper pattern, 9½d.

WX14.—Frock with pieced sleeve and back fastening. Material required: Four and three-eighths yards 36in. and one yard 48in. fur fabric for sash and sleeve pieces. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. Paper pattern, 1/1.

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly at the prices indicated.

Inquiries and letters regarding the pattern service should be addressed to the Pattern Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney; or Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon and stamp for postage you will receive a Free Pattern of the frock illustrated above. Address requests to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4088W, Sydney.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Pattern Coupon, 17/6/1933.

WX15—Hat of velvet with stitched brim. Material required: Half yard of 36in. To fit 22in. head. Other sizes, 21, 21½, and 22½ inch head. Paper pattern, 1/1.

WX16.—Small girl's muff and cape of fur fabric. Material required: Three quarters yard 48in. fur fabric. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4, 6-8, and 8-10 years. Paper pattern, 9½d.

THE DOUBLE-BREASTED BODICE of the free pattern is darted at the waist and shoulder to ensure a good fitting line. The neck is finished with an attractive roll collar of contrasting silk. Slim-fitting sleeves and a six-gored skirt complete this very attractive frock, which may be made from a large variety of fabrics.

TWO'S COMPANY

(Continued from Page 6)

DINAH shivered and looked through the bushes to where the others were standing and saw him take the girl's hand and look earnestly down into her face. Then she turned and ran unseeingly along the path.

She was never quite clear as to what happened after that, and when she became conscious of her surroundings she found the hush of evening had fallen on the bush. No sound of voices broke the stillness. No warmth seeped through the thick scrub. Only the dim, remote silence of a winter twilight . . .

Mechanically she buttoned her collar closer round her throat, and hugged her knees tighter while she surveyed her crumbling world. No more running down from the office to find Nigel waiting for her in the street. No more days on the sunny beaches. No more dear chocolates bought for one who was dearer . . .

A man must follow the dictates of his heart, Nigel had said.

"Nigel!" she whispered. "Nigel!"

Resting her arms on her knees she laid her head on them and gave herself up to the desolation sweeping over her. The world was void through which the sound of approaching steps echoed emptily. Suppose this were a tramp who would kill her? Well, she did not greatly care, for life was not so desirable that she should seek to prolong it. She lifted her head and saw the last brightness of the setting sun gleam ruddily through the trees and waited silently for the ordeal ahead.

"Dinah. Thank God!"

She sprang to her feet.

"I've been searching for you for hours!" Nigel went on in a slightly injured voice. "What on earth do you mean by giving me such a fright. You'll catch your death of cold sitting here in those thin things." His voice was stern now, and authoritative, like a man following the dictates of his sex and being strong and masterful.

"What does it matter if I do?" she answered. "No one would miss me!"

"I should!" he told her. "And for goodness' sake don't be theatrical. I've had worry enough searching for you!"

"Did Sheila say you could come back and look for me?" she inquired, nastily.

"I didn't ask her!" he answered. "She's back in town long ago. She had a date with her own young man, and hailed a passing car soon after tea and drove to the train in it."

Dinah blinked, wondering, had she already been killed, and, if this were a dream of Paradise.

"But what about the things you said in the bush!" she murmured, "that she was the only woman you would ever love . . ."

"I'm her leading man in next Saturday's play, you little fool!" he told her when he had stopped laughing. "A married man, no less, who pours out the story of his thwarted life at a picnic. Sheila's going away for nearly a week to-morrow, and this was our only chance of rehearsing our lines together. . ."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" Dinah laughed.

"Because you were so dashed disagreeable, you little vixen," he answered.

"If you'd only kept with us after lunch you would have known all about it, although we shouldn't have wanted you at the actual rehearsal, because we can do better without an audience. But Gosh, Di, you've given me a ghastly fright!"

It was heavenly walking together along the dim road with Nigel's coat on to keep her warm, and his arm close about her. Dinah wondered if he could hear her heart singing.

"I'm sorry I've been such a beast!" she said, humbly.

"Flattered, I'm sure!" he returned, "because there's no jealousy where there is no love!"

And she let it go at that.

WISE WORDS FROM HER "BABY SISTER"

by "STEVE"

What's the sensible thing to do about "B.O."? (Body Odour)

TAKE CHANCES? Trust to luck you won't offend? NO! "B.O." (*body odour*) is too serious to trifle with. It's too easy to be guilty and not know it—especially in overheated, stuffy rooms. Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It's *different* from ordinary toilet soaps—looks different, smells different, *acts* differently. Its clean, refreshing, quickly vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Its rich, searching lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—effectively stops "B.O."

Be sure you do get LIFEBUOY

No substitute can give you real protection.

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Plan at Paling's. Prices: 6/, 4/, 2/.
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Will you be one of the happy throng at Sydney's happiest revel?

2nd ANNUAL MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY MASQUERADE BALL

Blaxland Galleries—June 20

SURPRISE NOVELTIES AND EXCEPTIONAL ENTERTAINMENT. DANCING TILL 2 A.M.

Tickets at State Shopping Bureau, Prince Edward, Empire, and leading theatres. Bookings, ring M 2231 (Mr. Chapman).

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Latest Shows

By a Woman In the Audience

"THE MIDDLE WATCH"

SYDNEY evidently is in the mood for light theatrical fare, for the Seyler-Hannen Company's neglect during the runs of "The Breadwinner" and "Escape" seems to be a thing of the past now that Ian Hay's farcical comedy has made its appearance.

The honors definitely go to the men, with the exception of Athene Seyler, who (although minus the American accent generally used) is always entrancingly vivacious, especially in her pyjamas. Margery Caldicott carries off "Aunt Charlotte" satisfactorily, but the girls are no better than can be found on Sydney's amateur stage, and are unbecomingly frocked and coiffured.

Nicholas Hannen's part fits him like a glove, and George Benson's "Ogg" and John Longden's naval man are also life-like studies. Nobody pretends that the play is anything but a farce, and the action moves at top speed, with continual little screams of excitement from the audience.

— Criterion.

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"TO-NIGHT IS OURS"

THE "eternal triangle," though it lacks for the principals an undercurrent of tangled emotions, leaves with the audience the age-old doubt in "To-night is Ours." Claudette Colbert, as the queen of a mythical—and turbulent—kingdom, fortuitously widowed from an appalling spouse, succumbs to the charms of a handsome stranger, Fredric March, as disclosed in a few brief weeks of riotous living in Paris.

Recalled, on the eve of their marriage, to the rigors of her sovereignty, Claudette finds herself, for reasons of state, affianced to a neighboring ruler. In this role Paul Cavanaugh presents so noble a front—and handsome a face—that, though Claudette eventually retains both her kingdom and her Parisian love, one is assailed with the aforesaid doubt.

The dialogue throughout is indisputably Noel Coward's. That of the final scenes, in which Alison Skipworth affords a "bas relief" to the heart throbs of Claudette and Fredric March, is utterly delightful.

Mel Lawton's presentation of "Art in Taps" contains such bright entertainment value as to render the somewhat laborious screen introduction of an explanatory nature entirely superfluous.

— Prince Edward.

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"LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT"

HOW marvellous it would be to be a woman gaol-bird (men convicts, however, are liable to be unnecessarily shot) is lesson one of "Ladies They Talk About," for unless a girl indulges in a vulgar brawl, she has the most exciting clothes, companions, accommodation, and other luxuries.

Lesson two is that Barbara Stanwyck is a very attractive actress, for, when aided and abetted by Preston Foster, she can make an ordinary scenario into an interesting film.

Unfortunately, the film ends at a very intriguing moment, for, after a series of misunderstandings, the she-crook and the he-reformer are about to marry, and what fun an account of their home life would be! On the same bill is "Let Me Explain, Dear!" which is one of the few farces which really do get one under the seat. It contains Gene Gerard and Claude Hulbert, and goes with the correct zip throughout.

— Capitol.

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"HONI SOIT"

To those who have been to the Folies Bergeres, Ernest Rolls' conception of a French production as expressed in "Honi Soit" will recall vivid memories. To those who have not, it purveys impressions that have only the barest foundation in fact.

Despite its recurrent vulgarity, an evening at "Honi Soit" presents rollicking humor and vivid contrast. In the latter respect, Colin Crane scores a veritable triumph in his dramatic presentation of "La reve passe," holding spell-bound an audience that, a few minutes before, has rocked with laughter at the merry quips of Charles Norman and Chic Arnold.

Charles Norman combines the agility of an eccentric dancer with the good looks of a matinee idol, and Chic Arnold ably abets him in some lively patter.

Rene Riano's tongue is equally nimble, and, with her grotesque facial gestures, her performance is such that even her fellow artists are hard put to restrain their mirth.

L'Etoile and Laurence contribute a display of adagio dancing so delightfully artistic as to leave the audience clamoring for more. Byrl Walkly, Rae Fischer and Cecil Scott (of "Sentimental Bloke" fame) are others on a programme that roused ringing applause.

—Royal.

JOAN CRAWFORD

DIVORCEE!

JOAN CRAWFORD'S example in divorcing her husband (Douglas Fairbanks, Junior) has now been followed by Mae Murray, who has filed a suit for divorce from Prince Mdivani.

The Prince thus figures in the divorce court for the second time. His marriage with Pola Negri was very brief.

Janet Gaynor is also one of the lonely ones. She was parted from her lawyer husband very recently.

Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Valle have been divorced since January.

Spotlight

PRIDE came after, instead of before, a fall for Richard Arlen. Crashing from a motor cycle outside the Paramount Studios, he not only "saw stars" in the accepted sense of the term, but found himself on the road to stardom; for a casting director cast a discerning eye through Richard's bandages and allotted him a minor part.

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THOUGH she subsequently achieved wide fame as an exponent of that elusive quality exploited—or should we say interpreted?—by Elinor Glyn as "It," Clara Bow owes her chance to her appearance not to her personality. She was given a minor part after winning a beauty contest.

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BILL BOYD would appear to be a man of many parts—as well as roles. A grocery store, a motor garage, an oil well, and an orange grove, each figured in the vivid past of this versatile star. His first appearance on the screen was in "Why Change Your Wife?" Maybe he could answer that question, too, but a more apt title would surely have been "Why Change Your Life?"

"TELL ME TO-NIGHT"

IT does rather sicken one to take the words out of the publicity man's mouth so utterly, but one admits here and now that this critique is to be an unmitigated eulogy of the most extravagant superlatives, and that the subject is almost worth it.

Jan Kiepura, a famous tenor, has a cruelly efficient publicity-manager, so runs away to a country town, collecting an engaging confidence man en route. Here he is thrilled when the villagers take his companion for himself, and gives himself over to the simple life. Jan very kindly uplifts his beautiful voice at frequent intervals, obviously because that is how he feels. Magda Schneider is a natural beauty and really "different," and the pair of them make the happiest of lovers.

Sonnie Hale, the confidence man, Edmund Gwenn, the Mayor, Athene Seyler, his wife, and "Non-Stop Sarah" are excellent comic supports. The photography is gorgeous, and the director has put individuality into the production.

"Her First Affair," on the same programme, is a comedy with various bright moments, but on the whole, irritating, because the heroine is half-witted, and the best-seller hero (and his idolators) will insist in giving the most deadly quotations of his completely boring and bromidic ideas.

— Mayfair.

New STAR in the FILM SKY *Now!*

Dorothy Wilson— A New Type With New Ideas 'n Everything!

Here is a new star on the horizon—a meteor, but she has come to stay. She is tiny—just over five feet of charming femininity forms the link between her dainty feet and "wind - tossed" shingle. Her teeth are simply marvellous, though they were a constant source of discomfiture in her not-so-far-distant school days. Her teacher had a disconcerting habit of calling her out before the class.

THERE were no extravagant gestures, no bizarre fads, not even a tongue-twisting, foreign-sounding name to focus attention upon her.

Her gestures consisted of punching the keys of a typewriter at the R.K.O. Studios. She has a weakness for Anatole France's novels, and her name is just Dorothy Wilson. That's all!

When one reviews Dorothy's past it is difficult to state exactly what it was that drew the directorial eye upon her. Maybe it was her flair for talking business with men, for it affords her the keenest entertainment to lend a sympathetic ear to the harassed man of affairs.

That, however, is mere surmise. The fact is that she finds herself with a large contract and an income that provides a very, very pleasing contrast to her erstwhile pay envelope.

Her tastes are very simple, and she views her sudden access to fame with a dispassionate gaze.

She is tiny—only five and a half feet, of charming feminity forms the link between her dainty feet and "wind - tossed" shingle. Her teeth are simply marvellous, though they were a constant source of discomfiture in her not-far-distant school days. Her teacher had a disconcerting habit of calling her out before the class as an example to others less careful of their dentines.

Directors are planning to make Dorothy a second Janet Gaynor. Dorothy is planning to buy herself an Irish setter, to do plenty of riding (she dearly loves a horse), and to travel, first stop, Tahiti.

A CLOSE-UP of Dorothy's very charming smile presents a complete contrast to the demure little lass in riding-kit while she snatches a brief respite on location.

But it looks as though many moons will come and go before Dorothy puts luggage labels on her ports. Directors are vieing with one another to secure her for their pictures, a fact which speaks volumes for her future.

Dorothy played her first roles in "The Great Decision" and "Lucky Devils"—very appropriate titles, surely, for this Cinderella of the cinema. Now she is playing lead for Tom Keen's "Scarlet River," at the completion of which she will play a leading role in "The Great Jasper" with Richard Dix.

It is rumored that her subsequent ventures will bring her to the silver-screen with such notabilities as Ann Harding and Lionel Barrymore.

From the directors to the property men, the entire studio is agog with excitement, while the cause of all the stir just smiles serenely, taking each day as it comes, preferring to spend her spare time seeking fresh places rather than strange faces, no matter how eulogistic their comments may be.

Despite her success, Dorothy still drinks butter milk in preference to a gin-sling, and hangs etchings rather than paintings on her wall. And perhaps her level-headed acceptance of the new avenues that have suddenly opened up before her will prove an even more vital factor in her future than the fickle favor of the crowd.

KING NEPTUNE, who, under the guidance of Walt Disney, accompanied "Cavalcade" during its triumphant career at the State, and is now with that film at the Plaza, says that although "nobody takes any notice of him," he is very amusing, and only overshadowed.

— Plaza.

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"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

THIS picture is just what the doctor ordered for those who have a blood-and-thundery melodramatic taste, and who dote on stupendous spectacles, and is the perfect cough-drop for those who dislike early A.D. women with bobbed hair and an American twang, and over-abundant lions, gladiators, Christian slaves, Emperors, and other forms of primitive life with a capital L (or do I mean P?).

— Empire.

A SEXTET of dainty ballet girls from the talkie revue, "42nd Street."

LITTLE THEATRES

"BY playing a popular type of show and catering for their patrons' taste," Little Theatre, opposite the Southern Cross Theatre, in Military Road, Neutral Bay, which has presented through the King Komedy Komedians a new production each month, playing every Saturday for eighteen months, fills every one of its hundred and twenty seats. The moving spirits in the theatre are Roland Ashton, producer and director; Vincent Maddocks, comedian and playwright; and James Evans Wardel, who designs the costumes.

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ON Saturday afternoon last, at the Emerson Hall, Liverpool, opposite the War Memorial, the second of the annual drama contests organised by the Junior Theatre League commenced.

The contest will be continued for the next six weeks each Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and will provide an ideal winter afternoon's entertainment for young folk. From fairy plays to tense drama each item was excellently played. The latter mood was portrayed by Sumner Locke Elliot by a play of his own authorship entitled "Storm," a piece of realistic dramaturgy quite on a par with the best traditions of one-acters. The author, incidentally, is only a little over fourteen!

Cash prizes and trophies are being competed for, and the plays are being presented by groups ranging from "tiny tots" to "all boys" or "all girls" up to 18 years. The finals, it is expected, will be held in St. James Hall.

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SIMPLICITY of plot and emotional values are all very well, but "My Sweetheart," the old musical play, made famous through association with the name of Minnie Palmer, and revived by Mr. Scott Alexander (who himself for many years played the part of Toni), at the Repertory Theatre, Kent Street, Saturday (June 3), and billed again for this Saturday, is farcical melodrama of the purest type, if taken literally.

Regarded, however, as a fossil, as it were, or curio of the past, this production has much of interest, and tells a simple story easily and amusingly.

Toni, the young man who leaves his rustic sweetheart and peaceful farm life for the gay city and the charms of a vamp, is gracefully portrayed by William Gates, while Virginia Coyle is an attractive little "sweetheart" with a pleasant, if tiny, voice.

Others who do good work are Eddie Finn as Mr. "Dash It All," Ethel Gabriel, as Tina's mother, and the villain and the vamp, played by Gilbert Unsworth and Daphne Winslow, respectively.

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BERYL BRYANT is very proud of her pupil, Audrey Nicholson, who, with Betty Suttor, played a small part in "Escape." Audrey is working at her dramatic work very seriously, refusing many invitations on its account. Both she and Joan Hannam plan to visit England as soon as possible.

After a season, during which plays have been produced every Saturday, Bryant's Playhouse will close for a short space, with the exception of a performance of Pinero's "Enchanted Cottage," which will be given on June 20 in aid of the Bush Book Club. Then rehearsals will be started for Sutro's "Uncle Anyhow." Bryant's Playhouse will, in future, have a membership basis.

Formerly, the same group of actors was required for nearly every production, and as they are nearly all of the age which goes to parties, rehearsals were sometimes unwelcome.

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The Siren

(Continued from Page 11)

"YOU," he nodded to indicate the man, "clear off!"

The unpleasant-looking figure advanced a pace and eyed Jack with small malevolent eyes. "Oh, yeah, an' s'pose I don't?"

Ignoring the question, Sunley approached the girl.

"I'll see you safely home if you like, miss," he offered, nervously.

She smiled gratefully and murmured: "Thank you if you will. I'm rather afraid of this dark street."

* * *

SUNLEY'S world was changed for ever by that trusting smile, and for a few seconds he stood staring foolishly at what he knew, in blinding revelation, to be the concrete embodiment of the life's dreams of a lonely man.

He was aroused by the snarling voice of the undesirable who was the primary cause of the affair.

"Seems ter me I'm in the way!" he sneered. "The dame's sure took a shine ter you, Big Boy."

The innuendo was apparently unheeded by the girl, but as venomous amplification followed, Sunley cut it abruptly short. A right jab smashed full into the twisting mouth and the fellow reeled backwards, to be saved from falling by the wall, against which he leaned dazedly.

"Oh, you needn't have done that!" cried the girl in swift pity. Sunley looked at her with a man's amazement at such wasted emotion.

"He's only got what he's been askin' for!" he responded, "and'll get some more if he doesn't clear out."

To his surprise, the victim laughed with vicious mirthlessness.

"I'll get yer, yer big boob, but not that way! I'll get yer good an' plenty in me own time, an' right where it'll do most good. Aye, yer can laugh now, but I'll sure have the last laugh, even if yer never know it——"

"Please leave him, and come away," sobbed the girl. "I'm frightened!"

Her hand rested for a compelling second on Jack's arm, and the light touch thrilled through his big body as obediently he turned.

"All right, miss. There's nothing ter be scared of an' we'll go now!"

They walked away together, leaving the tough to waste vague threats, and fervent curses on the unheeding night.

The rest of the brief adventure was a medley of delights in Sunley's memory when an hour later he found himself back in his hotel bedroom. "Joe's place," his original destination, was entirely forgotten.

Out of the roseate mist stood sharp and clear one stupendous and glorious certainty. She was divine.

She was the end of desire in the beginning of romance. She was alone in a world of women. Goddess, queen, and shy little maiden.

He had seen her to her door and through her timid gratitude had coaxed a promise that she would meet him next day. No; to-day, in a few hours.

It would be the greatest day of his life, starting from noon when he would meet her. And her name was Magda Grey.

He repeated the music of the two words that stood for her over and over again; foolishly, fondly, and with the reverence of the mature man lover who has known no other love.

When at last sleep came to him, there was blazing on his heart the new-lit beacon of a great hope.

Not at all did he consider the snarled, threat of a weakling to have the last laugh. Yet the strength of weakness is ever dangerous . . .

Noon came in the tortoise manner of Judgment Day. Minutes were hours and at half-past eleven Sunley was standing outside the post office at the crossing of Granville and Hastings Streets, which was the prosaic trysting place.

During the succeeding half-hour he experienced the heights of hope and depths of despair in sweeping rushes of uncertainty. During the ages of those thirty minutes he saw her at least a dozen times in the distance, and was on each occasion cast into the Slough of Despond when the slight figure came near enough to prove him mistaken.

In short, Jack Sunley was undergoing all the agonies that love can inflict when her voice sounded softly from behind him:

"I'm not late, am I?"

Immediately the sombre buildings became palaces of fairyland, even as the greasy pavement was a floating silver cloud, far from grimy earth.

She smiled adorably as Sunley glanced at the cheerful dial of the clock and said gravely: "Exactly two minutes."

They both laughed, as only happy youth can, for the mere joy and sound of it.

"And now," suggested Sunley, "how about a real good dinner. Chicken, plum pudding, an' down to cheese? It seems years since I had one that didn't taste of salt-cask!"

(Continued on Page 40)

MOTHERS and YOUNG WIVES

Every mother or mother-to-be should read this column. It will contain invaluable medical advice, written by a well-known doctor, upon every phase of motherhood and baby welfare.

"CANCER HOUSES"

WHEN wives are inspecting new houses in which to move, they are sometimes disturbed by the knowledge that one, or perhaps two, previous tenants have had cancer. There is a superstition that a house may be a "cancer house." More than one reference has found its way into various medical papers in the past few weeks concerning "cancer houses." The current "Lancet" tells of still another medical effort to lay the ghost of this story, "a hardy perennial," as it is called.

The theory is often advanced by non-medical people that certain houses must have a cancer risk because a number of people inhabiting them have died from cancer.

The French Academy of Medicine has just had a report presented to it concerning the city of Lyons, a report which investigated the cancer deaths there over a period of 20 years. Of the 23,000 odd cancer cases recorded as many as 18,000 had occurred in houses in which there had never been a cancer-death before.

Of the remaining 5000, almost 4000 occurred in houses where there had been only one other cancer death in the 20 years. A very few houses at the end of the list produced more than one cancer-death, one going up to eight.

The evidence is against there being anything in the "cancer-house" theory, other than coincidence. It would indeed be a most remarkable thing if every new case of cancer had to come from a house where such an event had never been known before.

EGGS FOR BABY

THERE is sometimes a fear of giving baby anything to do with egg. The writer has seen babies, artificially fed, who have begun on eggs before six months. At weaning time, however, the mother (with the approval of the doctor concerned) need not fear to give a little fresh egg.

It is quite a good idea to begin with a drop or two of the yolk in milk, and increase drop by drop till, in a few weeks, or even less, the little child is taking one egg spread over the day's meals. Some authorities do not like this to be done more than two or three days a week.

Many babies, however, have done well with one almost every day. Eggs are particularly rich in most of the vitamins, and are probably the most valuable concentrated food mankind has. It is only fair to add that some few people are particularly susceptible to eggs, and cannot take them.

REST

ANOTHER point that has been coming up for discussion of late has been the subject of rest, as it affects the school-child. Authorities are getting alarmed at the lack of sleep from which the average school-child suffers. Some schools overseas have actually arranged for the little kiddies in the kindergarten classes to have a midday sleep, in fine weather, in the open air.

Children of twelve should have a good deal more sleep than they usually obtain, someone said the other day, and even children of sixteen seem deprived of the advantages that long bed-hours give.

It is interesting to recall that in parts of Germany, towards the end of the War, some mothers used to put their children to bed at four in the afternoon and keep them there till eleven in the morning. The idea was that when the body is at rest it does not require nearly as much food as when it is working.

A growing child needs food firstly to enable it to grow, and secondly to replace the food it uses when exercising. By limiting the exercise, the German parents were able partly to make up for the food-deficiency caused by the War food-shortage.

Rest is good for all of us. We don't get enough.

Rest is a fine thing for a growing child. And for all of us.

Few operations are caused by accidents—fewer still by unavoidable maladies—the majority of operations are necessary because of NEGLECT.

Neglect CONSTIPATION—"the mother of all diseases"—and all sorts of serious results may follow. Women in particular take serious risks by neglecting to correct a simple (an apparently unimportant) irregularity.

A SIMPLE HABIT.

A very simple method of correcting this serious complaint is to take a small dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water each morning.

Schumann's Salts are made from the most active ingredients found in the natural Mineral Spring Waters or Spas in Europe. After a few doses of this solution you will notice an immediate improvement in condition. Why not rid your system of deadly poisons by following this simple yet very effective remedy?

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts are made from the most important active ingredients found in the natural Mineral Spring Waters or Spas in Europe. Thousands of people who go to Europe "take the Waters" for CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, and URIC ACID COMPLAINTS.

You, too, can be relieved of CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, SLUGGISH LIVER and all URIC ACID COMPLAINTS by taking a small dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a tumbler full of warm water—first thing in the morning.

Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts

The Greatest Uric Acid Solvent Known to Medical Science

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Purifies but does not purge

Definitely refuse substitutes

PROBLEMS of LIFE

By "The Matron"

EVERYONE who lives meets much the same problems. Many readers of this fascinating column of Life's Problems will find them hauntingly familiar. And yet—how did yours end? Every reader of The Australian Women's Weekly who has a problem to face and solve is invited to submit it to us for helpful, frank advice. While The Australian Women's Weekly will help with the utmost sincerity and good faith, it cannot, of course, accept any responsibility.

A Man Inquires

WOULD YOU HELP a "mere male" whose sisters take your paper? I am 20 and a mechanic. Three nights a week I attend classes with a view of becoming a civil engineer. I have a girl of whom I am very fond. We have kept company for the last year, but now she is restive, and thinks I should make time to see her more often. I have told her my study will enable me to give her a better home. She is always complaining that I give more thought to my books than I do her.—Jack.

You must not neglect your studies for a petting party. After all, it is to her interest that you should succeed. Talk seriously to her, and tell her that your ambition is as much for her as it is for yourself. She will see your point of view, if she is the sensible Australian girl I feel sure she is.

Newlywed's Trouble

"MY FIRST DINNER party approaches—rather a formal affair on account of my husband's position. Should I shake hands with all the guests I know, on arriving and when leaving."—"Bride."

No. After greeting the host and hostess, shake hands with any of your friends who are near. Just nod and smile at those farther away. Shake hands when wishing the host and hostess good-bye, and say something to the effect, that you have enjoyed yourselves, or it has been a delightful evening. If you can do so without any commotion, shake hands with friends who are near. Otherwise, just bow.

QUICK SERVICE DEPARTMENT

COMPLETE and practical answers will be given to all questions relating to the home, business, sport and general matters. More personal and intimate queries will be dealt with under "Problems of Life." Involved questions will, of course, take longer to investigate.

Every effort, however, will be made to live up to the policy of "Quick Service." Answers will be sent by post, where a stamped and addressed envelope accompanies the inquiry.

It is a condition that this information department of The Australian Women's Weekly incurs no liability for any misstatement or error contained in answers to inquiries received from any cause whatever.

FOR SICK ROOM

To stop the eiderdown slipping off the bed of a little girl who is ill ("Mother," Auburn) put a valance round the three sides. Get some material to match the eiderdown, and allow one-half the length again each side for the frill, which should not touch the ground.

TO WASH FLANNELS

To wash flannels so that they will not shrink (C. Harvey) procure sufficient melted soap to make a good lather. Have plenty of water fairly hot (if too hot flannels will shrink). Mix the melted soap into the water, and immerse the flannels, but do not rub the soap on them. Squeeze and work them about in the soapy water until all the dirt is removed. Put them through two waters, and rinse in two lots of warm water. Wring carefully, without twisting. Hang out at once and dry quickly.

A COMPLETE BEAUTY TREATMENT

AS USED BY VIENNA'S LOVELIEST WOMEN.

Beauty demands first a perfect skin . . . won by patient care and the right cosmetics. The June Worth products are created from formulae proved by the loveliest women in Vienna. You can share their beauty secrets. All chemists and stores at 2/6. Send 1d. stamp to June Worth Beauty Products, Box 1466 JJ, G.P.O., Sydney, for generous sample of June Worth Powder.

June Worth
SKIN FOOD TREATMENT

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POTS *and* PANS *Thrilled* FAMOUS NOVELIST!

THE typical London intellectual often has a languid scorn for such workaday things as pots and pans, and cookery books, but Miss Helen Simpson, the brilliant Australian novelist (whose latest book, "Boomerang," has just been awarded the James Tait Black Memorial prize), is not ashamed to admit that for her things domestic have a perpetual fascination. Being a successful housewife means every bit as much to her as do her literary achievements, writes Neil Murray, our correspondent in Europe.

THIS Australian is recognised as one of London's foremost authorities on cooking, and at present is being "starred" in this role by the B.B.C. She talks every Saturday morning at a time which coincides with the Empire broadcast from London for the Australasian zone.

In private life Miss Simpson is Mrs. Denis Browne, wife of the famous children's surgeon, and to-day, when I called to see her at her charming house, just round the corner from Harley Street, I found her bending jubilantly over an ancient cookery book, dated 1745.

She had just unearthed a recipe for a rich and succulent sweet called "Burnt Cream," for which she had been searching. As is usual in these ancient recipes, prodigious and extravagant quantities of cream and eggs are used.

Miss Simpson has a wonderful library of these old cookery books, which she has collected for years, and often serves dishes from them at her own table.

"Of course, sometimes it is necessary to modify the ingredients, and particularly the quantities," she remarked. "Our ancestors obviously believed in hearty feeding. Some of the meat dishes which one finds in these old books are entire meals in themselves—yet upon typical menus of the time one finds five or six of these in succession. They certainly did not believe in slimming."

THERE'S FUN IN FOOD

Miss Simpson is no slimming addict herself, but then her trim figure shows no sign of needing drastic treatment. She frankly adores good food, and delights in passing on her knowledge of the subject to the millions of listeners from whom she receives a huge "fan mail" every week. One of her favorite devices, when broadcasting, is to set her women listeners a problem, and ask them to solve it.

"I may say, for instance," she told me, "that supposing a housewife had half a pound of steak, some rice, a few vegetables, half a tin of fruit, and so on, how would she use them to provide a tasty and satisfying meal? Women's ingenuity is amazing, and you would be surprised to see the clever replies I receive."

As well as her radio work, and writing series of articles for London newspapers and magazines, this prolific personality has on hand the commission for a his-

Continued at foot of Column 2

Economical

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

Old Dutch

... does more lasts longer

Because—its unique, tiny, flat-shaped particles cover more surface and do a lot more cleaning.

Every bit of Old Dutch works. You will be both surprised and delighted with how long a tin of Old Dutch lasts, and how economically and efficiently it does your cleaning. More economical than rough, wasteful sandsoaps.

Old Dutch is perfect for porcelain and enamel, tile, painted woodwork, floors, ice chests, stoves, utensils, in fact for all cleaning throughout the home.

Old Dutch doesn't scratch. With one smooth sweep it removes all the dirt, grease, grime and stains — as well as the invisible, health-menacing impurities. Old Dutch is your greatest help in housekeeping and your safeguard to Healthful Cleanliness.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA SINCE 1915

MENUS *For the* WEEK

EVERY housewife at some time has found it difficult to evolve something new for the home menu.

A list of menus for the week has been prepared by Miss Helen Simpson, who brings to her favorite hobby—cookery—all the competence and vigor which we have learned to expect of her writing on other subjects.

Here is Miss Simpson's daily list of attractive dishes:

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
Grilled Bacon and Tomatoes.
LUNCH
Meat Fritters. Turnip Tops Braised
Rhubarb Mould.
DINNER
Clear Soup.
Cheese Omelette and Potato Crisps.
Baked Bananas in Syrup.

FRIDAY

Friday may as well be a meatless day. I am taking for granted that you have used up the remains of your joint in Thursday's meat fritters.

BREAKFAST
Casseroled Apples. Boiled Eggs.
LUNCH
Spaghetti. Watercress Salad.
Lemon or Orange Cheesecakes.
DINNER
Potato Soup. Vegetable Curry and Rice.
Caramel Custard.

SATURDAY

On Saturday I suggest that you should pare your joint, so as to save Sunday cooking; and there may be some pastry left over from the cheesecakes.

BREAKFAST
Chopped Ham on Toast.
LUNCH
Roast Lamb with Onions.
Apple Tart and Custard.
DINNER
Rice Soup. Curried Eggs.
Coffee Cream.

SUNDAY

On Sunday I should serve the joint cold in slices. If you have kept a few slices of ham from the breakfast dish, lay these alternately with the lamb. Have a salad of vegetables, so that your morning is free.

BREAKFAST
Fried Sausages.
LUNCH
Cold Meats. Salad of Cold Vegetables.
Stewed Dried Nectarines and Junket.
DINNER
Cold soft-boiled Eggs, Curry-Sauce, and Rice.
Apple Amber.

MONDAY

Monday starts the week again with perhaps a few odds and ends of meat to use up. You can get breakfast and dinner from one sheep's head.

BREAKFAST
Brains on Toast.
LUNCH
Macaroni and Mince Pudding.
Baked Custard with Sultanas (hot or cold).
DINNER
Tomato Soup. Sheep's Head Pie.
Turnip and Potato Mash. Trifle.

TUESDAY

Tuesday might have a small purchase of meat to itself. Liver is good, especially for children, so we'll try that.

BREAKFAST
Cutlets.
LUNCH
Fried Liver and Bacon. Braised Celery.
Apricot Snow.
DINNER
Onion Soup. Baked Cheese Potatoes.
Lemon Sago.

WEDNESDAY

Wednesday might give us another rest from meat. But for those who cannot do without, I offer an alternative.

BREAKFAST
Sardines on Toast.
LUNCH
Boiled Gammon of Bacon or Cauliflower Cheese. Mashed Carrots.
Marmalade Pudding.
DINNER
Stuffed Tomatoes.
Casserole of Fish. Fried Parsley.
Fruit Salad.

"Warm Delight" Cocktail

When you are in need of a warm reviver on a cold night, prepare the following cocktail, and you will find that your palate will be pleased and your mood will respond surprisingly to the warmth and glow of the drink.

Place the yolk of one egg in a goblet, add a teaspoon of honey, two drops of essence of cloves, a liqueur-glass of curacoa. Shake all ingredients well together, and pour in half a pint of hot Burgundy. Shake up again and serve the brew hot.

CONTINUED FROM COLUMN 2

tory of Captain Cook, and another long novel, both of them to be published this year.

In addition, she superintends the running of her own household, and presides over the bringing up of her four-year-old daughter Clemence, an enchanting small piece of femininity named after Miss Clemence Dane, her godmother.

All Miss Simpson's experiments in cookery are carried out in her own kitchen, a typical London basement affair. She has the enthusiastic co-operation, however, of a "treasure" of a housekeeper, and together they spend many hours thinking out new culinary combinations, and adventuring among the cookery of all nations.

Another of her special interests is the study of demonology and witchcraft, and among her collection of books on the subject are numbe[illegible] many rare

They're ALL *After That* £5 PRIZE

Hundreds of entries were received for the £5 recipe competition, and the first winners are announced to-day. Another £5 prize and consolation awards must be won next week. Hunt out your best recipe and send it along.

THIS WINS THE £5

WITH all the appetising qualities of a Xmas pudding it combines the feature so dear—or so cheap!—to the frugal housekeeper, economy.

It is sent in by **Mrs. William Thompson, 45 Fletcher Street, Campsie.**

KING WINTER PUDDING

Put into a saucepan 1½ cups of mixed powdered milk, ¾ cup of brown sugar, 2 teacupsful of mixed fruit (peel, currants, sultanas, seeded raisins), tsp. clarified dripping, 1 dessertspoonful mixed spices, and a pinch of salt. Put on low gas, and, when almost boiling, take off and add 1lbs. flour, well sifted, and 2 small teaspoonfuls carbonate of soda. Mix well, and pour into a large greased bowl.

Cover with greased paper and tie. Cover with floured pudding cloth, and tie again.

Steam 2½ hours. Serve with custard or sauce.

Confronted with a colossal task in making the awards our culinary expert has awarded consolation prizes of 5/- each to the following:—

MOCK OYSTERS

Grate the corn from ½ dozen ears of sweet corn (canned corn may be used), and run through a vegetable cutter. Add 3 tablespoonsful of sweet milk or cream, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 egg, 1 teacup of flour.

Drop teaspoonfuls (about the size of an oyster) into the hot lard, and brown both sides.

5/- to Mrs. S. Simpson, 104 Tweedmouth Avenue, Rosebery.

NUTTY BISCUITS

1 cup of oats, 1 cup of coconut, 1 cup of flour, small cup of sugar, ¼lb. butter, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Melt butter and syrup together, mix into dry ingredients, make into small balls, and press in rounds on greased tin. Bake in moderate oven.

5/- to Mrs. Mackay, 34 Meek Street, South Kensington, Sydney.

EGG SNOW FOR INVALIDS

A new laid egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, orange or lemon juice to taste.

Separate the egg, put the yolk into a basin, and the white on to a plate, beat the latter to a stiff froth with a knife. Add the sugar, milk and juice to the yolk, and beat well, then stir the white in very lightly, and serve it in a nice bright tumbler or a small glass dish. This is a very palatable form of taking raw eggs, and the flavoring can be varied by any simple fruit syrup, or the juice pressed from any fresh fruit.

5/- to Mrs. Scott, 41 Byron St., Campsie.

RABBIT AND HAM PASTE

1 rabbit, 2 slices of shoulder bacon, 1 onion, 3 cloves, pepper and salt.

Wash, dry and flour the rabbit (cut up), then fry the onion until brown (in a tablespoon of butter), then the bacon, and lastly the rabbit; just cover with boiling water or stock, adding 3 cloves, pepper and salt; simmer until well cooked. Remove bones, mince, and return to the saucepan and bring to the boil. Pot while hot, and cover with melted butter. Keeps a week to ten days. Excellent for the lunch sandwiches, bridge parties, etc. Something different.

5/- to Mrs. Norah Mutton, 5 Cliff House, Harriette St., Neutral Bay.

CAULIFLOWER CAKE

Butter a round cake tin and line with buttered brown bread, cut thin, and sprinkle with grated cheese.

Have a rich white sauce made, fairly thick, cook a small cauliflower, cut off all the flower (discarding the stalk) and put into the white sauce, add salt and pepper to taste and a little cayenne, stir in two beaten eggs. Pour into the prepared tin, cover with grated cheese and brown bread crumbs. Cook in a hot oven till set and brown on top; turn on to a dish, and serve very hot.

5/- to Mrs. L. Delaney, "Edgeral," Columbine Avenue, Bankstown.

CABBAGE ROLLS

A green cabbage, well washed in bi-carb. soda water. Take one leaf for each person, on the leaf place a small quantity red mincemeat, rice, swede turnip cut fine, potato cut fine, also cut up onion, salt and pepper to taste.

Roll all up in the cabbage leaf, tie each end, place rolls in saucepan with very little water, and simmer slowly for thirty minutes. The steam cooks the top rolls, and the water in the saucepan can be thickened and used as gravy with each roll of meat and vegetable.

5/- to Mrs. Frank Stanley, P.O., Mandurama, N.S.W.

If the Recipe says MILK *use* TRUFOOD

Chocolate Blancmange

2 teaspoons powdered chocolate or cocoa
1 pint mixed Trufood milk
2 ozs. sugar
2 dessertspoons gelatine
Vanilla essence

Heat milk and sugar till boiling, mix the chocolate with a little hot milk and add to milk and sugar. Cool, add the gelatine dissolved in a little hot water, and the vanilla. Pour into wet mould and leave till set.

TRUFOOD is real country milk with only the water and portion of the butter fat removed.

TRUFOOD enables you to make all your cooking twice as delicious and nourishing. Use Trufood powdered milk in every recipe you can and you'll have lighter cakes, nicer sauces and the most appetising desserts imaginable.

TRUFOOD is a splendid health food—it contains all the important body-building elements of ordinary milk, and it is more easily digested.

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The DEATH SCREAM

(Continued from Page 14)

"TO be honest with you, Mr. Cory," he admitted, "we didn't. Had we done so, we'd all have been in trouble and the fruits of our expedition would have been ruined.

"So, to save old Merriton and ourselves—I'm telling you this frankly, because I want you to understand our position——"

"I do understand. Go ahead."

"We told the authorities that the Bedouin had attempted to steal something from our camp. And since that band is notorious for its depredations, we were readily believed. We said the Arab had been shot while fighting to get away with his plunder.

"Naturally, when the Bedouins arrived to wreak their vengeance, they found us strongly protected by soldiers; and they could do nothing. But their sheikh sent us bitter assurance that some day we'd be made to pay for the killing of their man. A week later we left for England.

"That was the last we heard of the threat—until the screams began here last week. Now, with poor Merriton dead, I—I'm beginning to believe that Egypt is reaching out to us——"

Professor Lacombe stopped and gaped emptily into the fire.

And Dan Cory stood astounded.

Bedouin vengeance? . . . Fantastic!

And yet, certainly, another possibility to cope with!

His suspicions were being snatched from one idea to another with maddening, confusing speed.

First he had told himself the murderer of Stewart Merriton must be one of these people in the house; their very nearness to the dead man implicated them. But this theory had the weakness of not accounting for the screams.

Then, a moment ago, he had transferred all his thoughts to Charles Burrill, whom he had never even seen; for surely there was ample cause to focus a searching look upon the man. Again, however, no explanation for the screams accompanied the suspicion.

And now—bizarre as the idea might sound—he found himself compelled to consider the notion of a mystical, ghostlike, Bedouin avenger! In this case the screams might be regarded plausibly enough, as the means of terrorisation.

Still——

Dan Cory was a practical young man. The hint of an uncanny Egyptian Nemesis might have fascinated him in a bit of lurid fiction. But here, in the reality of Point Harbor, such a conception somehow seemed unconvincing. It struck him a little like a story of goblins and spectres and bogies.

"Do you really believe," he demanded sceptically of Professor Lacombe, "that a Bedouin murdered Stewart Merriton?"

The gaunt man shook his head hopelessly, lifted his hands. "What else can I believe?" he asked.

"And how do we know," huskily cried Dr. Kyne, rising, "that their vengeance will stop with the death of Meriton? How do we know they won't strike at the rest of us?"

Five minutes later Dan Cory reached a decision. If the killer was not one of the people in the house, he must somehow, somewhere, have broken into the place. That, now, was obviously the first thing to investigate.

He asked crisply, of the group in general: "Were all the doors and windows locked to-night?"

"Oh, yes." Katherine Lacombe assured him. "We've been locking them every night since the screams began."

"Has any outsider a key?"

"Certainly not."

"Mr. Burrill——?"

"No. He never had a key."

Cory nodded, as if satisfied. He knew, however, that Charles Burrill had had plenty of time—two weeks—in which to make a wax impression of a key, had he desired one.

Aloud he said quickly: "Professor, if you'll come along with me, I'd like to look over the doors and windows. I wish the rest of you would wait here."

The search was thorough, including even the chamber of horrors in which Merriton's big, bloody body sprawled. But it yielded only the baffling fact that no lock, either of door or window had been forced. If an outsider had killed Stewart Merriton, how, then had he entered?

Very queer, Cory thought.

At last they reached the wing, built only a few years ago, which contained the Egyptian museum. It extended from the south side of the house.

Professor Lacombe had just opened its door and switched on its lights when the housekeeper pattered up behind them, excitedly, to announce that the doctor had arrived.

"Will you see him upstairs?" she added breathlessly.

Cory said, in answer to the professor's questioning glance: "You'd better go. I'll look through the museum here and join you in a few minutes."

And so he was left alone.

As he entered that long, silent chamber, filled with surprises and monstrosities, a curious little shiver rippled through him. It was like stepping into an Oriental nightmare. He paused and stared about, wide-eyed.

Six mummies gaped down at him from their positions against the walls. Six hideous cadavers, old as the Pyramids, regarding him out of Eternity.

All about them, like offerings strewn at their feet, were Egyptian relics that might have enhanced any of the great museums. Pieces of weird sculpture, of wood carvings, of pottery, of jewellery. Cases displaying slabs of hieroglyphics and writings on papyrus of more recent dynasties.

A wall was devoted exclusively to weapons—daggers, hatchets, cruelly twisted scimitars with wondrously fashioned hilts. A bronze aegis was fixed on a tall pole, and in the centre of the room, standing there like an altar, was a tremendous, intricately carved sarcophagus.

At all this Dan Cory gazed in a kind of trance. He felt that the eerie crime he was investigating fitted perfectly into an atmosphere of this sort.

Slowly he moved about the vast room. There were many windows, but he found no indication that any of them had been forced. Still, unless an occupant of the house had murdered Merriton, an outsider **did** get in. Where?

It seemed to him that the six mummies watched his quest with baleful intensity.

At the far end of the museum he came to a small door. When he opened it he looked into an anteroom which appeared to be an office. It contained a desk, several chairs, filing cabinets, and wide bookcases. The light of the museum poured into it, and Cory saw something that narrowed his eyes.

* * *

A WASTEPAPER basket had been upset, and its contents were scattered over the floor.

At that he stared darkly. No one, he imagined, would wilfully have left the basket like that. Had it, then, been kicked over by someone hurrying across the office? Or had it been emptied by somebody who had sought a discarded paper?

Cory glanced first at the single window in the room. It was locked. Moreover, it showed no evidence of having been forced. It was quite clear now that if an **outsider** had entered the house to stab Merriton, he had been possessed of a key. Cory frowned and bent to the floor.

The first paper he picked up out of that scattered mass bore some reference to Egyptian lore. Carefully written across it, in a tiny script, were the words:

The treasures of Amakhin II. were interred with the body of his son, Prahm, in the Holy Garden of——

That was all.

Dan Cory contracted his brows. Offhand, he could discern no connection between the phrase and the mystery he was struggling to solve. But he picked up another paper. This, curiously enough, bore merely an elaboration, in a different handwriting, of the words on the first slip:

The jewels of Amakhin were buried with the body of his son, Prahm, in the Holy Garden of Amek, behind the Temple of Suk Tabal.

Cory, sinking deeper into a strange fascination he could not have explained, tried a third sheet. Again he found allusions to Amakhin, or Amakkin, and treasure, and a body buried in the Holy Garden of Amek . . . He started picking up other papers, more quickly. But—he had no chance to read any of them.

For at that instant something happened that brought him to his feet with a gasp. Made him whirl around in amazement, his hand leaping for his revolver.

NEXT WEEK:

QUITE suddenly, without the slightest warning, the lights in the museum were extinguished!

Blackness, then . . . Blinding blackness . . .

(Watch for next week's thrilling instalment)

Humility

Bathed in the sweet breath of the grass,
I watched the whirring mower pass,
And saw, still gold and undismayed,
Blossoms too lowly for the blade.
—Corydon.

Free BATH TOWELS for PEARL SOAP WRAPPERS

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Only 10 PEARL WRAPPERS (large) for a splendid quality FREE TOWEL

You have until 31st OCTOBER, 1933 to save Pearl Soap wrappers for these wonderful towels—it doesn't take long to save up 10 wrappers, and all the time you have the benefit of using a laundry soap that really *does* lessen your work.

How to obtain YOUR FREE TOWEL

Collect only 10 large or 25 small Pearl Soap wrappers; cut off the inside bottom panels bearing the "Pure Food Act" Guarantee (as illustrated) and take them to LINTAS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED, Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney. If you cannot call or send for your towel, write your name and address clearly on a piece of paper, attach it to the panels and post in a sealed envelope to "TOWEL DEPARTMENT," J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD., Box 1590B, Sydney. To avoid delay in receiving your free towel make sure that correct postage is put on the envelope.

Offer closes 31st Oct. 1933

YOU can have easy washing-days for there's a

"HIDDEN HELPER" in PEARL SOAP

THIS IS AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE ONLY PANELS THAT WILL BE ACCEPTED

Every washing-day you can leave some of the hard work you have been doing yourself to the "Hidden Helper" in Pearl Soap. Don't tire yourself with any more rubbing and scrubbing to get the dirt out of the clothes. Start using Pearl White Naptha Soap and watch the dirt rolling out. The real *naptha* which Pearl Soap contains is the "Hidden Helper." You get exceptionally rich, *naptha-filled* suds. All the tiny traces of grease that hold dirt in the fabric are dissolved instantly in Pearl Suds, and the dirt floats right out of the clothes without rubbing at all.

PEARL White Naptha SOAP

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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Will Bring *Gorgeous* FROCKS

(From NELL MURRAY, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly)

WHEN Miss Isobel Elsom and Miss Sylvia Welling, the famous English actresses, leave London this week for Australia aboard the Maloja, they will take with them a selection of Reville model frocks specially created for the plays in which they are to star.

Miss Welling, who is to play the leading part in the new show, "Music in the Air," scored a great success in the late Miss Anny Ahler's part in "The Dubarry," which has just finished a run of nearly a year at His Majesty's Theatre in London. Among the models she will wear is one made of "tucray"—the new, permanently tucked material, which has recently been launched by the British fabrics industry, and is made from the finest of Western District merino wool. Its color is pale mimosa yellow, and the sleeveless swagger coat which accompanies the frock is luxuriously trimmed with red fox, the two heads meeting in front.

SHOULDER EPAULETTES

Another swagger ensemble model, this time for afternoon wear, consists of a gown of oyster white mottled satin, with black lacquered satin sleeves, over which is worn a sleeveless swagger coat in white, and lined with black. **It has the new wide shoulder epaulettes, with a wide band of black fox as trimming.**

Another outdoor Reville model which Miss Welling will wear is of deep duck-egg blue crepe, over which is worn one of the new pelerine capes of nigger brown crepe, the scarf of which is fastened high up to the throat with three brown wooden buttons.

Her evening gown, in the last act, is of gold woven lame, in a very supple quality, and features a slanting decolletage in front and back, caught at one shoulder with an enormous stiff bow and trailing ends. Around the hem is a wide band of rich black fox.

MANY CHANGES

Miss Elsom's frocks for "Double Harness" (the play which has made a great hit in London) include a morning outfit consisting of a cream fine wool skirt worn with a black lacquered satin shirt blouse, completed with a swagger coat of cream and black wool check. Her next appearance is in an evening gown of nut-brown and turquoise blue flat crepe. A special feature of this model is the wide kimono shoulders, edged with turquoise flowers of the material. Next, she changes into an afternoon gown of pale grey net and grey and cherry lacquered lace. An Edwardian touch is conveyed by the double flounce on the skirt, bordered with soft frills of the net. **Three other frocks incorporating the latest London and Paris fashion ideas are worn by Miss Elsom—among them an evening gown of deep carmine red lace, with large frilled lace shoulder epaulettes, and a wide frilled band at the hem of the full flowing skirt.**

For "When Ladies Meet," this star makes her first appearance in a modish cocktail gown of cabaret crepe, charmingly fashioned with wide and softly flowing sleeves. Later, she wears an evening gown of ivory crepe romaine, upon which beautiful flowers and foliage have been hand-painted. The long, wing-like sleeves are also adorned with hand-painting.

In the next act her luxurious negligee is made of two shades of delicate shell-pink satin radiant; and for her last appearance, Miss Elsom wears a smart outdoor suit of deep raspberry pink ribbed tweed, completed by a black lacquered satin skirt.

IF THERE WAS ONLY some device for registering the number of persons listening in to particular items. Our artist shows how the idea would work. The picture on the left shows all the listeners tuning in at the commencement of an address, and the other picture shows how many are listening at the end of two minutes' boredom.

MUSIC WEEK *Will be* BIG

"THEN Miss Revel will have the responsibility of the Plumber," was Mr. Roland Foster's spoonerism when giving Miss Elizabeth Plummer charge of the Ball, at a meeting to discuss arrangements for Music Week, held at Paling's last Monday.

Mr. Foster is president, Mr. McDougall, hon. sec., Mr. J. L. Walters, hon. treasurer, and a large committee also was elected.

Mr. Foster said he would like to correct an impression which is general in Sydney, that Music Week is being superseded by the Eisteddfod.

Music Week really has four branches, having given birth to the Eisteddfod, the Music Competitions, the Music Lovers' Club, and the Musical Exhibition, which will be held in the Blaxland Galleries, and he sincerely hopes that none of these will break away from the parent stem.

As an added attraction this year, Mr. Foster proposed that a historical concert programme should be given every morning at the Blaxland Galleries in Music Week, and a programme in costume every afternoon. Dr. Keith Barry spoke upon the progress made in the direction of an Australian Music Week. Newcastle will hold hers the week previous to Sydney's.

SCHOOL RADIO LESSONS ARE POPULAR

The new idea of radio broadcasts for school children is popular with our educational authorities.

Mr. H. S. Dettmann, principal of Sydney Grammar School, thinks the proposition most attractive.

"The recent headmasters' conference has appointed Mr. Le Couteur, of Newington, and myself, to look into the matter," he said.

"I wish they would send me a circular," said Mr. Parkinson (King's).

MENTAL INDIGESTION

"I always think the more outside interests one can bring into a school, the better, although certainly there is such a thing as mental indigestion.

"When I was in Europe I found the most enthralling and informative things I heard were contained in broadcasts by a former member of the Geneva Conference on doings in Europe day by day.

"As I believe teaching should suggest a course of study rather than cram the scholar with facts, I think it might be best to sketch an outline for working in one broadcast, and next lesson to fill in that outline."

Mr. James Bee (Scots) "I am very anxious to hear more of the idea."

Miss E. F. Saunders (Shirley) and Miss F. Hawthorne (Kambala) both intend giving the scheme close investigation.

CHEAPER EDUCATION

"Think of the cost, even if you could get them," said Mr. C. J. Moses, of the National Broadcast Commission, speaking of the experts who daily talk over the air under the new system of educational broadcasting for school-children.

"They are speaking on their pet subjects, in an entertaining, not stodgy, 'text-booky' style. Dr. Marie Bentivoglio was so conscientious that she spent about 20 minutes before speaking, working up the correct 'atmosphere,' and the talks by General Mackay on the Australians at Gallipoli, by Mel Ward on the Barrier Reef, and by Mr. Hodge Smith on Central Australia, are all the results of personal experience."

It is in the departments of French, music, and English particularly that Mr. Moses expects the best results will be obtained. For not many pupils have the advantage of hearing a music lesson, with illustrations, from such men as Arnold Mote and Lindley Evans.

"Very few teachers of French have the accent of M. Meuret, lecturer in French at Sydney University, and perhaps in Australia, as is happening in England, listening to correct English over the radio may lead to speaking correctly."

The WORLD *of* MUSIC

YOUTH called to youth on Saturday night at the Town Hall. As each car drove up to the entrance it was remarkable to see the number of little people who were brought to hear the boy wonder, Philip Hargrave.

Girls and boys who had been made to practise long hours at the piano were promised as a reward that they should see the star's skilled hands. They helped swell the applause with their vehement hand-clapping.

The gem of the offerings was a huge jar of sweets.

Juveniles in the audience envied that more than the laurel wreath which the small boy bore in his hand when he came forward to make his quaint, formal, little bow.

HAZEL KING only child of Sir Kelso King by his second marriage, is going to England shortly to study singing. She is said to have a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice of deep, rich quality. Her half-sister, Mrs. Waring, has lived in England since her marriage (making one trip to Australia with her family a few years ago) and will be able to keep an eye on Hazel.

As well as her musical and social activities Hazel is an energetic worker at the Sydney University Settlement House in Redfern.

MISS PHYLLIS MACDONALD, after eleven years abroad, has, at the age of twenty-one, received the unique distinction of being appointed Professor at the Royal Academy of Music.

WILL CASPERS, who succeeded Dr. M. Pettorelli as conductor of St. Mary's Choir, was for many years organist at St. Patrick's, Church Hill. But his church work started in Goulburn, where he followed his father as organist of SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral. When he came to Sydney his place was taken by sister Agnes, the well-known pianist. Then she came to Sydney, and was assistant to him at St. Patrick's. Singer Ella Caspers (Mrs. A. A. Maloney, of Taree) is another sister.

SHORT WAVES

A NEW ARTIST at 2GB is of the Bing Crosby persuasion — a radio crooner. Roy Hart, with Mercia at the piano, scored an immediate success, and every evening 2GB listeners of the rising generation are soothed by a lullaby by Roy Hart.

Roy sang at a party one night. Subsequently, a fellow guest passed a casual comment to a 2GB official, and lo, the radio crooner made his debut!

o o o

A GLIMPSE behind the scene reveals the "raison d'etre" for the clever dialogue that has issued through the 2GB microphone of late.

It proceeds from the pen of Elizabeth Perry, late of Station KGU, Honolulu. For Elizabeth bears the distinction of being one of the only four people in the U.S.A. authorised by the National Broadcasting Commission of America to teach radio continuity writing.

o o o

"CABARADIO," the A.B.C. revue, to be broadcast from 2FC, 2NC, and National stations on Monday, June 19, represents a successful and highly diverting attempt to "put on the air" the joyous atmosphere, the happy laughter, and the bright, scintillating music attendant upon night-club revels in a gay city.

* * *

THE PROGRAMME to be broadcast by 2BL on Wednesday, June 21, will be contributed by the Metropolitan Band, conducted by John Palmer, Margaret Dreyer (soprano), Austin Punch (baritone), and "Hysterical Hysterics."

* * *

THE A.B.C. (Melbourne) Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Percy Coad, will be heard on the National programme transmitting from 3LO to 2FC and 2NC on Thursday, June 22.

The assisting artists include Madame Dorothy Canberra (soprano), and David Sisserman, the Continental 'cellist.

THE WORLD'S BEST in RADIO

You can't afford to miss this OPPORTUNITY

You owe it to yourself to hear and see the best that radio can offer—The Gulbransen Precision-built Superheterodynes. You expect faithful service and long hours of enjoyment from your radio. You can only get that by buying the best—A Gulbransen!

It costs you nothing to come in and hear it. But when you have, you'll know why Gulbransen is called "The World's Best in Radio." Built from blue prints supplied by the world's greatest radio testing laboratories, The Gulbransen Company of America.

A Gulbransen gives you a Radio incorporating features twelve months ahead. Aren't those worth having? They are, and you will want them. Want the incomparable tone, the Inclined Sounding Board, which makes highest notes heard for the first time. Those are definite reasons why you MUST hear Gulbransen first!

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The Surest Safest way to correct a cold!

It is easy to catch colds—and it is easy to get rid of them if you use Thermo-Rub . . . . the pleasant smelling, warmth producing preparation.

At the first sign of a cold Thermo-Rub should be immediately inhaled—and for severe attacks apply externally on the chest and throat.

Thermo-Rub contains costly ingredients—and it is so remarkably pure that it can be applied in confidence to the most tender skin— even the most delicate skins of babies.

Colds can be extremely dangerous and cause untold misery— so to ensure complete protection and safety obtain your jar of Thermo-Rub to-day.

AT ALL CHEMISTS

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FOR INSTANT RELIEF

SAVE 10 LARGE OR 20 SMALL PRESERVENE SOAP WRAPPERS

Send your wrappers to PARBURY HENTY & CO. PTY. LTD., 39 York Street, Sydney, and in return they will send you a PRESERVENE CARTON.

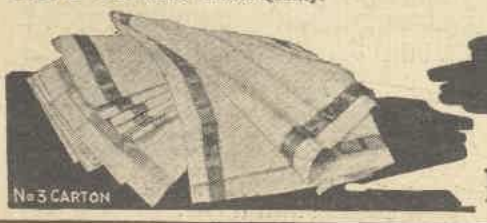
State which CARTON you require when FORWARDING WRAPPERS, and don't forget to include your Name and Address.

No. 1 Carton contains Wire-handled Dish Mop, Soap Saver, Pot Cleaner and Potato Masher.

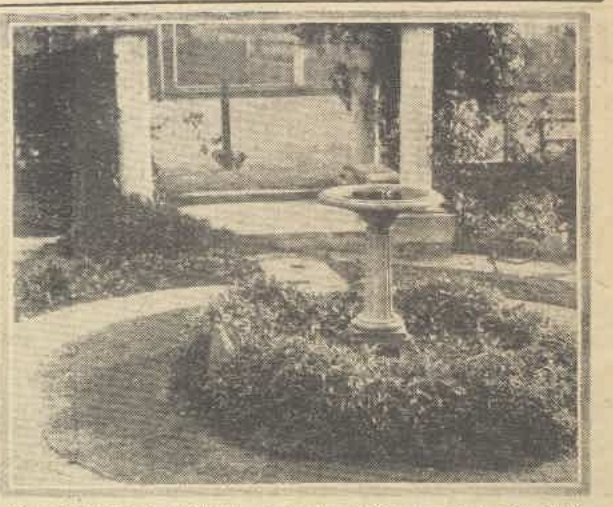
No. 2 Carton contains Combined Vegetable Grater, Egg Lifter, Tea Strainer and Egg Whisk.

No. 3 Carton contains 1 Pure Linen Glass Towel, 19 x 29 inches. Finest Quality.

No. 4 Carton contains 1 Special Bath Towel, 19 x 38 inches. Finest Quality.



No. 5 Carton contains 1 Pure Washable Wool Duster mounted on handle.



FOR FEATHERED FRIENDS.—A pergola makes a frame for the bird's bath, brought from Italy by Mrs. Francis Bligh, for her home, "Cranford," in Albert Street. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bligh are expected home in October. —Women's Weekly study.

THE OLD GARDENER SAYS—*"Prepare Now"*

GOOD day, Miss. If you'll come round the garden with me now, I'll show you what to do so as you won't be getting into trouble before I see you again next week.

Real fine weather we've been having, but it'll be getting properly cold soon, and you can't do much in a garden except prepare for better times. July and August is the time for sowing seeds. Still there's a good few plants you can be putting in now, and a sight more weeds you can be pulling out. Seem to have let the weeds get a bit ahead on you, ain't you? What's that?

Oh, your husband's supposed to do the weeding, is he? Hm . . . well, I wouldn't leave it too much to him.

Look at that there path. Best thing to do is to get the weed killer on it. Not much use rooting them out with a hoe. This is the time for all them jobs.

Yes, you can kill all weeds with weed killer . . . Even in the flower beds, but be careful not to let it get on the plants, because it'll kill them, too.

* * *

NOW Miss, if you'll just take your foot off them seedlings. I'll show you how to fix them poppies and sweet peas. That's a nice showing of sweet peas you got. They're coming on well. Prune them carefully and see that they don't fall away from their supports.

Take all the seed pods off them poppies . . . when did you water them last? Well now, that won't do. You must water them just as regularly in winter as in summer, though, of course, not so often. Water all your winter flowers regular like during dry spells, and treat them as you treat the poppies. Nip off the seed pods.

That's a nice little rose bush you got there, but it needs trimming up. Take off them dying flowers and seed pods and give it a bit of a prune. I told youse how to prune last week.

Plants is like human beings, I always says, Miss. Give 'em a little attention and they'll do anything for you. Get down on your hands and knees sometime and give them trees and shrubs some loving care. They'll repay you.

A little bone dust worked in about the roots won't do them no harm, but be very careful not to injure the roots.

And be extra careful with them camellias. Coming on well, too, ain't they? Give them some cow manure, leaf mould, and water. Weak liquid cow manure will make them flower better still.

* * *

YES, Miss, this is a good month to plan out and make new beds. See that they are properly drained and trenched and that they get all the sunshine possible. That's a bad place you've chosen there. It's well sheltered, but you won't get enough sun.

What, you've got to have it there? All right, then; you must pick your plants carefully. Anemones, antirrhinums, aquilegias, begonias, daisies, delphiniums, liniums . . . now let me see . . . Foxgloves, onotheras, pansies, polyanthus, and primulas. Any of them will grow in a spot like that which don't get much sun.

What's that, Miss? . . . You've got to be going in to do a bit of housework. All right, then, just have a quick look at this vegetable plot before you go, and I'll tell you what to do; then I'll get on and do a bit myself.

That there bed you ain't using wants digging and manuring. Then get your broad beans, carrots, leeks, lettuces, onions, peas, radishes, and spinach and set them out where you want them to grow. Pick out a sunny spot, of course. Prepare your ground for potatoes. The richer, the better.

All right, Miss; I'll have a chat with you next week again, and meanwhile I'll shape up them hydrangeas and take off some cuttings for you to set out. Don't forget, with any cuttings you plant to mix a fair deal of sand in the soil. They'll strike better that way. A good flat box is the best thing for all cuttings.

Put in first a layer of coarse sand and broken charcoal, then two parts of fine building sand to one of fine leaf mould, and level off with building sand.

Even a bunch of flowers will strike in that . . . but don't leave your cuttings there once they have taken root. Goo-day, Miss.

CLEVER IDEAS — HINTS FROM READERS

For the best "Clever Idea," 10/- will be paid. A minimum of 2/6 will be paid for other ideas published.

THIS WINS 10/-

A BOOT-SCRAPER for wet weather can be made from the lid of a butter box and about 35 metal tops from soft drink bottles. Turn them upside down, and nail them on the lid. Put the box lid in a place where it will stand firm, and make the family scrape their feet on it.—Mrs. Lindeman, Station Street, Leura.

BROKEN CHINA can often be mended and cracked china preserved, by boiling in milk. If broken see that pieces are quite clean, fit together, and bind tightly with thread. Boil slowly in enough milk to cover the article.—2/6 to Mrs. A. E. Jeffery, Crown Street, Parramatta.

A NOVEL BATH mat can be made by folding a chaff bag in four and sewing a piece of waterproof material to it for a base. Work a design in rough wool on the bag and finish with a fringe round the four sides.—2/6 to Mrs. J. Lefe, Jenkins Street, City.

WHEN MAKING pastry, mix enough to last a week but do not wet it. The mixture will then be ready always when wanted in a hurry. It improves with keeping.—2/6 to Mrs. A. Wheeler, Joseph Street, Rydalmere.

SAVE ALL paper bags and fill with coal or coke. Then place in scuttle ready for use. In this way fuel need not be touched with the hands, and dust will not fly about the room.—2/6 to Miss C. Read, 8 Moody Street, Rozelle.

FURS THAT persist in slipping off the shoulders are a most exasperating little worry which the well-dressed woman knows well. To avoid this happening, have your furs lined with velvet or velveteen, and they will always stay on your shoulders. This simple tip was given me by one of the biggest Parisian furriers, who never sent a fur out of his establishment that was not so lined.—"Paree," Mosman.

IF YOU want your feet to look well, remember that a strap shoe is only for the slim of instep, that a cutaway shoe is not for the foot that is inclined to stoutness, and for a heavy ankle a heel with a wide base gives the best effect.—M.K.

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LOUISE MACK'S *Diary*

"Give me my moments, you may have your years."
—Richard Middleton.

My little diary is about personalities, and is for women. But men can read it too. It's to be kept up-to-date as all good diaries say they will be. Most of them forget all about it for six days or seven weeks, and then get discouraged and tear out what's written and use the little book for the grocer. My little diary won't be like THAT! It intends to keep "orn and orn and orn" as Michael Arlen said of the Americans having heart to heart talks with each other.

MRS. WILLIAM MACLEOD
(Conor O'Brien)

WE went for a walk, a divine walk, Conor and I last week. Fancy, it must have been 30 years since we last went for a walk together. And there were all the old things alive again, and singing in our hearts, love of Nature, love of beautiful words, love of poetry, love of solitude, love of dear old Manly and the ocean beach, and the pine trees; love of brilliant conversation, of satire, and wit, and the way a thing is said.

Tall, with a sort of Diana-like mien is Mrs. Macleod, and her Irish eyes have a twinkle, her cheek has a dimple, and her voice the faintest, most exquisite brogue that lends a piquancy to her graceful speech.

A talker. A born talker. And as we walk and walk and walk, we talk, and talk, and talk. We rush from one thing to another.

"Do you remember, Conor, that valley and its inhabitants we discovered at Hornsby on one of our long-ago walks?"

"Yes. I never could find it again, Louise. I often looked for it. It was gone!"

"Never mind, we've seen Rome since then!"

"Oh, and I went into Rome with a fearful cold in the head, and ten handkerchiefs!" says Conor O'Brien, the dimple leaping forth as it always does when Conor says anything funny.

"I loved your little book, 'Macleod, of the Bulletin.' It was so neat, so artistic, and so restrained. Just the right length in proportion."

"I wrote it because my husband had always wanted me to do it, and after his death I seemed as if I had to, and I found great comfort and consolation in the work. But it is always very hard for me to begin writing, to get going. I want to do something else. Go out in the garden, or read the papers, or anything."

"Trollope said a writer needs a bit of sealing wax to keep him to his seat."

"Now I'm at work on a novel on life as I knew it in Victoria, with bell-birds, and gum trees, and carriages, and butlers!"

"Have you put all those in, Conor?"

"I hope so," said Mrs. Macleod, vaguely looking hopefully around and that vagueness creeps across her brilliancy like a cloud softening the bright sunlight for a moment.

MY SISTER, GERTRUDE

THERE'S no law that says you mustn't write about your own sister, and when I saw Gertrude again last night, after years of absence, and listened to the keen and unaffected things she had to tell us, I knew I should simply have to pop her into my diary. So here she is.

Tall, very slight and svelte, in a smart black frock of her own making, her hair marcelled, her big, grey eyes looking bigger than ever under the glasses she had taken to lately. Elegant? Yes, certainly.

"I nearly fainted when they charged me 3/ in Adelaide for a marcel!"

"How much would it be in London?"

"One and sixpence!"

"What a nice coat!"

"An old one. I had it cleaned in London before I left!"

"How much did they charge for cleaning it?"

"Three and sixpence!"

"Gracious! How much is butter in London?"

"Ninepence per pound!"

"How much are eggs?"

"Australian eggs in London are 1/ a dozen!"

"Gracious!" There seems nothing else to say."

We all sit round the red-litten dinner table with its red roses. Ten brothers and sisters. All Macks. Some grey, some white, some spectacled, some just a trifle deaf, some a bit snappy, some handsome, some less so, all gathered together with Gertrude as the centre of the picture.

(Another instalment of this diary next week.)

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

NERVES—*all about them*

Book reviews the Cause and Effect

IT is a long while since we have come across a book that has impressed us so much as **"Outwitting Our Nerves."**

This book by **Dr. Josephine Jackson and Helen Salisbury** has just been published in a second edition by Angus and Robertson.

Every woman knows what it is to suffer from "nerves." The nagging headaches, that jaded feeling, impaired digestion, listlessness—every patent medicine advertisement is full of the symptoms, and yet probably not one woman in a thousand reading these knows anything basically about the malady known as "nerves."

As a matter of fact, the actual nerve fibres are not affected at all. The condition is one of disturbance of the various functions of the mind and body. Its treatment has in recent years become highly specialised and highly efficient. The treatment is known as psycho-therapy, which is the use of the mental measures of psycho-analysis and re-education. Medical science learnt a tremendous lot in the war of "nerve" treatment through having to deal with hundreds of thousands of shell-shocked cases during the war.

The authors of "Outwitting Our Nerves" point out that the primary cause of the trouble is failure of the human mechanism to keep pace with the changed conditions of modern life.

For millions of years humanity was emerging from the animal stage.

Strenuous sport is dangerous.

The whole history of mankind since that emergence is comparatively only a short period; the history of modern intensive civilisation is only a matter of a few generations. Consequently deeply-rooted instincts and impressions of millions of years are at war with the adjustments and conventions of present-day society.

From this general outline the book proceeds in detail to analyse our specific instincts, desires, and inhibitions.

Incidentally it does great work by throwing the searchlight on dozens of foolish beliefs and ignorant ideas about the body and health generally.

The following are quoted as being misconceptions which are so universally believed that ordinary people are bewildered by the idea that they can be challenged:—

(1) "Eight hours' sleep is essential to health. All insomnia is dangerous and is incompatible with health. Nervous insomnia leads to shattered nerves, and ultimately to insanity."

(2) "Overwork leads to nervous breakdown. Fatigue accumulates from day to day, and necessitates a long rest for recuperation."

(3) "A carefully planned diet is essential to health, especially for the nervous person. A variety of food eaten at the same time is harmful. Acid and milk—for example, orange and milk—are difficult to digest. Sour stomach is a sign of indigestion."

(4) "Modern life is so strenuous that our nerves cannot stand the strain."

(5) "Brainwork is very fatiguing. It causes brain-fag and exhaustion."

"Outwitting Our Nerves."—Our copy by Angus and Robertson. Price 7/6.

NELL MURRAY, our special representative in Europe, is another of the big army of Australian literary writers gaining fame overseas.

"CONTRACT KERNELS"

MYRA MILLINGEN deserves a vote of thanks from bridge players, experienced as well as inexperienced, for her book, "Contract Kernels." In it she gives the new scoring and the complete international bridge laws. Difficulties which in the past have seemed insurmountable just melt away before Mrs. Millingen's simply worded rules, and the examples with which the book is plentifully supplied. (Our copy from Angus and Robertson.)

The Mystery Man

MISS NAOMI JACOB has gifts that have already made her a popular author. She is able to build up a central character by piling evidence upon evidence until an imposing figure emerges.

"Seen Unknown" (Hutchinson, 7/6) is related by a secondary character, a device admirably suited to this particular method. The book is really an analysis of the temperament of Leon Hast, the man who has been brought up from childhood to care only for perfection, and who is consequently without the power to appreciate simple things.

His type of entirely negative, disillusioned cynic has been better drawn by W. L. George, but Miss Jacob succeeds in presenting a convincing character.

Hast is an unadmitted Jew. He meets in Verona a girl named Juliet, who has a wonderful voice. He does not become interested in her until she is deep in a love affair with his best friend; then he steals her from his friend, but cynically refuses to marry her.

Miss Jacob has the story-teller's knack of holding the reader's interest.

"WINIFRED WAKES UP"

"WINIFRED Wakes Up," a book of short stories, takes its name from the first in the book. It is the story of a young girl sowing her wild oats, without anything unusual in the telling to recommend it. Winifred finally marries a millionaire, to the strains of Mendelssohn—evidently the reward of experience. Ackland, the man who figures most in the book, is a likeable chap, but not very discriminating with regard to the women on whom he spends his affection and his cash.

That the author can do better work is shown by his sympathetic handling of the last story, "Seeing Life."

"Winifred Wakes Up," by W. T. Kelly. (Angus and Robertson).

BOOK CENSORS SHOULD INCLUDE WOMAN

MEMBERS of the United Associations are at present pressing the claims for the representation of women on the Board of Book Censorship.

As half the population of Australia is composed of women, it is deemed fit that at least one woman should have a say in what her millions of sisters should or should not read.

The association's nominee, Mrs. Mary Liddell, was one of the first women justices, and also the first woman appointed to the Film Censorship Appeal Board.

She is president of the Society of Women Writers and the Balmoral Women's Swimming Club. An executive member of the National Council of Women, United Associations, Associated Arts, and the N.S.W. Women's Swimming Association, Mrs. Liddell has also done a great deal of welfare work for the Kindergarten, Red Cross, and the Crown Street Women's Hospital.

Versatile Australian Writer

One of the well-known authors who will contribute to the fiction pages of The Australian Women's Weekly is Miss Jessie Urquhart, of Bellevue Hill, Sydney.

Miss Urquhart.

Miss Urquhart was born in Sydney. She is the daughter of Mr. William Urquhart, late Comptroller - General of Prisons in N.S.W.

On her return from a year's study abroad, she wrote numerous descriptive articles for Australian and New Zealand papers. "Giving Amber a Chance," "The History of the Drama in N.S.W.," and her novel, "Wayside," are familar to readers. "The Hebridean," her latest story, will be published shortly.

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The SIREN

(Continued from Page 3)

"THAT sounds lovely," agreed the girl.

"Good. Where would you like to go?"

"Anywhere, quiet—I don't like big noisy places."

In Granville Street it was easy to find such a restaurant, and Sunley, almost bursting with pride at being seen with such an exquisite creature, sat down opposite her and gave a limitless order.

They lingered long over the table, and the day being fine and bright under a pale winter sun, Sunley hired a car for the afternoon. It was dark by the time they returned, and by mutual consent they went back to the quiet little restaurant.

"I'd like to ask you home," said the girl, wistfully, "but am afraid it's impossible."

"Why?" asked Jack, carelessly.

"We live in a very poor part and poor little room, my young brother and I. He's an invalid. Has been for years, and anyone calling always excites and upsets him for days.

"Perhaps I shouldn't tell you, Mr. Sunley," she went on, brokenly, "but you have been so kind and I'm so desperate I must tell someone.

"For months I've tried to get work of any sort, so that I might even feed him properly. But it's useless and hopeless. I have no training, and employers want only girls with experience.

"Nobody wants me," she ended piteously. "Nobody wants me!"

Jack Sunley clenched his hands.

"Listen, Magda," he said, hoarsely, "that's all wrong! I want you. You must have seen how it is with me. I worship you, dear. No; wait till I'm through! I know all you're going to say about not knowin' each other, an' the rest of it. That's piffle!

"I know enough about you to love you, an' that's all that matters if you could ever care just a bit for me. Just a bit—could you, Magda—could you?"

It seemed against her will that the girl looked up from shy and rapt contemplation of the tablecloth to meet the earnest gaze of the man. In depths behind tear-filled beautiful eyes Sunley read only maidenly confusion.

But there was something else—something elusive and baffling, too fleeting and subtle for a simple sailor mind to construe. So might have flashed swift pity in the eyes of Circe, as skin of the swine began to grow on the victims of her love. After all, there is nothing new in the world. . .

The maidenly confusion was enough.

"Then you will marry me, darling?" He clutched her hand over the table.

"Oh, I don't know—it's all so dream-like. Please give me a little time to think," faltered the girl.

Sunley laughed gaily. "Sure. So long as it's just a little," he agreed, cheerfully.

"But you don't know anything about me!"

"Don't dare begin all that over again, young woman!" ordered Jack, with a scowl of such mock ferocity that the adorable wrinkles came again into the enchanting little nose.

That night he fought and won his battle, alone in the darkness of his bedroom. He could be selfish and prolong for weeks this new and divine happiness. Or he could be worthy of the love he had found, and sacrifice self to save a helpless girl from a hopeless and ultimate disaster.

She had never looked loveller than on that last meeting. So young, innocent, and altogether unfitted for the desperate battle of life, thought Sunley as he observed her across the same table in the now familiar little cafe.

Avidly he drank in the demure charm of her presence, and imprinted indelibly on his mind the mental picture that would be memory and hope through the long months ahead.

"I've had bad news, Magda," he announced, cheerfully. "There was a telegram waiting for me when I got back to the hotel last night."

The restaurant's concealed radio drifted forth the wailing sadness of Pagliacci, and a man's heartbreak throbbed through the quiet room.

"On with the motley and the paint and the powder. . ."

Sunley grinned and lied bravely on. "I have to join the Maple Branch in Victoria to-morrow."

"Oh, Jack, not so soon! Why, I've had no time with you——" She broke off abruptly and bit a trembling lip.

"Fraid so, dear. Now listen. I'm practically one of the family now, so you'll have to let me pull my weight.

"I was paid off a couple of days ago, an' there's still nearly eight hundred dollars in the locker. I'm going ter leave all but fifty with you—that's seven-fifty, so's ter be sure yer'll be all serene till I get back from the islands.

"We're not related, an' there's no time ter get married, so I can't leave an allotment of pay, but I'll send more from Australia from time ter time.

Confession

I have felt the tears of heaven fall;
I have heard the anguish of the sky;
I have seen the flashing over all
Of God's great eye.

Your tears that you would fain recall,
Your faint involuntary cry,
Your glance . . . are more to me than all
The wrath on high.

—Sydney Gordon.

"An' when I get back we'll be spliced, an' I'll try ter get a shore job—an' all our troubles 'll be over. It'll be about a year, that——"

Magda interrupted in trembling voice. "But, Jack, I can't let you do this——"

The man caught and held her glistening eyes.

"Magda, dear, if you're going to marry me, you can't refuse me peace of mind while I'm away. And you are when I come back, aren't you?"

Her eyes drooped to the table. "If you still want me," she murmured, softly.

Sunley reached across and took her handbag. From an inside pocket he pulled a thick envelope, stuffed it into the bag and handed it back.

He grinned as they walked to the door. "I'll never forget that song," he said, "it haunts me!"

Out of the radio brooding Punchinello laughed mocking farewell——

Magda walked slowly home after seeing Jack off on the night boat to Victoria. As she entered the tiny room a man lying on the couch propped himself on one elbow and regarded her craftily.

"Well, how did it go?"

For answer she opened her handbag and revealed the corner of a bulging envelope.

The sprawling figure rose hurriedly and took a step towards her. The dissipated face leered in gloating cupidity, little rat eyes glowed red with excitement of greed.

"Gee! That looks a roll! Magda girl, you're sure a winner. How did yer get away with it?"

"He gave it me for love and a sick brother," she answered levelly.

The man laughed. "The big boob," he roared in delight, "ter fall fer that racket. If only he knew it was fer hate, an' only yer half-brother's broken teeth. An' ter think I warned him I'd have the last laugh."

"You won't, though," said the girl, quietly, "for you'll never touch a cent of this money!"

"No. Stand back!" she commanded as he shambled forward and made a futile grab at the bag. "I'm not afraid of you any longer, Charlie, and this is the finish. I only came to tell you that. Now I'm going, and you'll never see me again!"

"Leavin' yer brother ter starve, while yer hit the high spots on yer lover's dough," sneered the man.

"You are bad right through," cried the girl passionately. "Ever since I can remember you have bullied and tortured me, even into doing this last shameful trick. But I won't go on with it!

"You forced me so far, but I won't go to the end. I love him, but only knew for sure after he had gone and I was alone on the quay——

"But now—I am free from you. I belong to him and shall wait for him—So let me pass."

Charlie grinned wolfishly. "Likely, ain't it?" he jeered. "Hand over that dough!"

"I know a lot about you," said Magda tonelessly. "Things you have bragged in drink and forgotten. If you try to stop me I'll remember the details of the hold-up at English Bay last month, and the burglary of that store on——"

White-faced and trembling, the man fell back.

"You wouldn't, Magda—you wouldn't," he babbled.

"If you will let me," answered the girl, wearily. "I only want to forget——"

* * *

THE door closed behind her, and Charlie, groping with shaking fingers in a cupboard for a bottle, cursed at the sound of the light footsteps growing fainter and fainter along the passage.

Outside, beneath the stars, was freedom, hope and love. Magda took a deep breath of the fresh clean wind, laden with promise from the sea . . .

* * *

From the poop of the Maple Branch Jack Sunley watched the lights of Vancouver die. They shone on all he held dear in the world—ahead was Nauru.

Leaning over the rail, he saw again the burning beach and rising heat-haze; the choking yellow dust and hot, sleepless nights.

Again for him blazing sky, molten sea, and all the hell of the phosphate run.

But she was worth it—Magda—Magda Grey.

Heart on lips, he spoke her name aloud in the friendly dark.

A Heritage FOR ALL!

£3 a week Guaranteed!

WHAT married man would not feel easier in mind if he knew that he would leave behind him that much provision—at least, until the family has grown up?

A PRUDENTIAL "Heritage" POLICY PROVIDES AT DEATH WITHIN 20 YEARS

£100 Immediate Cash *and* £3 a week PAYABLE QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE for the remainder of the period of 20 years from the commencement of the assurance *also* £900 Cash when these payments cease.

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WILL WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS PLAN DEVISED BY THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.

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Herald Building, 66 Pitt Street, Sydney.
Please supply me with particulars of your "Heritage" Policy.

My age next birthday is.....

Name.....

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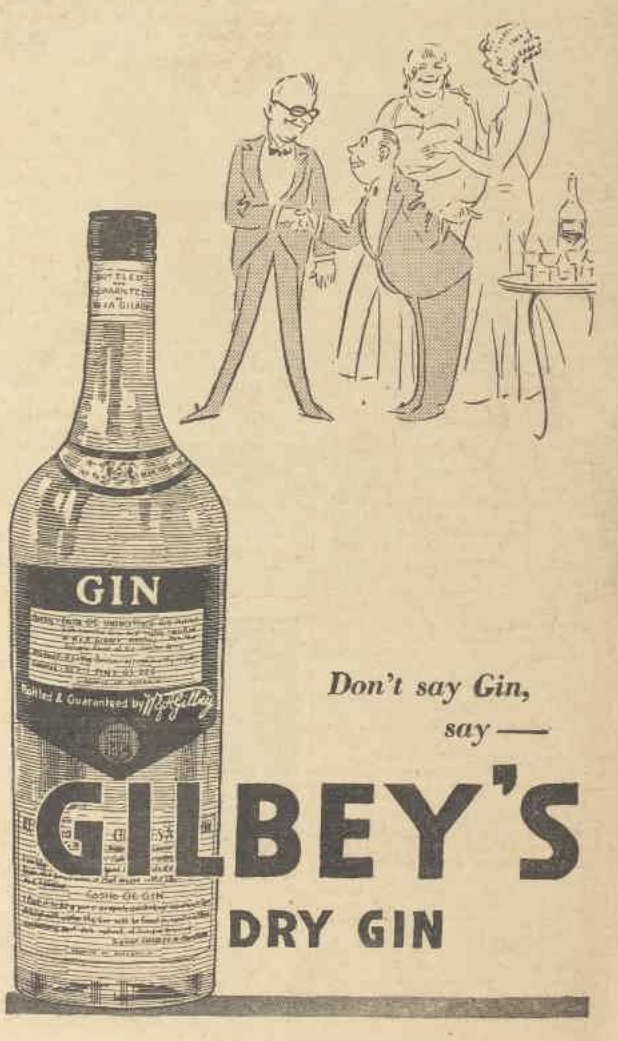
GILBEY SUGGES-GINS

MAY WE SUGGEST

. . . that on their arrival you greet your guests with a potation of GILBEY'S in cocktail form. They will be less likely to criticise your party after their departure.



Don't say Gin, say —

GILBEY'S DRY GIN

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Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals,—

I was very happy to get such a lot of nice contributions from you. Many of you have written some very good stories, but they are a little too long, so I would like you in future to make your stories no more than 200 or 250 words.

The best letter this week comes from Joyce Buffet, of "Bundywalla," Berry, for which she receives a prize of 5/. Joyce, who until the end of last year lived at Petersham, is now on a dairy farm at Berry. During the last school holidays Betty had two of her friends staying with her. They went exploring one day, "and," says Betty, "we came upon a beautiful waterfall about 30 feet high; it was a marvellous sight, and yet, when we gazed around us, everything seemed so weird. We were enclosed by steep walls of clay and rock, while thick bushes jutted out from between the rocks, making the gully so dark and unreal."

Among many other things, Betty says she collects poems and photographs of prominent writers. Don't you think this an interesting hobby? I do, and I am sure some of you will also start keeping a scrapbook of such treasures.

I am very anxious to hear from all of you, so do write to me as often as you can.

Cheerio,
From your pal,
CONNIE.

Fairy Aeroplane

By PHYLLIS FAIRHALL

It was such a hot night. Everyone except myself was asleep. But I felt that I couldn't go to sleep. There was a sort of fairy feeling in the air. But what was that? I felt something pulling at my bed-clothes. I sat up and saw the tiniest little man, I am sure, that ever lived. He was dressed in a suit of green, and a little green cap perched on his head. I could see he was in a very great hurry. "Come, quickly," he said, "if you want a ride in a beautiful fairy aeroplane. I am on my way to see the Queen of the Fairies."

I quickly said I would like to go. He then took my hand, and led me to the door. There on the doorstep was a tiny little blue aeroplane. I had no idea how I should get inside of it, but the moment I touched the plane I felt myself shrinking, until I was the same size as the little man in green. I jumped in beside him, and no sooner had I sat down that the plane was moving along the ground. It did this for a short distance, and then up, up, up, we flew into the heart of the thick woolly clouds. At last we came to a standstill on a heap of snowy clouds.

When I got out I saw, sitting on a golden throne, and surrounded by a throng of fairies, the Queen. The clouds were lit up by stars, and the Queen smiled as I came forward and knelt before her. I told her how I had enjoyed the ride with the little man. I talked and danced with the fairies till midnight. At this hour the little man came to me. He seemed very excitable, and said: "Hurry, we must be on our way." I lost no time, and jumped into the 'plane once more. No sooner had we left the cloud than the 'plane began to descend. Down! down! down! It seemed as if we would never reach the earth. My sister then woke me, and asked me if there was anything the matter.

"No! nothing," I cried sleepily. I said nothing to her of my wonderful ride, as I knew she would not be interested in my dream.

Phyllis Fairhall (12), of Fisher's Hill, via Yass, wins a prize of 10/- for this story.

PRIZE Card to Betty Crean (13), Bank St., Wellington.

THE FAIRIES GOING TO SCHOOL

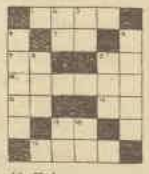
For this charming sketch Margaret Jenkins, 7 Scott Avenue, Murdoch, will be given a prize of 5/-. Color it nicely and try to win a Prize Card.

WHAT YOUR NAME MEANS

Alice is a very pretty name, and a person bearing it should be very honorable, happy and cheerful.

Now, a boy with the name of Andrew has a strong mind, and a fine physique.

CROSSWORD No. 2



ACROSS
1. Something very sticky
5. Out size (Int.)
7. Preposition
9. Short for Lucy
10. Reply
11. Myself
12. Preposition
13. Pronoun
15. On—or sea

DOWN
2. Behold!
3. We
4. To tread heavily
6. Moves
8. A number
9. A lion
13. Ha!
14. East and North (Int.)

A prize of 5/ will be given for the neatest, correct solution received before June 24.

Results of Crossword No. 1 and painting competition will be published in next week's issue.

FOR FUN AND FANCY

Grandpa: "And how do you like school, Willy?"

Willy: "Closed best, Grandpa!"

Can you think of a word of five letters ending in "chi"? You will think first of all there can be no word like that in the English dictionary, but think hard before you look at the answer below. Here is a clue—the word will make you think of the seaside.

Answer: Yacht.

Prize Card to Betty Robinson, 338 King St., Newtown.

Why are church bells like naughty children?

Answer: Because they are never silent when tolled (told).

Why are some teeth like verbs?

Answer: Because they are regular, irregular, and defective.

STRANGE!

Becos my Daddy's all growed up,
An' I'se a tiny tot,
He tells me t'ings 'at I mus' do,
An' t'ings 'at I mus' not.
But all th' time it puzzles me,
'Cos all th' t'ings he says
He do'sn' do like he tells me,
But does 'em ozzer ways.

'Cos w'en I hurted all my fum,
One day I fell at play,
He say, jus' smile, an' like your Dad
You'll be a man some day.
But when I s'pects to see him smile
Th' day he bump his head,
He made a funny face, an' say
Some naughty words instead.

For this clever verse Ruby Smith, of "Olent," 3 Church Street, Canterbury, will be given a prize of 10/.

Why is a horse more intelligent than a mouse or rat?

Answer: Because it can run away when in a trap

PRIZE Card to Yvonne Hibbard (13), 38 Langton Place, Epping.

JUST CHATTER

Betty Miles, of Granville, has two cats and a dog. The dog is called Peter, and each night when Betty goes to meet her father, he goes with her and carries the newspaper home.

Little Nell Young, of Sutherland, is only six years old, but she can write quite an interesting little letter. Nell's brother has a magpie who can bark just like a dog.

Here is Ron Playfair, of 3 Kambola Court, Bellevue Hill.

Marion Salle, of Newtown, has a little pussy cat called Tibby. Marion is not yet old enough to go to school, but she hopes to go after Christmas. Her other little pet is a canary, who can whistle some very beautiful tunes.

Bede Keating, of Lidcombe, was 14 years old last week. He attends Lidcombe Commercial School, where he is in 7A class. Bede likes drawing and writing stories.

Mavis Adderton, of Crow's Nest, celebrated her 15th birthday last Wednesday. Her cousin, Sheila Treble, of Maitland, visited her last school holidays. Sheila passed the Intermediate last year, and secured four "A's."

Eunice Downes, of Gladesville, has two cats, a dog, a magpie, and a little puppy. Eunice is very fond of all her pets, but as the little puppy is very young, she is inclined to pay more attention to it. Eunice went to Mt. Wilson last Sunday, and she thought the avenue of trees, which are right on the top of Mt. Wilson, very beautiful.

PREPARING FOR SCHOOL

By SYLVIA LAY

"School to-morrow!" said Mother, as I sat down for breakfast on the last day of our holidays. "Now I advise you to get your things ready to-day, so that there will be no bother to-morrow. Most of your books are in the cupboard, aren't they?"

"Yes," I replied, sorry that the holidays had come to an end. "As soon as I have finished my breakfast I shall commence." And I did.

Getting out my case, I polished it, and made it look quite like new. Next I hunted up my old history and geography books, the sight of which made me feel a little uncomfortable. Then out tumbled my text books, which I put tidily in my case. Next I packed up all my old books, and put them in a corner of the cupboard ready for use if needed.

The next thing needed was my pencil-box. I could not find it, although I hunted high and low.

"Mother, have you seen my pencil-box?" I asked.

"Why, I gave it to you to put in your drawer. See if it is there," she said. And hurrying there, I found it tucked under my work-box.

Then I lost my dictionary. "Mother, seen my dictionary?" I called.

"It is on the back verandah table," was the answer.

"By the way," I said, coming into her room, "Have you seen my qualifying test book?"

"Did Jean Woods give it back?" she asked impatiently.

"Why, no," I said. "I shall get it on my way to school to-morrow."

At last my things were ready, and I curled up in a chair to read "Westward Ho."

Sylvia Lay (12), of 53 Third Avenue, Willoughby, will receive a prize of 5/ for this story.

PRIZE Card to Bede Keating (13), Rookwood Cemetery, Lidcombe.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS

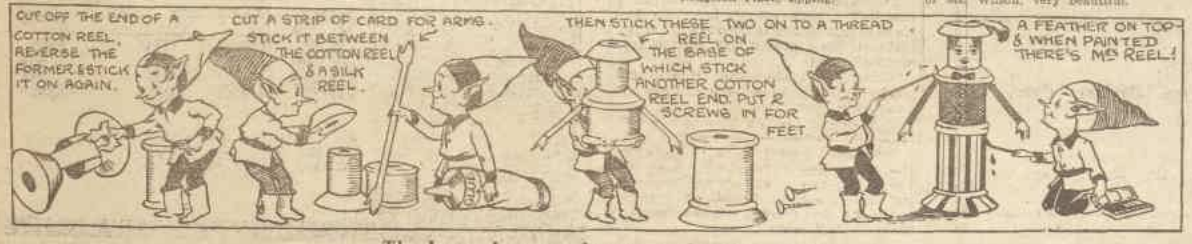
Wanted to purchase, a piano in perfect order, by a lady with carved legs.

Lost a parcel, by a poor lad consisting of clothing and wrapped up in brown paper.

Found, a lady's hand bag by a girl containing keys, papers and money.

Lost, a fountain-pen, by a man half-full of blue ink.

Prize card to Bede Bryant, 3 Bradley St., Goulburn.



The Imps show you how to make "Mrs. Reel."

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WOMEN TAKE TO GOLF

By DOROTHY KEARNEY

The growth of women's golf in N.S.W. during the past twenty-five years has been truly remarkable.

FROM a few city clubs, which in the early days catered for society and wealthy folk, the game has in the interim become very democratic, and today is enjoyed by all sections of women in every part of the State.

Much of this progress may be attributed to the controlling body—the N.S.W. Ladies' Golf Union—with which all clubs are affiliated.

From a very humble beginning in 1904 the Union now represents 104 country and 31 city clubs, with a total membership bordering on 12,000.

At the head of the L.G.U. as president is Miss Una Clift, one of the State's best known sportswomen, and a prominent racehorse owner.

The energetic secretary is Miss Day Boys, whose organising ability has built the Union into its present sound position.

THEY ALL PLAY

Many famous women golfers are to be found on the executive, including Miss Leo Wray, a former triple winner of the Australian championship.

From the exclusive Royal Sydney Club, with its 900 odd associates, to the small 9-hole courses on the sun-scorched plains of the West, women's golf is the dominating pastime during its season from April 1 until November 30.

Part and parcel of the fascination of the Royal and ancient game, is the gossip and chatter of the links associated with it.

Each week The Australian Women's Weekly will review the activities of women's golf clubs and organisations, and will do everything to further the best interests of the game. It will be the window through which will be viewed the golfing world.

At all times it will be absolutely unbiassed and intrinsically fair.

DEEWHY CLUB'S outstanding and only silver division player, Miss Dorothy Wager, met with a painful accident while holidaying at the station home of a friend recently. While out riding the horse fell and rolled on Miss Wager.

Her many friends will be glad to know she has made a quick recovery and is returning to the club this week.

☆ ☆ ☆

A FOUNDATION member and one-time committee woman of Long Reef, Mrs. Marshall, has left for Coolah, in the Mudgee district, as her husband, who is in the Education Department, has been transferred from Deewhy to Coolah. Long Reef will miss this popular associate, who will be a distinct acquisition to the Coolah Golf Club.

MISS E. MORRISON (Strathfield), displays excellent foot and wrist-work in her "follow-through"

MISS JEAN KELSO (The Lakes) keeps her eye on the ball, and (in circle) discusses with Mrs. Pearson an excellent round of 85 off the stick, which won the best gross score trophy at Moore Park last week.

Personalities In GOLF

ROSEVILLE'S associate president, Mrs. A. A. Lang, returned home last week with her three children after a holiday spent at her sister's station home at Holbrook. Mrs. Lang, who is an enthusiastic motorist, put up a good performance, completing the 340-mile journey home in twelve hours.

* * *

HANDICAP manager of Long Reef Club, Miss Elsie Greenwood, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, has returned home fully restored to health after a month's holiday recuperating in the Crookwell district. Associates will remember her fine play last year, when she was runner-up in the club championship.

* * *

A YOUNG N.S.W. Club associate, Miss Diana Herring, recently created a sensation in club circles by being narrowly defeated on the 38th green in the club championship.

Her opponent, Mrs. Morgan, has been champion for five years, and this is the first occasion on which she has been in danger of losing her title. Miss Herring, a most promising player, is a daughter of the club's secretary, Brig.-General Herring.

SPLENDID CARD WON THE ROBB CUP

Robb Cup

The principal event in golf circles last week was the Robb Cup, an open stroke handicap, held at Moore Park.

From a field of 80, Mrs. Keith Wells, of Ryde, won with a splendid card of 96—26, 70. Mrs. Wells is the first associate from her club to win a big open event. For this effort her handicap has been reduced by six strokes.

Miss Jean Kelso, of The Lakes and N.S.W. clubs, who has won the cup on two successive occasions, made a gallant bid from the 12 mark to complete the "hat trick."

An excellent round of 85 off the stick placed her in third position, and won the best gross score trophy.

The special handicap for players on 30 to 36 marks was won by Mrs. Szarka, of The Lakes.

At the conclusion of the competition, Mr. A. Robb, donor of the trophy, was entertained at afternoon tea. Miss Myers, captain of Moore Park, was responsible for the success of the day.

* * *

Play-off Necessary

The bronze medal at Parramatta last week resulted in a tie between Miss A. Corry and Mrs. Fullerton—a play-off will be necessary. Mrs. Fullerton is a new player on 32 handicap, and shows promise of rapid improvement.

The silver medal was won by the club's lowest marker, Miss Mae Corry.

Qualifying rounds of the club championship will not be played until after the State championship meeting in July.

* * *

Will Make Merry

A most successful dance was held at the Mosman clubhouse recently. The large verandah overlooking the harbor and Sydney Heads lends itself for functions of this description. The club announces that its annual ball will be held on June 30 at the Wentworth Hotel.

* * *

New Team's Effort

The first and second teams entered by The Lakes in the "B" grade inter-club matches are both unbeaten; the "C" team are not performing so well, but this is only natural as it is an entirely new team with no match-playing experience.

Undefeated

N.S.W. Club members, whose picturesque course overlooks the ocean at La Perouse, are very proud of their "B" and "C" grade teams. So far neither has suffered defeat. Much of their success is undoubtedly due to the guidance of Mrs. T. M. Ritchie, who was recently elected club captain.

* * *

Country Week Carnival

The Kenyon Cup, a knock-out handicap at N.S.W. Club, was finalised last week, the winner being Mrs. C. M. Glynn.

It has been decided to hold Country Week carnival at the La Perouse course, beginning on June 26.

The principal event is the country championship, and Miss Muriel Phillips, of Lithgow, the title-holder, will again be a competitor.

* * *

Deewhy Battle

The destination of the L.G.U. bronze medal at Deewhy is at an interesting stage. Miss Peachey and Miss Myrtle Atkin, who are both on a 29 handicap, are joint leaders. Mrs. Scraggs is also playing very well, and has reduced from 36 to 29.

The monthly bridge afternoon of the club will be held on the first Thursday of every month.

Vigoro Players Active

In the St. George Vigoro Association's games, Sutherland improved their position by playing a draw with Stokes Victors. They are now running in second place with three or four other teams.

In the Sydenham to Bankstown competitions, Prichard, playing for Magnets, took eleven wickets for the same number of runs, and Blaxland, of the same team, took three good catches on the boundary.

Timms top-scored for her team, Red Rose, with 36 runs, while Martin, of Greenacres, made 26, and Svensen, of Royals, made 17 runs.

In the Metropolitan Association, Peek Freans still maintained their good form, and Clovers met defeat at the hands of Sunshine.

Ironhearts are Unbeatable

IRONHEARTS won again last Saturday, and certainly appear to be unbeatable at basket-ball. Vice-Regal is another good team, but they are not up to the same standard of play as are the leaders.

Corinthians and Y. Blues, two new teams, are playing splendidly. Huckstep, captain of the Corinthians team, was outstanding in her play last week. The Roselle A. Grade team are inclined to sacrifice accuracy for speed. If they played a little slower they would obtain better results. The B. and C. Grade competition is being very evenly contested. McLutchie, who played with the Annandale Waratah Cricket Team, is now assistant goal thrower for the Budgeree team. Jean Clarke, assistant secretary, and ground steward of the New South Wales Basketball Association, was called upon by her mates of the Corinthian team to play with them on Saturday.

By beating David Jones' team last Saturday, Drummoyne are now leading in the baseball competition, with David Jones second. The same day, Vikings had a close win over Golden Eagles.

HAVE NOT LOST A MATCH

A. GRADE

Magpie United, leaders of the B. Grade competition, have not yet lost a match. Thirteen have been played, and their points 52, Blue Birds 40, Wanderers 36, Waratah 36, G. and Y. 32, Wallaroos 28, Sno Foam 20, Cheerio 20, P.A.L. 19, Paramount 12, Wenty Meths. 8, and Koala 4.

B. GRADE

Sunshine, leaders of the Cumberland District Vigoro Association's A. Grade competition, won all eleven games in the first round, but on the first game of the second round were beaten by Happy Go Lucky.

Sunshine now lead by 12 points and total 48. Three G.'s 36, Felix 33, Royals 32, Bond Industries 31, Argus 30, Magpie, Happy Go Lucky and Two Blues 28, Kookaburra 12, Manchester 8.

Hawaiians, leaders of the C. Grade Argus Cup competition, have been undefeated to date. This team was the last of the C. Grade teams to affiliate with the Association, and the majority of players had not played vigoro before.

Our Weekly Golf Hint

WITH beginners and moderate players, many strokes are lost recovering from sand bunkers. The thought of a sand "trap" strikes terror into the heart of a "tyro."

If the ball is lying cleanly on the floor of a bunker it is just as easy to hit as if it were on the fairway. Do not forget that you must take a club with sufficient loft to be sure of clearing the bank in front.

If the ball is embedded in soft sand or lie close up against the bunker face, close to the green, the explosion shot with a fairly heavy niblick is the safest.

Aim about one and a half inches behind the ball, driving the club well down under it.

This team comes from Liverpool, and the second in the competition table comes from Blacktown. Hawaiians 44, Shamrock 40, Roxy 36, Hobroyd 32, Coo-ee 32, Arcadians 28, Kellyville, Wattle Blossom 16, Peter Pan 12, Robins 12, Aussies 12.

MOSMAN associate Miss Enid Brown, who is also a member of Manly, qualified in the former club's championship last week and reduced her handicap.

Others who have suffered recent reductions in their stroke allowances have been Miss P. Palmer, Miss Betty Graham, and Miss Tait.

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Big Tennis CONTEST FOR *Our* TROPHIES

Open to all Women Players

Presentation of fifteen handsome trophies to the Combined Hardcourts Association has been received with the keenest enthusiasm throughout the metropolitan area. The trophies, consisting of fifteen heavy silver cups, have been engraved with a view to further adding the name of the winner of the trophy each successive year.

SMALL replicas of the cup will be presented to each winner. The trophies, together with the replicas, have been greatly admired in the display in Angus and Coote's window in George Street.

Reports from the secretaries of the affiliated District Associations are to the effect that the question of awarding the respective trophies is being discussed with the keenest interest.

Mr. M. C. Cracanthorp, hon. sec. and treas. of the Manly and District Association, announces that the Manly trophy will be awarded to "the lady having the best record in the week-end competition," commencing on July 1st.

Mr. W. R. D. Naylor, hon. sec. of the Southern Districts Association, and Mr. H. J. Carmichael, of the Berala-Carrmar Association, report that the trophy will be presented in their respective associations to the lady who has won the greatest number of sets during the current season's fixtures.

Play in the annual tournament of the Combined Hardcourts Association will be continued next week-end at the Northern Suburbs Courts.

COUNTRY TENNIS

OUR tennis champions returned victorious last week from the country tournaments.

At Wagga, Miss Joan Hartigan carried all before her, winning the doubles with Miss Nell Hall, and defeating her in the singles. She also annexed the mixed doubles with Dave Thompson. The Misses Treweek, who were in Sydney last year as cricketers, played surprisingly well against such strong opposition. Together they defeated Mrs. Pfafflin (Patty Meaney) and Miss Hattersley. The Junee girls played splendidly, but their opponents were not showing their best form. In the singles, Miss M. Treweek put up a wonderful performance to defeat Mrs. Pfafflin, 6-8, 6-4, 8-6, thirty-eight games being hotly contested in the three sets. Later, she was beaten by Miss Hall, in the semi-finals of the Ladies' Singles Championship.

BADGE MATCHES

The position of the teams in the Badge Matches was unaltered last week. Only five matches were played as, in most of the districts, the courts were too sodden.

Neutral Bay I. delivered a crushing defeat on University I. in the singles. Both teams were without their leading players, Miss Hattersley, of Neutral Bay, and Miss Commins, of University, both being away. Edna McColl, of Neutral Bay, played in her first grade match in Sydney, and won both her sets. She was the leading junior in Victoria two months ago, and played a very attractive game.

Ground Members III. still continue their victorious career in 2nd Grade, Section 2. The same four players, Mrs. S. C. Ottoway, captain, and the Misses Huxtable, Hunter, and Sullivan have played throughout the season.

MRS. F. J. DAVY will manage the first N.S.W. hockey team to play in Suva and Auckland this month. Mrs. Davy is also honorary secretary of the All-Australian Women's Hockey Council, and of the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association.

SPORTING SHORTS

To Help Hospital

The first annual Combined Clubs' Cricket ball, in aid of the Royal Hospital for Women, will be held at Mark Foy's on June 29. His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Isaacs will be present.

* * *

Country Star

Miss Ruth Kennedy, of Rouchel, one of the State's best junior players, and the holder of the State schoolgirls' championship, played true to form in the Upper Hunter tennis tournament, played at Muswellbrook last week. On this occasion she won the local ladies' single championship.

* * *

Skittles

Shades of Raleigh! A ladies' skittle team arrived in Sydney last week from Melbourne to play a friendly match with our local players. The skittle alleys are at Goodwood, in the Illawarra district. The visiting team is comprised of Mrs. Zachariah (president), Mesdames Witt, Seeburger, Beyer, Bombal, and Miss Dietrich. The Sydney team, of which Mrs. Siedel is president, won. Mrs. Asmis, wife of the Consul-General for Germany, was among those who helped entertain the guests.

* * *

Vigoro Romance

Lakemba Royals Vigoro Club formed a guard of honor to their clubmate, Miss Saide Chignell, who was married to Mr. James Allan at Lakemba, last week. Miss Chignell was the founder of the Lakemba Royal Vigoro Club, and has always been a very active member. The team gave her a surprise shower tea, prior to her marriage, and she was congratulated on being the first member of the Sydenham to Bankstown Association to be married. Mrs. Allan will reside at Comboyne on the North Coast, where she hopes to form a vigoro club.

* * *

Enjoyed the Joke

The engagement of Miss Anne Jamieson, daughter of the late Dr. Sydney Jamieson, of Point Piper, to Mr. Venn Wesche, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wesche, of Sydney, will be of special interest to hockey women. Miss Jamieson was a keen member of the Kookaburra Hockey Club.

She has a keen sense of humor. On one occasion the hockey members were working in a voluntary capacity at the Radio Exhibition at the Town Hall, in the Hockey Association's tea room. Miss Jamieson was among others who waited on the official table.

Miss Elaine De Chair, who opened the exhibition, and Miss Jamieson, were the best of friends, so they rather enjoyed the joke when they met at the official table in somewhat different capacities.

As Man To Woman

During the Women's Session at 2KY on Friday, Alan Kippax, famous cricketer, will talk on the absorbing subject of "Sportsmanship."

It will be interesting to hear what he has to say on a matter with which he is so conversant, and whether his angle will be that of the fine feeling which is supposed to exist between man and man—and very often doesn't—or between woman and woman, which is popularly regarded as a missing quantity—but which is very often there.

Noted Hockey Visitor

WOMEN hockey players are looking forward to welcoming the only honorary life member of the Australian Women's Hockey Association, Miss Edith Thompson, who visited Australia previously as manager of the 1926 English hockey team.

Miss Thompson arrives early next month, but as she intends being present at the All-Australian Hockey Carnival in Adelaide on July 30, her visit to Sydney will be of short duration.

Miss Thompson has arranged and accompanied the various teams on their visits to Holland, France, Germany, Denmark, America, South Africa, and Australia. It was she who organised the Empire games, which were held in South Africa in 1930, and at which our first overseas team played. She was a member of the All-England Hockey Council for 20 years, and has been president for six years.

Miss Thompson has had a very distinguished career in other fields. She was controller of inspection of the Queen Mary Army Auxiliary Corps from 1917 to 1920, for which she was awarded the O.B.E., and in 1920 the C.B.E. decoration.

She is a member of the Victorian League, the Overseas Settlement, and the English Speaking Union. For eight years she was Mayor of Aldeburgh, and since 1921 has been a town councillor.

The hockey players plan to entertain her at a welcome dinner, and the United Associations' will entertain her at David Jones' auditorium on July 7.

Coveted Area to City Girls

ANNOUNCEMENT that the Lands Department intended handing over to the City Girls' Amateur Sports Association 10 acres of land at Maroubra for playing fields came in the nature of a shock to other sporting bodies.

At one time City Girls were perhaps the most representative body of sporting girls in New South Wales. The fact that they organised a Girls' Week in 1927, at which all sporting bodies cooperated, and were successful in raising the sum of nearly £5000, speaks for itself. This money was raised for the purpose of procuring grounds.

MANY CHANGES

Since then there have been many changes, and City Girls are more or less quite unrepresentative as far as the other State associations are concerned.

Last year an Australian Women's Council came into force, embracing practically every State body.

This council looks after the welfare of all interstate fixtures, and all matters concerning women's sports.

Lady Walder is the president, Mrs. Halse Rogers and Mrs. F. J. Davy vice-presidents, Mrs. Peatfield treasurer, and Miss Margaret Peden secretary.

It is contended that the Government should recognise this council only in matters appertaining to women's sports.

HOCKEY STAR

F. TAMSETT, Goulburn Hockey champion, uses her full length in shooting a goal.

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